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A ROYAL CAVALIER

Prince Rupert.

by Van Dyck.

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A ROYAL CAVALIER

THE ROMANCE OF RUPERT PRINCE PALATINE

BY MRS. STEUART ERSKINE.

21540

'Heart of flame
Hot Rupert.'—ROKEBY.

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Royal cavalier
Romance of Rupert
Prince Palatine
by Mrs Stewart
Erskine
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TO

MAJOR MARTIN HUME

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

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for 'From a Print in the British Museum,'

read 'From a Sketch in the British Museum.

A ROYAL CAVALIER

CHAPTER I

'Let's now take our time;
While w' are in our prime;
And old, old age is afarre off:
For the evill evill dayes
Will come on apace;
Before we can be aware of.'

HERRICK.

TOWARDS the end of August in the year 1636, a heavy chariot escorted by a troop of some fifty serving men, made its slow way along the road leading from Cuddesden to Oxford. It was a queer, oblong-shaped vehicle with a domed roof; a leather screen was pulled across the doorway and curtains of a sober hue were drawn along the open sides of the chariot to screen its occupants from the public gaze.

William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, sitting inside this rather uncouth conveyance, was absorbed in his meditations. He spoke little to his companions and he scarcely glanced at the prospect of summer greenery and blue sky which could be seen through the openings of the curtains; he did not even notice the clouds of dust which sometimes hid both one and the other from view.

The great coach, slung on its leather braces, swayed heavily as it was drawn along the uneven road; the cries of the men as they encouraged the horses and the clatter of the horses' hoofs on the hard ground hung on the air in the manner which gives to sound in the summer a peculiar resonance. The country people looked up from their work in the fields and gazed after the cavalcade with no friendly eyes. Not since the days of Wolsey and the pre-reformation princes of the Church, had a prelate travelled in such state and they associated that state with his well-known autocratic ideas and his desire to interfere with the liberty of the individual. Totally ignorant of his real tenets, they considered him a Papist. He had forced poor people to contribute money for the removal of their altars from the middle of the church to the east end, they said, and that when they were already overburdened with taxes. They cursed him for a Papist as he passed along and returned to their work grumbling at the new state of affairs, the end of which no one could foresee.

Archbishop Laud's plump face, shaped rather like a shield and adorned with a slight moustache and imperial, was more highly coloured than usual, owing to the heat; his acutely arched brows rose up into a forehead which was lined with a network of delicate wrinkles. It was evident that he was thinking out some matter of importance, a matter which was at once agreeable and rather worrying. He had, for once, put aside those affairs of Church

and State which did not always run smoothly in double harness, to concentrate his mind on the approaching royal visit to Oxford. This visit of King Charles to the University gave great pleasure to Laud, for he saw eye to eye with him on all matters of Church discipline and it was most seemly that he should open the new buildings which were part of the Archbishop's magnificent donations to his old college. The chief object of the visit, the conferring of honorary degrees on the young Palatine princes, had been suggested by him as a way of giving pleasure to his old correspondent the Queen of Bohemia; he was sincerely interested in her sons and was glad to give them any attention which was in his power. But the other objective lay nearer his heart. These fair new buildings which he had been erecting during the past years, seemed to the founder to set a seal on his life work. They were destined to stand as a record of his love for Church and State in the place where his ecclesiastical tenets had been most fiercely contested and where they were now more freely accepted than in any other town in the kingdom.

Single-minded and devoted to his Church and his country as Laud was, he was probably the best hated man in the kingdom; one whom men of the most opposite convictions united in criticising. The Puritans abused him as a Papist; the Roman Catholics abhorred him because he tried to curtail their privileges of public worship; the Court mistrusted him as an intriguing Churchman who

wanted to absorb all power, both temporal and spiritual. Fearless, tactless and absolutely regardless of criticism, Laud went his way, striving to bring uniformity of worship to a generation which was seething with the aftermath of the Renaissance. The new learning had opened the doors to human curiosity and had discovered many a new outlook to those who were inclined to individualism; but this individuality of thought was bound to take the shape of some variety of the accepted version of the reformed faith as it had become vitiated under foreign influence. The negation of ritual, although inspired by Geneva, had become almost a national asset and, by a curious contradiction of terms, the reversion to the older order of things became an innovation.

In spite of the disadvantage of being in advance of his times, William Laud had accomplished a good deal and, at the age of sixty-two, could look back over the strenuous years with a certain amount of satisfaction. He had infused some life as well as some dignity into the services of the Church, some law and decency into the ranks of the clergy. Beauty, uniformity, order, law, decency; these were the keynotes of his character and it was owing to his desire to see all accomplished in an orderly manner during the King's visit to Oxford, that his mind was now fixed on the mass of detail which could alone secure the success of the whole. As Chancellor of the University the responsibility of the entertainment fell on him, and as Past Presi-

dent of St. John's he had undertaken to feast the whole Court in the new library of that college, which had just been completed at his own expense.

As the coach drew near to Oxford, he was still occupied with the arrangements he had to make. He thought over the order of the procession, the addresses which were to be delivered and the presents which were to be offered; he wondered if the students would obey the stringent orders which had been given to them as to wearing cap and gown. His anxious brow wrinkled yet more as he reflected that they might venture to appear in boots with double stockings rolled round their legs like slovens. At this stage of his meditations the coach lurched on to a roughly paved street and the Archbishop drew back the curtain with a plump hand on which a jewel gleamed. The afternoon sun was shining on the gabled houses and grey colleges and on a quantity of people who thronged the streets, giving the city an appearance of unusual animation.

Arrived at the President's lodgings between the two quadrangles of St. John's College, Laud was pleased to find that the preparations for the great feast were well advanced. Wagon loads of venison and poultry had been sent in by kind friends and discreet foes; those oxen from the fat pastures round about Winchester had been sent as a present by the Lord Bishop of that agreeable see. Lord Newcastle's cook, whose name was Simpson, was already installed in the great kitchen and that alone

gave promise of something superlative in the culinary line. In the short time which remained to him the indefatigable Archbishop interviewed the authorities, supervised all arrangements, made flying visits to the Court at Woodstock and personally inspected the preparations which were being pushed forward with great activity.

On Monday, August 29, all the distinguished people, and they were not a few, who had already become guests of the various colleges, as well as the heads of colleges and Church dignitaries, appeared in the early morning to pay their respects to the powerful prelate. The Archbishop was at his best. His usual abrupt, almost rude manner was replaced by one which was comparatively courtly and urbane. He walked about the college grounds talking to first one and then another, discoursing on the coming pageant and taking a special pleasure in doing the honours of his new buildings. He was particularly gracious to Lord Cottington, the man from whose grasp he had snatched the coveted white wand of Lord High Treasurer to transfer it to Bishop Juxon, and Cottington, a courtier of much experience and possessed of a certain amount of tact, managed to conceal his real feelings well enough. Many a whisper was exchanged amongst the bystanders as the pair paced up and down the green grass together. The office of Treasurer had not been held by a cleric since the days of Henry VII. and Juxon's appointment to that high post had occasioned

much heart-burning amongst the nobles. If it were true that the public money had been squandered during the tenure of office of the last Lord Treasurer, was there not one of their number who could have replaced him ? What had this Churchman done, ignorant as he was of finance and public life, to be put over their heads ?

But on this day of peace and goodwill, animosities were in abeyance. The Archbishop pointed out to Lord Cottington the two sides of the quadrangle for which he was responsible, the beautiful colonnades and the Gothic garden front, all after the designs of Inigo Jones. He showed him the statues of the King and Queen by Le Sueur, and bade him note the grey, blue-veined marble of the columns which had been found by that mighty hunter Bishop Juxon whilst following the hounds near Woodstock. If Cottington raised his eyebrows at the mention of the man who had gained the post which he had tried so hard to obtain, it passed unobserved and the clanging of the bell of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin soon warned the company that it was time to think of the business in hand, as the scholars were already assembling in the streets. Before long a large party of ecclesiastical and college dignitaries, as well as all those of the Court who had preceded the King, set out in coach and on horseback and proceeded about a mile on the road to Woodstock, where they called a halt.

Punctually at the time appointed a tramp of

horses' feet and a cloud of dust rising high above the hedgerows, announced the advanced guard of the royal party. The Yeomen of the Guard trotted past the expectant group and drew up a little farther down the road. In another moment the royal coach, drawn by six Flemish horses, had stopped in the middle of the space allotted to it and the whole company, with the exception of the Vice-Chancellor, had knelt down in the dusty highway. The Vice-Chancellor, having made his obeisance, stood up by the side of the coach and delivered a long oration in Latin. The sonorous periods succeeded each other with monotonous reiteration, varied only by the stamping and snorting of the chargers and by the drowsy humming of the bees among the clover. The King, the Queen and the two princes were all inside the coach, but the kneeling group could not see their features very clearly though the King leant forward at the end of the speech to touch the beadle's staves which were offered to him and to express some words of thanks for the welcome. The procession formed, and, headed now by the college authorities, went on its way to Oxford where it halted outside the gates to allow the Mayor and Corporation to greet their sovereigns. The words of their mouthpiece, the city recorder, were, to his credit be it spoken, few and well chosen. The King bent forward again to touch the mace which was offered to him, the procession reformed and entered the city, with the city magnates at its head.

The next halt was at St. John's College where another address was read, after which the cavalcade proceeded up Fish Street where the majority of the students were lining the streets.

It was a beautiful sight, as all the spectators agreed, though without that wave of enthusiasm which should have added a thrill of emotion to the moving pageant of bravery; it was a sight which was never afterwards forgotten—indeed he often declared he had never seen it surpassed—by a small boy who was held up in a servant's arms in one of the canon's gardens which overlooked Fish Street and who was destined to become a chronicler of the University.

The civic dignitaries led the way. The Lord Mayor, carrying the mace over his shoulder, was followed by twenty aldermen, all clad in scarlet; after them came thirty townsmen dressed in black satin doublets, black cloth hose and coats guarded with velvet. The town clerk, resplendent in black velvet and wearing the heavy gold chain of his office, was followed by the recorder and after him came the senior masters of colleges, the Doctors and Masters of Divinity, Science and the Arts, all in their wide-sleeved robes and all mounted on horses gaily bedecked with saddle-cloths and trappings. The Archbishop was in his coach with the Bishops of Winchester, Oxford and Norwich, all in their robes; he was followed by a body of serving men. Bishop Juxon, the Lord Treasurer, was preceded by two of the King's mace-bearers

and escorted by a troop of his own gentlemen. Then came the royal coach, the heavy domed roof of which, surmounted with a golden crown, somewhat hid the occupants from the view of those who surveyed the scene from the canon's garden; the King's bodyguard brought up the rear.

The procession, moving at foot's pace, passed through streets which were lined with students in cap and gown, but no voice broke the tense silence with the cry of *Vivat Rex*; from every window and point of vantage looked out groups of interested spectators and everywhere the same respectful immobility prevailed. When at last the coach drew up within the great quadrangle of Christ Church, the University orator delivered yet another Latin speech and the gifts prepared were offered and graciously accepted. The King received a Bible in folio, richly bound in velvet and embroidered with the royal arms, the Queen a copy of Camden's *Elizabeth*, the Prince Elector was presented with a pious tome suitable to his tastes and Prince Rupert with *Cæsar's Commentaries*, translated into English, which was considered suitable to his future career. Each gift was accompanied with a pair of richly embroidered gloves.

After this little ceremony, the Queen entered her lodgings and the King walked across to the cathedral, escorted by the whole company, clergy and laity alike. At the door of the church Charles knelt down and remained for a few moments absorbed in silent prayer. Those who stood round

were strangely impressed with the expression of almost ecstatic devotion which his features wore as he knelt there with eyes and hands upraised. The light fell on his bare head, touching up the twists of the love-lock that lay on his left shoulder and softening the rather stern cast of his handsome features. He might have posed for the figure of some chivalric saint as he knelt there at the doors of the church, surrounded by the brilliant group of courtiers and ecclesiastics who waited his pleasure. As he rose and entered the cathedral a Latin address—it was the fifth he had received that afternoon—was delivered by one of the canons of Christ Church; after the service he was waited on in his lodging by the Mayor and Corporation who presented him with a bole containing certain pieces of gold.

The King and Queen supped quietly with their nephews that evening and afterwards witnessed a play performed by the students in Christ Church Hall. This was one of the most elaborate performances which had ever been seen; painted screens were used for scenery and mechanical contrivances were introduced such as had never been used before. The London playhouses of the future were to adopt both one and the other; but the play itself was rather heavy and the courtiers yawned more often than they laughed. The whole affair fell rather flat and there was some relief felt when the King and Queen departed and the guests dispersed to seek their various lodgings, making,

in dim cloister and moonlit quadrangle, a note of gay colour and pleasing incongruity.

On Tuesday morning the Court met at eight o'clock in the cathedral to hear a sermon, after which, all those who could find a place followed the Chancellor and other college dignitaries into the parish church of St. Mary the Virgin to witness the great event of the day. The chapel where the convocation was to be held was already crowded with the better class of students in their 'formalities'; the Archbishop took his place in the east end of the chapel, the Vice-Chancellor sat under his throne in a chair, the masters and doctors took their appointed places, the courtiers were marshalled into pews set apart for them. In a pew by themselves, sat the two young princes.

Charles Louis, titular Elector Palatine of the Rhine, looked about him with an air of condescending affability. He was a tall, handsome young man who was well aware of his own attractions. His brother Rupert, tall and slight, dark-haired and dark-eyed, had keen aquiline features on which sat an expression of soldierly alertness which contrasted rather oddly with a certain boyish shyness of manner. Young as he was—he was not yet seventeen years old—Rupert had already seen some military service and had also distinguished himself in his student days at Leyden University. From the very first he had gauged his own capabilities, he had devoted himself to those studies which he knew he could assimilate and he had

rejected others for which he felt he had no use. At the age of twelve he had mastered most European languages to a certain extent, he had made good progress in mathematics and he could handle a weapon of defence like a man. The science of war was his favourite study and he did not need his mother's perpetual reminder that he must carve out his own fortune with his sword; in his lighter moments, when not occupied with sport, for which he had a passion, he devoted himself to drawing for which he had a considerable talent. With all these attainments and in spite of his summary rejection of the classics, the degree which was to be conferred on him was plainly no empty honour. He was known already at Court as one who entered into the tastes and pursuits of the King, his uncle, and who was associated with the most brilliant of those wits who enlivened its proceedings with their sallies.

The Chancellor's oration in Latin setting forth the merits of the young princes, grandsons of King James I., and proposing to confer degrees on certain persons whom the Elector wished to honour, opened the proceedings. Sir Nathaniel Brent, the Warden of Merton College, then addressed Prince Rupert and asked him to honour the University by becoming a Master of Arts, after which Rupert arose and donned his scarlet robe with evident pleasure and some eagerness. This ceremony over, certain presentations were made to the new Masters of Arts and degrees were conferred on the Bishops of Winchester and Norwich,

who were both Cambridge men; the convocation was then dissolved.

It was a busy day for the Palatine princes, who made a tour of the principal colleges that morning and inscribed their names in the buttery book of St. John's, that being the college to which they were attached by special request of the Archbishop. In Rupert's mind, so intensely impressionable, so deeply enamoured already of the country which was afterwards to be that of his adoption, there must have remained many an image of things seen and heard during his short stay in Oxford. He had admired the classic beauty of the colonnade of St. John's and the Gothic charm of the garden front; he had lingered in Lincoln Chapel where the cedar wood pulpit and altar rails smelt sweeter than incense. The painted glass and stone tracery of the churches and chapels, the fair altar cloths and church hangings were all mingled in his mind with those outdoor pictures of smooth lawns and shady groves by the waterside, of nature's tracery of bough and branch set against a summer sky. In company, too, with his uncle and brother he had been conducted by the Archbishop to the divinity school with its exquisite ceiling of fan-tracery, where he was probably more amazed than edified at the astounding fluency of young Will Herbert's Latin oratory. In the train of the King he followed to the Bodleian Library, the first public library to be set up in Europe, and he dawdled there for a good hour whilst Charles and Laud

handled the fine books and examined the treasures which were already stored there. At last the King left, reluctantly enough, on being told that the Queen waited for him in her coach below to conduct him to St. John's to dinner.

The dinner was an unqualified success. The fare was sumptuous. The great Simpson had surpassed himself and his pasties shaped like doctors in their robes were for long a theme of conversation. The great library was kept very cool; the company assembled in it comprised the gayest and the most learned of the eminent people of the day and even the Archbishop, on the alert as usual to see that all ran smoothly, felt completely satisfied. At one end of the long room the King, the Queen and the Elector, sat apart; Prince Rupert was at one of the long tables amongst the other guests. The King was talking with considerable animation, his fine face aglow with pleasure. He had spent a day after his own heart in the home of culture and in the very midst of that religious movement which meant so much to him. Queen Mary, as she was called in England in her own day, brown-haired and black-browed, with sparkling eyes and a pretty colour in her cheeks, presented a charming picture, as she sat by his side. She had more charm than beauty, but there was something very taking in the long oval of her face and in the quick vivacious gestures of her small slim hands. Seated at the long tables were men and women in satin garments and lace ruffles,

the former wearing their own long hair, the latter with little snaky curls on their foreheads and bunches of curls round the nape of their necks. Fans flecked and jewels glittered amongst the bishops and doctors and heads of colleges in their imposing robes, who gave to the gay scene the note of learned culture which the environment suggested.

After dinner, the company rested for an hour and then met again to witness a play which lasted till after six o'clock. In the middle of this entertainment refreshments were provided and at its conclusion the King and Queen supped privately with their nephews, afterwards returning to see yet another play before they retired for the night. This piece, *The Royall Slave*, had the greatest success which had been enjoyed by any of the students' performances. The scene was laid in Persia and the costumes and scenery were afterwards borrowed by the Queen for her own players at Hampton Court. It was late before the company dispersed that night, but it was not long after nine o'clock next morning when they all reassembled to see the royal visitors off. Many were the gracious words of thanks given and many the mock-modest apologies for the ' poor and mean entertainment ' which had been offered.

When the last coach had clattered off on its way to Woodstock and the last serving man had followed his master on horseback down the dusty road, the Archbishop gave a great sigh of relief. Everything had been in perfect order. The

speeches had been well delivered, the procession well organised; the King had opened his new buildings with all due solemnity and there had been no hitch. Even the little song, which he had arranged to be sung unseen as the royal party ascended the staircase to the library, had lasted just the right number of moments, the last note coinciding with the arrival of the King at the highest step.

'I thank God that I had the happiness that all things were in verie good order,' he wrote afterwards, adding that even the courtiers were contented, 'a happiness quite beyond expectation.'

CHAPTER II

'His tongue was framed to music
And his hand was armed with skill,
His face was the mould of beauty
And his heart the throne of will.'

THE destiny of Rupert, Prince Palatine of the Rhine, was mapped out for him from the beginning of his days. The third son of parents whose meteor-like dash for a kingdom and whose subsequent life of poverty made them the most conspicuous example in history of disappointed ambition, his only chance of making his way in the world was at the point of the sword. He had no quarrel with destiny, as far as that went; the difficulty lay in finding the theatre of war in which he was to win his spurs. He took the most obvious course open to him, which was to learn his business in the service of Frederick Henry of Nassau, grandson of William the Silent; after which he was to seize the first opportunity which offered of fighting for his elder brother Charles Louis and for the restoration of the Palatinate.

The restoration of the Palatinate!

These words echo through the letters and political documents of the seventeenth century; they crop up in all sorts of unexpected places, they

confront us at every turn. James I. was abused because he would not fight those powers of Europe, which were joined together by the strong bond of religion, in order to restore the kingdom of Bohemia to Frederick. The assumption of the crown by Frederick had aroused the jealousy of the Protestant princes, the disaffection and difference of creed existing amongst his late subjects complicated the question. Called on to decide between the welfare of his country and the honour of his family, James chose the former alternative, thereby earning much abuse which would still have been his if he had decided otherwise and had failed to accomplish so great an undertaking. Whether he acted as he did from motives of political expediency or from an excess of caution, it is easy to see that the matter in itself lay very near his heart. He had disapproved of Frederick's acceptance of the crown of Bohemia and he declined to involve England in the war which broke out as a result of his deposition; but he tried by every pacific means to restore the patrimony which the Elector had forfeited when he lost his kingdom. The restoration of the Palatinate is the keynote of the Spanish marriage negotiations; it was one of the strongest incentives to the alliance and it was the bed-rock of the difficulties which prevented its accomplishment. 'I would not buy my son's happiness with my daughter's tears,' the King said on one occasion. It is no wonder that his daughter, impulsive and impatient as she was, should have resented most

deeply her father's want of initiative. The tedious negotiations went on year after year, leaving matters exactly where they were. She did not want the tongue of the wisest diplomatist, she wanted the sword of a soldier.

The story of Elizabeth of Bohemia does not need re-telling. Historians and biographers have brought to light a mass of information concerning the incidents of her life; poets have sung her beauty. We need only sketch in briefest outline those events which had affected the fortunes of the family and which had brought the two brothers —an elector without a vote or a patrimony and a soldier without a command—to the Court of Charles I.

Elizabeth, daughter of James I., married, when quite young, Frederick, Elector Palatine of the Rhine. He was considered a bad match for a King's daughter, but he was a man of considerable importance in his own country; moreover he belonged to the Reformed religion, a point which was one of great importance to the young princess. The Elector was head of the League of Protestant Princes and owned a large tract of the wide Rhine lands; he was also Seneschal in the Electoral College, which claimed descent from the ancient Roman senate. Those who had a vote in the electoral college were head and shoulders above the other German princes who were unrepresented in that august assembly; the electors had a very real power in the land and, even at that date, there

hung about them a sort of mysterious dignity. When Frederick turned his back on his ancestral home, that great red sandstone castle the ruins of which still look down on the green Necker, in order to accept the electoral crown of Bohemia, his luck deserted him. He was little fitted to deal with a situation which literally bristled with difficulties. Affectionate, good-natured, rather weak, he was also obstinate to a degree and a religious bigot. The man who, at the turning point of his career in after days, could haggle about the disabilities of Lutherans as opposed to Calvinists, and so disgust his powerful protector Gustavus Adolphus, was little fitted to conciliate the men of different races and varying creeds who inhabited Bohemia.

Bohemia, that turbulent country which reproduced in miniature all the upheavals which agitated Europe, owned a capital which was the microcosm in which were to be found all the elements of discord abroad in the country. In her narrow streets there had been many deadly contests; if stones could have spoken, they might have given their new Sovereign a hint of the ashes of past disturbances which were only smouldering, ready to burst into flame at the slightest provocation.

The Slav population, the national party, was of the Reformed religion; the German colonists were Roman Catholics. The former had risen up against Ferdinand of Styria, their King; the latter were, by religion as well as by race, bound to the interests of Germany and the Holy Roman empire. On

the brink of this volcano Frederick and Elizabeth began to build up a court after the usual European pattern. In the great castle where the unrivalled collection of pictures of Rudolph II. still glowed upon the walls, they lived in some state and the surrounding mountains echoed to the sound of their hunting horns. Frederick soon became unpopular because he trampled on the prejudices of his subjects and tried to enforce a narrow Calvinism; Elizabeth, who had insisted on French being spoken at Heidelberg instead of German, finding that the Bohemian ladies spoke little of that language and no English, talked only to her immediate attendants and to those English who still followed her to her distant home. In spite of his unpopularity, Frederick succeeded in having the succession settled on his eldest son, thinking more of the eventualities of the future than of settling that crown more firmly on his own head.

It was only a few weeks after the coronation of the 'Winter King and Queen,' as they were nicknamed after the catastrophe, that an event occurred which did much to restore them to the favour of their subjects. This was the birth of their third son which took place on November 18, 1619, in the vast Hradcany palace of 'many-towered Golden Prague.' The people were delighted and for once Roman Catholic and Lutheran, Hussite, Taborite and Utraquist, rejoiced together. The Slavs were specially enchanted because they hoped that the young prince would grow up to know something of

their customs, perhaps even to master their language, a feat never accomplished by their elective kings. The christening was a gorgeous ceremony and the child was called Rupert after that member of the Palatine family who had been crowned emperor; among his sponsors were Gabriel Bethlen, King of Hungary and the States of Bohemia, Silesia and Upper and Lower Lusitania.

Little Rupert, lying in an ivory cradle embossed with gold and set with precious stones, seemed born with the proverbial golden spoon in his mouth, but the illusion was soon dispelled. The cradle might be made of ivory and studded with jewels, but over it there hung a shadow; the shadow of the Holy Roman empire.

The great days of the empire were over; as an international power it was not in the first flight. Yet it had the power to regulate the balance of international politics and about it there still hung an echo of the glorious prestige of times gone by. The old claims to world empire were over, but they were not forgotten. Men remembered the great days of Rome, they thought of the empire which Rome left as a legacy to those who should be strong enough to claim it, of the seat of empire taken by Constantine to the East and brought back to the West by a Pope to be bestowed on a Frankish King. It is true that in latter times many emperors had been elected to fill the throne and to sit in the seat of the Hohenstaufens and other great ones of the past, who were chosen

merely on account of their inability to overawe the other States; but even they could exercise a vast influence in Europe. It was all a part of Frederick's ill-luck that the Emperor Ferdinand II. was no weakling and that he was strong to avenge and swift to strike the man who had dared to stand up against him. After Frederick had fled from his kingdom, leaving it to the tender mercies of the man he had supplanted, Ferdinand put him under the ban of the empire, and, by an unprecedented exercise of his power, deprived him of his electoral vote and gave it to his cousin Maximilian of Bavaria, a partisan and co-religionist of his own. The Protestant princes, who had resented Frederick's assumption of the crown, stood by while he fled from his kingdom and allowed the Spaniards under Spinola to ravage the Palatinate. The die was cast; for Frederick there was nothing more but a life in exile, existing on the charity of others, striving to stir up others to fight for his own lost cause, until he died himself soon after the death of his great champion at the battle of Lützen.

Rupert himself shared in the fortunes of his family. Left behind in the Hradcany palace he was picked up and thrown into the boot of a carriage, being afterwards rescued from that rather uncomfortable position by some one who heard his lusty cries. He was swept away in the long procession of carriages which left Prague, swept away like a leaf in a storm in the train of his parents. He was with his mother in the dismal half-furnished

castle at Cüstrin where a grudging hospitality was extended to the family by the Elector's sister and where his brother Maurice was born; he was taken in her train across Germany to Holland where the loyal Dutch gave them a splendid reception. Maurice of Nassau, cousin of the Elector and one of the few who had approved of his venturesome attempt on Bohemia, behaved to the exiles with the greatest generosity. He gave them a palace at the Hague to live in and the States supplied them with an income which, with the large sums sent from England, should have been sufficient for a court in exile.

Elizabeth settled down to her new existence with a great deal of spirit and pluck and a characteristic disregard of matters financial. She sent her numerous family to be educated at Leyden and thought little of them once she had supplied them with tutors and governesses to superintend their education. She shone more as a wife than as a mother. She was devoted to her husband, whose charming love-letters to his *très cher unique cœur* still testify to his devotion to the 'Queen of Hearts'; but her maternal instinct was not strong. She was never intimate with her daughters, beautiful and brilliantly clever as they were; a word of the youngest daughter Sophia, gives us an idea of her attitude to her family. She is describing her arrival at the Hague after finishing her education at Leyden and of the excellent effect she made: 'even the Queen likes me,' she says naïvely.

With her sons it was different. She took little notice of them as children, though she had an avowed preference for Charles Louis 'even when he was only a second son.' As they grew up and began to loom large on her political horizon, they became objects of intense interest to her. They became the outer and visible sign of all her ambitions, the beings who could bring back prosperity and importance, a place in the world which had so often seemed to have no room for her, a title to the consideration of others and an end to all money troubles. This last was not the least of the benefits which might accrue if some strong man were to succeed in winning back the family possessions. The United Provinces had been more than generous to the exiled Queen; countless sums of money had come over the water from her father and her brothers and yet, like all people who get very deeply in debt, she never succeeded in freeing herself completely. Money which was collected with some difficulty in England—on one occasion it was obtained by Prince Charles selling some valuable jewels—disappeared almost as soon as it was disembarked at the Hague; the condition of affairs seemed little better for any sacrifice on the part of her relations or friends. With all her faults, and she had a good many, Elizabeth of Bohemia remains impressed on our memory as a charming woman. She was vivacious, outspoken, witty at times, as her letters to her friends reveal her to us to this day; she was essentially a woman

who inspired and who kept the most devoted attachment of those who came in contact with her. Her men friends not only adored her in her brilliant youth, they worshipped at her shrine through the long years of exile, fought for her, died for her, placed themselves and their worldly goods at her disposal. From Christian of Anhalt to Lord Craven, Elizabeth can boast a long line of devoted admirers. There seems to be no evidence that any of these could claim to be more than an adoring friend, although one of her sons killed a man who was supposed to have advanced too far in her good graces; there is no real evidence that she ever married Lord Craven, although it is quite possible that this was the case. The only fact which concerns us here is that her fascination, her strong character and her misfortunes made her one of the most interesting and romantic characters in a romantic age; that this strength of will and, to a certain degree, this fascination, as well as a generous measure of her beauty, were inherited by her third son Rupert.

Rupert had shown a good deal of temper in his youth and his mother looked on him as a very rough diamond compared to smooth-tongued Charles Louis. He had never been stubborn to her, she admitted, but he had many faults and he wanted a strong hand over him. Her letters to a faithful friend, one of the band of admirers, written during the prince's visit to England, show her view of his character. She had a very regular correspondence

with Sir Thomas Roe, 'honest Thom,' as she calls him; her letters to him are racy, imperious and delightfully spontaneous; his letters to her are long, careful, elaborate accounts of all that touches her interests. He tells her what an excellent impression her sons have made at Court and what love and tenderness are shown by the King to his nephews. He tells her that they have dined with Archbishop Laud, who is sincerely devoted to her interests. As he writes, he gives a touch here and there which gives an insight into their characters. The Elector is always full of 'his business'; Rupert's active mind is ready to occupy itself with anything that interests him. He is full of spirit and action, full of observation and judgment, Sir Thomas says; he thinks that he will *réussir un grand homme*. 'His nature is active and spriteful and may be compared to steel, which is the commanding metal, if it be rightly tempered and disposed,' he writes on another occasion. The Queen's replies are chiefly concerned with the management of her headstrong son, with fears for his conversion to Roman Catholicism and at last with anxious demands for his return. She thinks that he is merely wasting his time there, a hanger-on at her brother's Court. It is time that he should remember that he is a man and be about a man's work.

But Rupert was not eager to go and the King was most unwilling to part with him, so Elizabeth had to be content to wait. The Elector, although

he frequently dined at the King's table, kept a good deal in his own rooms; when he honoured some great Court functionary with his presence, he did it with condescension and with a deliberate purpose. He was always busy trying to push his affairs forward and his letters to his mother are all full of the fluctuations of the embassies concerning the restoration of the Palatinate. He was much courted by the Puritan party, which was growing in size and importance every week; he appears even then to have definitely foreseen the troubles which were to come and to have deliberately allied himself with the other faction.

With Rupert it was different. He seems to have subordinated the interests of his family and the urgent need of brisk action, to the delights of his new environment. He had never known a home, for neither the uncomfortable Court at the Hague nor the children's quarters at Leyden could be considered in that light; he now experienced the joys of domestic life and the advantage of the companionship of a man of such superior attainments as the King. He was petted by the Queen and her ladies, who infinitely preferred him to his complacent elder brother; he made real friends with men of talent, not because he desired their support in the future, after the manner of the Elector, but because he delighted in their companionship in the present. He must have passed long hours in the galleries at the various palaces in and out of London which housed the King's

splendid collection of pictures; he certainly hunted to his heart's content. Whether at Oatlands, Non Such, Whitehall or elsewhere, he had plenty of occupation and an incentive to bring his knowledge of men and matters, of books and pictures, up to the level of the wide if somewhat superficial standard of the Court. The period in which Rupert found himself in England was one of no common interest, as all periods of transition are bound to be. It was a period when the influence of the Renaissance was still strongly felt and was, indeed, the major influence at Court; at the same time it was a period which saw the dawn of many new and discordant elements which had really been let loose by the Reformation. That great movement which had comprised the breaking off of the Anglican Church, had been apparently accomplished with very little national disturbance; but the undercurrent of disturbing issues was strongly at work. Henry VIII., moved chiefly by his own interests it is true, had been but the instrument of the first upheaval. The sequestration of Church property had made a return to the old order of things impossible, even if the popular feeling had not run high against the old abuses. The need for reform, felt all over Europe, and manifested in different countries in a different manner, was a very real one; the martyrdom of the upholders of the reformed faith in England elevated that somewhat heterogeneous body into something very solid. The magnificence of Henry's

reign, the glorious traditions of the reign of Elizabeth, show us the Renaissance in full swing; but through them both the thread of discord, the thread dyed with the blood of martyrs, was being mingled with the fabric of England's story, like the warp and woof of some great piece of woven silk.

Although no doubt the darker aspect of affairs was not hidden from the keen eyes of Rupert, it is evident that he was chiefly occupied with that side of life which was most in evidence. The Renaissance had made learning fashionable; and it was at Court that the truest adherents of that great movement were most conspicuous. The true gentleman of the Renaissance was a man of infinite versatility; he must not only possess every possible accomplishment from facility in foreign languages to swordsmanship, but he should also cultivate the creative arts. Elizabeth, living in the most productive literary age that England had ever known, was at heart a classic scholar, an admirer of foreign rather than of native literature. It is to the credit of the Stuarts that they gathered round them the native writers and poets as well as those foreign artists whose work best represents for us the outer semblance of their being. If the paintings of Van Dyck represent to us most vividly the appearance of the King, the Queen and the Court, we must not forget that after Van Dyck it was Dobson to whom the office of Court painter was given. At the Court of Charles we

find the best of the professional poets of the day and a quantity of young men of fashion, who wrote facile verse as amateurs, verse which was handed about in manuscript without a thought of publication. They wrote, many of them, with ease and elegance, with the same careless grace with which they would have danced in a masque or sung a madrigal to a fair lady. It was part of the equipment of a cultivated gentleman who must know something of everything in order to be agreeable in any society. The age of specialisation, of impeccable knowledge of some one subject, of inordinate adeptness in one particular sport, had not yet dawned on the world.

CHAPTER III

'Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time will still be flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.'

HERRICK.

IN spite of the ever-increasing discontent which was simmering over all England and the ever-widening breach between the Anglo-Catholics and the Puritans, the rule of Charles had never appeared more absolute than it did in the spring of 1637.

For eight years he had ruled without a Parliament; since the murder of Buckingham he had been his own Prime Minister. Archbishop Laud was pursuing his way unchecked, working at the foundation of the Anglican Church; Strafford, his friend and colleague in the famous policy of 'Thorough' for Church and State, was bringing law, order and solvency into the troubled affairs of Ireland. Bishop Juxon, mild inoffensive creature, was wrestling with financial concerns aided only by the light of his own integrity and honesty of purpose, and Newcastle was sailing the narrow seas in command of the fleet which had been furnished by the admirable expedient of ship-money.

To Rupert, young, intelligent and enthusiastic, the life in the city by the Thames, with its one great

bridge spanning the busy river, was one of unalloyed delight. He had his own rooms in the mass of irregular buildings which constituted the palace of Whitehall; his own servants and horses were lodged hard by. He became a familiar figure at Court and could be seen any day pursuing his occupations with that strenuous earnestness which delighted the King.

The palace was not suited to the requirements of the most brilliant Court in Europe and it was destined to be superseded by one of great magnificence which was to have a superb series of courtyards and a long river frontage. The designs by Inigo Jones had been approved by the King, but only one building had been actually erected, the beautiful banqueting hall with its heavily gilded ceiling into which the paintings by Rubens had just been inserted. With his artist's eye, Rupert must have appreciated the designs of the great architect, but he probably found no fault with the rambling old house as it stood, or with the flood of life and gaiety of which it was the centre. The scene which presented itself to his eyes was one of constant animation. The heavy coaches were always setting down and taking up the cavaliers and ladies at the entrance in Whitehall; the boats were always ready to hand at the landing-stage over the river. The throng of people passing in and out was as varied as it was brilliant. Archbishop Laud, with his mind over-burdened with the affairs of the country, or some of those eccle-

siastics whose numbers at Court made the wits say that they lived in the days of the Church triumphant, might be seen passing up the worn stairs just as Lady Carlisle descended, hurrying away to a secret meeting with her Puritan friends. Archie Armstrong, the King's Scottish jester, dragging his misshapen limbs after him, contrasted oddly enough with the throng of courtiers saluting each other with what their enemies called 'French cringes,' or with some great lady's 'gentlewoman,' on an errand for her mistress with tongue sharp set enough for a pert reply and with eyes quick enough to take in the merits or demerits of any stranger.

In his walks abroad there was much to interest Rupert. He grew to love the long streets with the gabled houses whose upper stories over-hung the road, but chiefly he loved the river on which the craft were so crowded that it was a wonder how the boatmen contrived to steer their way as they did. On several occasions he took boat to the royal landing-stage at Blackfriars Bridge which Van Dyck kept for the use of the King and his family and visited the painter's studio, where he sat for his portrait. It was not the first time he had sat to the master and no doubt he had much talk with him as to the technique of that art to which he was already devoted.

Van Dyck was then thirty-eight years old and had only four years to live, but he was as active as ever and was turning out a great quantity of

work. He appears to have given but one hour to each of his sittings, after which the picture was worked on by his pupils, he himself painting on it again and finishing it. We all know the stamp of individuality which distinguishes his work as a whole, in spite of this method, and the exquisite hands with which he endowed his fortunate sitters, which were copied from the models, male and female, whom he kept always on the premises, appear to us as characteristic of their apparent owners as if they had been faithfully copied from nature. With this great man, who was so subtly compounded of qualities ideal and practical, Rupert, young as he was, must have had much in common. He had also much in common with that group of courtiers with whom his name began to be associated; he was extremely popular in the Queen's Court at Somerset House and he began to be quite a companion to the King. It will be seen that he had the many-sided character which was a result of the Renaissance training and that although he was primarily interested in warlike matters, he could talk about doctrine to Olivia Porter in the Queen's apartments, about art to the King in his galleries, or about sport as they galloped together in the new enclosure at Richmond, as well as he could discuss literature and lyrics with the poets at Endymion Porter's hospitable house in the Strand.

As far as real affection went, the strongest tie which bound him to England was evidently that

which united him to his uncle. Not only had he good cause to be grateful to the man who had supported his family and who was even then giving him independence by making him personally a small allowance in addition to the large sums he allowed his mother, but there was something in his disposition which appealed to him. The grave kind man with the slight hesitation in his speech, who governed England as an absolute King, was never popular with the multitude, but he inspired devoted friendship in individuals. He had none of that personal charm, none of that power of identifying himself with the national idea, which made the people forgive Henry VIII. for his tyrannies and Elizabeth for her dislike of Parliaments and her irritating vacillations. He wanted England to be rich and prosperous, just as he wanted every one about him to be gay and happy; unfortunately he did not understand that people which, both before and since the time of Froissart, had been noted for sturdy independence and for a love of liberty. The country had enjoyed prosperity and peace during the reigns of Charles and of his father James I., and that at a time when the Continent was devastated and laid waste by war; but of these blessings the people were not so very appreciative. Popular indignation was excited against the King not because he oppressed the country, but because he ruled without a Parliament and levied taxes without the consent of the nation. The ship-money taxes were so well distributed that no one

felt them to be irksome; the unconstitutional behaviour of a King who levied a war tax during a period of peace, and then without the consent of Parliament, brought matters to boiling pitch. The money so raised was spent entirely on the necessities of the Fleet and it enabled England to regain her old supremacy at sea; but here again the nation looked more to the infringement of its rights than to the advantages gained. In the matter of the Forest Courts there was more room for complaint, the laws enforced being much resented by landowners and bringing in very little money to the empty exchequer. The question of governing the country turned chiefly on the pivot of finance and it was Strafford's great ambition to make the King absolutely independent as regarded the supply of funds. To be a benevolent autocrat, guiding the country for its own good, was the wish of the King; his heart's desire could only be obtained by the power to levy taxes to obtain the necessary money. And that was just where the shoe pinched. The expenses of the two Courts increased year by year; the King was in debt both for his private and his public necessities and the difficulty of obtaining a grant without calling a Parliament became the great problem of his life.

Harassed as he was by financial difficulties, by the mutinous behaviour of the Scots with regard to the new Prayer Book, by the never-ending difficulties concerning the restoration of the Palatinate, Charles was, in private life, a delightful companion

and it is no wonder that the young Rupert, who was admitted to his closest intimacy, should have been fascinated by him. Rupert had arrived when the excitement caused by the second writ of ship-money was at its height. Before he left the country, Prynne, who had had his ears cropped in 1634 for writing a tedious and at times blasphemous work of over a thousand pages against stage plays which he had never even read, much less witnessed, was cropped again; he was also branded S L for seditious libeller, on account of his writings against Episcopacy. With him were two other assailants of the Anglican Church, Burton and Bastwick, condemned to the same inhuman punishment by the Star Chamber. The time was growing ripe, for the popular cause was beginning to have its martyrs and a vast tide of indignation was rising against the bishops; a tide which was to sweep before it King and prelacy, law and religion, under the banner of a holy war.

How much or how little the political situation was spoken of by Charles in his nephew's presence is of course a matter of conjecture; there is no doubt that every detail was discussed in the Queen's apartments, where the 'busy stateswoman,' Lady Carlisle, made mental notes for the benefit of her political friends at Holland House. With Rupert, the King would be more likely to give rein to the two passions for art and sport which they shared in common. He was a man of wide cultivation. He was intimately acquainted

with the great works of many foreign nations, for he was an accomplished linguist; at the same time he knew the masterpieces of his own countrymen by heart. Milton, speaking of him in after years, declared that Shakespeare was the closest companion of his solitude. He was a connoisseur of the first water, 'the best in Europe,' Rubens had said; he loved music and played himself on the viol de gamba. With all his devotion to affairs of State, with his habits of work and personal supervision of detail of government, Charles found time not only to practise and enjoy the arts, but to give himself up to the joys of a domestic life which was the admiration of Europe.

Next to the King, the most salient personality at Court belonged to the Queen. She was a small, thin, vivacious creature, whose figure was not quite straight and whose mouth was rather too large and too prominent for the long thin framework of her face. Her eyes were bright and dark, her hair brown, her complexion was still lovely. Not, strictly speaking, beautiful, for her face and figure had many faults, she gave the impression of a very pretty and attractive woman, whose charms, although so young, were just beginning to wane. She was, as she was well aware, one of the most unpopular people in the kingdom; but this did not prevent her from having a most happy existence with a husband who adored her, a charming little family around her and a set of chosen friends and admirers in her own household. As she sat

there playing with her children, or laughing at Harry Jermyn's good stories, or as she took her part in public functions, or danced in a masque at Somerset House, she certainly appeared as happy and contented as she could be; but underneath the happiness, which was indeed very real, there was a substrata of irritation and discontent.

Henrietta Maria, whom the King called Marie and the people Queen Mary, was a true daughter of Henri IV. as far as pluck and determination went and a true daughter of the crafty Medici as far as religious bigotry and political intrigue could be carried. The combination of qualities was unfortunate for England and ended in being unfortunate for herself and those who were dear to her. She came to England with a mission to perform; she was to favour the Roman Catholics and convert all those who had strayed from the fold, beginning, of course, with her own husband. She put the whole nation against her by refusing to be crowned Queen on account of her religious scruples; she kept up the irritation by keeping outside the national life and by identifying herself with her co-religionists at the expense of all national feeling. The fury against Papists, which was much more a feeling of political jealousy of foreign supremacy in the councils of the State, than of actual dogma, was now concentrated against the Queen. She was suspected of converting the immovable Charles, of taking her children to Mass, of encouraging the Irish to rebellion, of having her hand in all those

semi-religious, semi-political plots which had for object the overthrow of the reformed religion. The toleration extended to Roman Catholics by Charles was put down entirely to her influence and deeply resented by all those who desired toleration for the countless sects which were beginning to spring up. It was considered to be all of one piece with placing the proud neck of England under the heel of the Pope of Rome and of giving way to the tyrannous might of Spain which had been broken in vain by the great Elizabeth.

Rupert spent a good many hours in the society of the Queen and her ladies, for they favoured him very much and had great hopes of his conversion. Her efforts in this direction were ably seconded by Olivia Porter, the wife of Rupert's best friend and one of the busiest proselytisers of the Queen's Court. The royal children were too young to be companions to their cousin; the eldest, Charles, being only seven years old, Mary, the eldest girl, was six, James, five, Elizabeth, two, and baby Anne had only been born in the March of that year, 1637. The little Prince of Wales, of whom the Queen had declared herself ashamed when he was a big 'black baby,' had grown into a sturdy little fellow with a strong character of his own; the other children were pretty and amiable. The King had adopted and brought up his own third cousin, James Stuart, Duke of Lenox, son of the seventh Lord d'Aubigny who had succeeded as

third Duke of Lenox, as well as the children of the murdered Duke of Buckingham, and these wards of his uncle were of considerable interest to Rupert. The Duke of Lenox was twenty-five years old; he was tall and slight and had fair hair and blue eyes and a singularly sweet and winning manner. He had aspired to the hand of one of the Palatine princesses and was deeply disappointed when Charles arranged a marriage for him with the little daughter of the beloved 'Steenie.' As far as he could, he resisted this command, but he was so accustomed to obedience that he did not hold out long and the marriage took place on August 3, 1637, soon after Rupert had left the country. Lady Mary was the only daughter of the duke and had been offered as a bride to one of the Queen of Bohemia's sons when her father was scheming to effect his own aggrandisement in the days of his power; she was now a very pretty girl of fifteen, who was already a widow, having been married as a child to Charles, Lord Herbert, eldest son of the Earl of Pembroke. She was full of life and fun, just as she had been when, in the days of her child-widowhood, she had been found trailing her long black weeds up a tree in the garden and had insisted on being carried in a basket to the King, who had sent to see what manner of strange bird had become entangled in the branches.

The Court which the King and Queen had gathered round them was a very brilliant one from every point of view and amongst the members

of both households were many who had been connected with the Palatine business and were consequently anxious to do honour to the young princes.

Chief of these was the proud, reserved Lord Arundel, who preferred his own beautiful homes with their great collections of works of art to any court; he had carried the sword of State before their mother at her wedding, he had been sent to ask her to live in England in the first days of her widowhood and he certainly had her interests at heart. Then there was Lord Cottington, who had been on an embassy to Madrid on their business. He was still sore about his failure to secure the white wand, although he declared that he would rather walk to Whitehall than go there in State preceded by the King's maces. He spent as much time as he could at his country house at Hanworth and wrote to Wentworth that Charles had never had any more idea of making him Lord Treasurer than he had of elevating the Lord Deputy to the See of Canterbury. Another visit must have been paid to their mother's old admirer Sir Henry Wootton, the author of one of the most charming lyrics in the English language, which he had addressed to the Queen in her brilliant youth. 'Ye meaner beauties of the night . . .' he had sung, 'What are you when the sun shall rise? You curious chauntier of the wood, . . . When Philomel her voice doth raise? . . . You violets that first appear . . . what are you when the rose is

blown?' The rose had blown and had faded too, and the poet was old and ill and poor as well; but the poem has come down the ages to us with a dew-drop on its petals and with the fragrance of immortality pressed between its leaves. Another more recent admirer of the 'Queen of Hearts,' who was also a firm friend to her sons, was one who showed his devotion in a more practical form than Sir Henry Wootton had been able to do. William Craven, a small man with the air of a dandy, had been ridiculed by the family at the Hague when they first made his acquaintance, but time showed them his genuine worth; he had plebeian blood in his veins and good mercantile gold in his pockets; both one and the other were at the service of the Queen and her sons. The princes were also hospitably entertained by the Archbishop at Lambeth and they dined frequently with Sir Thomas Roe, when the Elector would talk eagerly about his 'business,' and Rupert, for the most part, would sit silent.

Besides all these friends of the family, Rupert made many on his own account. His keen desire for active service was, for the moment, in abeyance; his chief delight lay in the society of the wits and literary lights who frequented the Court. There were many of these, for the seventeenth century had not only inherited the glorious legacy of the Renaissance, it could boast a number of sweet singers and good writers in whose verse and prose we can often detect turns of phrase reminiscent of

their forerunners. It boasted also many men of fashion who considered it their privilege to be on familiar terms with the men who were making the literature of the day. The beginning of friendships could be traced more often than not to college days which united men of different classes in the bonds of comradeship; they were often cemented at Court, where the aspiring literary genius would owe his chance in life to his old college friend. The latter, in light-hearted fashion, would pique himself on his nice discrimination of a false quantity in verse, on his judgment of the claims to admiration of a pretty face, a proper sword-cut or a cup of canary sack. His powers of criticism in no way prevented him from writing the most unblushing doggerel when the fancy seized him.

Endymion Porter, the 'Patron of Poets,' was the friend to whom Rupert owed his acquaintance with the literary men who flocked to his hospitable house in the Strand. Considerably older than himself, for he was a contemporary of his uncle, Porter soon acquired a great influence over the young prince, an influence which caused anxiety to his mother. He was generally supposed to be a Roman Catholic and he had Spanish blood in his veins; he had been brought up in Madrid where he was a page to the favourite Olivares. After his arrival in England, he had acted as secretary to the Duke of Buckingham, whose Spanish correspondence he had conducted. It was through the duke's influence that he had been appointed a

Groom of the Bedchamber to the King and he had been employed on many secret missions by the present King and his father. In 1622, he went to Spain to negotiate the marriage of the prince and after the secret visit of Charles to the Court of Madrid, an episode which stands out oddly enough in the dignified annals of English history, but which fits in quite naturally with the romantic exploits of some of the earlier Stuarts, he was much in the royal favour. Charles employed him constantly as an agent for the purchase of pictures, a post for which he was well suited. He had a real knowledge of art and the instinct which enabled him to divine nascent talent; he had been one of the first to discover the genius of Van Dyck and had attached Mytens to the King's service. Besides being a diplomatist, a courtier and a connoisseur, this versatile man was also one who took no small share in the great trading schemes of the day.

In the spring of 1637, Ben Jonson was nearing the end of his lease of mortal life and Herrick, who had been one of the 'Sons of Ben' in riotous days gone by, was vegetating in a parsonage in 'dull Devonshire,' regretting the joys of literary society in London and writing charming poems about the country. Webster had just written the *Duchess of Malfy*, Massinger had written those political plays which were intended to stir up public opinion in favour of the recovery of the Palatinate, Milton had already given *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* to

the world and his masque of *Comus* had been performed at Ludlow Castle. Donne, that strange mixture of good and evil, of great and small, was at that time Dean of St. Paul's; Cowley, the youthful prodigy, had just gone to Cambridge, where Crashaw was developing his exquisite lyric gift and was dreaming of the ascetic joys of Little Gidding. With regard to those writers who frequented the Court and the dilettanti who associated with them, they were many in number and some of them could boast considerable talent. William Davenant, the admirable playwright, who was said to be the son of William Shakespeare himself, was one of those who appears to have attached himself to Rupert. He had very likely been presented to him at the masque of the *Prince d'Amour*, written by Davenant to the music of Henry Lawes and performed at an entertainment which had been given by the gentlemen of the Middle Temple in honour of the Palatine princes. The brothers had sat in State under a canopy on that occasion and the Queen had mingled with the crowd disguised as a citizen. Another Court poet with whom Rupert came in contact was Sir John Suckling, the son of a former Court official and of a city madam. He was a little man with abundant red hair, a moustache which was twisted sharply upwards and keen grey eyes. He had fought for the Palatinate under Gustavus Adolphus and he fancied himself as a military expert; incidentally, he wrote a good deal of charming and facile verse.

He was often to be met with at the gambling tables or wagering large sums on the Peccadillo bowling green and he was sought after by those who loved lavish expenditure, or who were entertained by his inimitable swiftness of repartee. Yet another Court poet was Edmund Waller, swarthy-skinned and black-haired; an enigmatic individual whose loyalty to any given cause was a doubtful quantity. The two friends Killigrew and Carew, the latter also a poet who had a pretty wit the spice of which was much appreciated by the King, Sir Kenelm Digby with his huge form and his wonderful strength of muscle, Sir John Rennes, Harry Jermyn and many others, might also be named in this category.

With so much to divert his mind from the well-worn channel of the family interests, it is no wonder that Rupert worked less hard to secure them in the future than did the Elector. It is quite certain that he did his best to influence his uncle to give them real solid help instead of embassies; but he was capable of thinking of other things.

The Puritan party made open court to the Elector. Many people regretted the birth of the King's children and would willingly have seen the succession go into the family of his sister, who was still personally loved by them and regarded as a bulwark of the faith. Charles Louis made the best of this sentiment and encouraged it as much as he dared; his unctuous phrases and complacent condescension gave great satisfaction. As

regarded his immediate interests, he found public opinion was divided; there were some who took the easy-going, optimistic view of affairs, others who were all for action. The former declared that he was sure to inherit the Lower Palatinate at the death of his cousin, the usurper, Maximilian of Bavaria, together with the title of Elector; the latter were all for declaring war on the Emperor. There is little doubt that if Charles had called a Parliament and asked for a subsidy to carry on war, the greater part of the nation would have joined in forgetting their grievances against each other and the tragedy which followed might have been averted. But Charles did nothing of the sort. He thought over many courses which might be pursued and ended much where he had begun. The French Ambassador at the Hague refused the title of 'Electoral' Highness to Charles Louis, the Spanish Ambassador in London accorded it; it was enough to dip the balance in favour of a Spanish alliance. The last embassy which had been despatched to the Emperor had failed, as it was bound to do. Lord Arundel, a most unwilling ambassador sent on a fool's errand, was instructed to ask for the restitution of both palatinates, together with the electoral dignity. The Emperor suggested that a portion of the Lower Palatinate should be restored and the ban removed. Lord Arundel replied that nothing would content the King except the fulfilment of his just demands. The Emperor inquired if that were a declaration of

war ? a query to which the worried envoy had no answer to give. He returned to England at last, inveighing against the House of Austria and earnestly desirous of a war and the French alliance ; a demand in which he was joined by the bulk of the nation. Overtures were received at the same time from Richelieu and it looked as if the war would really blaze forth at last. Charles began to consider how he could realise the necessary funds without calling a Parliament; as a precautionary measure he took the opinion of the judges as to the legality of collecting ship-money and the judges eventually replied in the affirmative. The French alliance was actually accepted and preparations were made to put the Elector at the head of the fleet, a maritime expedition being all that had been asked for or promised; when, suddenly, there was a hitch. The treaty with France, as amended by Charles, was not pleasing to Richelieu; but before that had transpired, the King had written to ask the advice of Wentworth and the answer which he had received had been so decisive that he gave up all thoughts of war. Wentworth set forth, in no uncertain terms, the King's duty to the State. He told him that he should not take up a foreign war and disturb the blessed peace which the country had enjoyed for so long, without first seeing that the State was free from debt, the coffers filled and financial affairs set on a sound basis in the three kingdoms. He declined to see that England ought to bestir herself

to right the Elector, to endanger her peace and prosperity for a matter which did not really concern her. He suggested that Charles would find himself in a difficult position, even if his part of the war were confined to a naval contest, for he had no means to refit the fleet when it was damaged. What then? He would be constrained to issue a second writ for ship-money in one year, or to summon a Parliament. He urged him to put away family affection and dynastic interests and to devote himself to the internal prosperity of the country. The pendulum swung back again and once more an attempt was made to get back the Palatinate by means of a secret treaty with Spain. When the time came for the two princes to return to Holland, it was still uncertain whether England would go to war or no. What was certain was that the Elector was to command an expedition which was to attempt to expel the enemy from the Palatinate; towards that object Charles gave him, from his empty coffers, the sum of thirty thousand pounds.

If the Elector felt that enough had not been done for him, as he undoubtedly did, Rupert might well have felt the same. But the King had certainly tried to further his interests. In the first place, he had tried to arrange a marriage for him with Mdlle. de Rohan, the Huguenot heiress, a lady whose attractions were summed up rather neatly by Lord Leicester. He declared that she was 'far handsomer than is necessary and much

discreeter than is ordinary.' Rupert himself was not enthusiastic, but the Queen of Bohemia and Charles Louis both approved of the match and negotiations were set on foot. Another scheme for his advancement was received with unqualified disapproval by his mother; this was no less than a design to conquer Madagascar, with Rupert in command of the expedition. This beautiful and productive island, known to the Persians and Arabians as Sarandib, had been 'discovered' by the Portuguese in 1506, and the promoters of the scheme declared that not only great riches could be obtained by trading with the natives, but great power would accrue to the lucky possessor; he who was master of Madagascar might end by becoming emperor of India.

In an age when every one was bitten with the mania of adventure and the discovery of new countries and in a land where the names of Drake and Raleigh were still words to conjure by, such a scheme as this was sure to attract the young and venturesome. We have abundant evidence that Rupert took the idea up with all the earnestness which characterised him and that his friends mustered round him, eager to have their share of glory and riches. Porter was to be his second in command, Davenant his poet-laureate. It would be no new thing for the former to sail the seas bent on adventure and profit; the latter probably remembered Charles Cavendish's voyage on a privateer in 1591, when Lodge wrote Arcadian romances,

storm-bound in the Straits of Magellan. The poem which he wrote to celebrate their future exploits and which he published in 1638 in a little book, entitled *Madagascar and other Poems*, brings the whole matter before us very distinctly. The book is dedicated to Endymion Porter and Henry Jermyn and the poem itself is called 'Madagascar: a Poem to Prince Rupert.' It is preceded by some doggerel from the pen of Porter, who has the grace to apologise for it, confessing that, with the whole kennel of the alphabet, he has to hunt a rhyme for an hour before he runs it to earth. Suckling also contributes a few scoffing lines about the ease with which poets conquer imaginary countries and he expresses the hope that Davenant will bring back the gold with him. Carew also writes a few lines 'To Will Davenant my Friend,' and so, after this copious introduction, the poem itself opens. It is in no way remarkable and is written in a bombastic style; but there are one or two human touches in it which have their value. After telling us that he sits on a crystal rock and sees 'the empire of the winds new kept in awe' by Rupert's ships, after prophesying glorious victories for his hero, who is to be the chief and 'universal admiral,' he brings him before us by speaking of the 'Lines of thy mother's beauty in thy face.' On another occasion he describes him on the battlefield in these words:—

> 'I saw thy uncle's anger in thy brow,
> Which like Heaven's fire doth seldom fuel assume,
> Or kindle, till 'tis fit it should consume.'

The passage brings both uncle and nephew before our eyes and the concluding words have a prophetic ring about them :—

> 'Heroique Prince, may still thy acts and name
> Become the wonder and discourse of fame.'

It was not, however, written in the book of fate that Rupert should win a laurel crown in such a romantic fashion. The King consulted the East India Company on the subject and was told by a candid merchant that it was a gallant design, but one on which he would be loth to venture his younger son. Elizabeth of Bohemia then spoke with no uncertain voice. No son of hers should be a knight errant, especially with Endymion Porter for a squire, she said. Rupert was to be a soldier and fight for his brother's restoration. 'As for Rupert's romance of Madagascar,' she wrote to Sir Thomas Roe, 'it sounds like one of Don Quixote's conquests when he promised his trusty squire to make him king of an island.'

Sir Thomas quite agreed with the Queen. It was an absurd plan, he said, but he added that the youth ought to have some outlet for his superfluous energy. He writes that he is 'too active to be wasted in the softness and entanglements of pleasure.' 'He will prove a sword for all his friends if his edge be set right,' he wrote on another occasion.

The opportunity to try his metal was not long in coming. Eager as he was to be in a 'school of

honour,' Rupert was very sorry to leave England, even although it seemed as if some definite result might be obtained from the expedition which was to be fitted out in conjunction with the Swedish forces under Baner and King. On the morning when he was to take ship to Greenwich for the Hague, the morning of July 24, 1637, he exclaimed passionately, whilst taking a last ride with his uncle, that he wished he might break his neck and leave his bones in England.

CHAPTER IV

'Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.'

LOVELACE.

THE young princes were escorted to Holland by Lord Newcastle with some ships of the new fleet which Charles Louis had almost hoped he would have been allowed to lead himself against his enemies. That dream was over, but he had received financial support, at any rate, from the King and he had permission to attach himself to any available army, to muster any English volunteers who might offer themselves and to make a decisive appeal to arms. It was little enough, truly, after the vision of Protestant England measuring her strength against the vast though decaying greatness of the Holy Roman empire; but it was something.

Elizabeth of Bohemia was not in a very cheerful frame of mind when her sons returned to her; she lectured Rupert on his religious opinions and spoke much of the visit which she had received from Lord Arundel on his return from Vienna. The news which he had brought had been distinctly depressing, for he had told her that the Emperor refused to restore the stolen Upper Palatinate

and that he would only give back the Lower Palatinate on very hard terms. Her only chance of success, he told her, lay in the active support of the King, and she was beginning to realise, not only that the support was not forthcoming, but that her dearly-loved brother was himself in desperate need of a helping hand. The clouds seemed to lower over England; truly they lay low enough over the future of her own children.

With her mercurial temperament, however, she still managed to get a good deal of enjoyment out of life and she was buoyed up by the hopes of a successful expedition against the enemy. A woman of indomitable pluck and ever-green vitality, she enjoyed what was to be enjoyed with all her old zest. She had brought thirteen children into the world, of whom she had lost four; she had lost her beloved husband and many of her intimate and devoted friends, to say nothing of her crown, her fortunes and her home. Yet we find her writing to Sir Thomas Roe that there has been 'no news of anything but the death of hares and which horse ran best, which, though I say it that should not say it, was mine'; more surprising still we see her organising a great entertainment, which consisted of a tournament, a ball and a sumptuous supper in honour of the marriage of Baron de Brederode with the sister of the Princess of Orange. How and when the bill was paid, history does not relate.

Rupert found her very much as usual after his

return from England. She was still dressed in black and her presence-chamber was still hung with black velvet. In spite of these trappings of woe, she was capable, as we have seen, of showing a brave face to adversity.

Of the nine children remaining to her, Elizabeth now saw the most of her two daughters, Elizabeth and Louise, aged nineteen and fifteen. The former was already the friend and correspondent of Descartes; the latter was to be the pupil and imitator of Honthorst. Both were handsome and both were clever, but their lives were not particularly happy ones, and their position in the world was so ambiguous that it created complications. To both sisters 'Robert le Diable,' as Rupert had been called in the old schoolroom days when the title of 'La Grecque' had been given to the learned Elizabeth, was heartily welcome and he, on his part, was always a most affectionate brother.

Whilst waiting for the Elector to collect his army Rupert was not altogether idle. He worked hard helping to raise levies and he also joined the stadtholder's army at the siege of Breda, where he distinguished himself by an act of reckless daring. One night while the besieging army slept, he rose up and waking Maurice told him that he heard suspicious noises from inside the town. The two boys walked quietly up to the walls of Breda, climbed up the glacis, spied out the troops of the garrison being marshalled for a sortie, ran back to the camp and gave the alarm.

The result of this bold act was that the surprise party found troops drawn up ready to receive them and suffered a repulse.

The siege of Breda has no importance as far as the history of Rupert goes, except that it was in this engagement that he first showed signs of his future achievements and that it was here that he first came in contact with three men who were to be intimately connected with his life in days to come. These men were George Monk, George Goring and Henry Wilmot. The former was a broad-shouldered, thick-set man with a dark countenance and a rough manner; he had the reputation of eating, sleeping and drinking less than any other officer in camp. Rupert must have been struck by his soldier-like qualities, for he ran away from a place of safety to which he had been sent by the Prince of Orange, to follow Monk in a desperate attack he made on a horn work which commanded the town and its approaches, an attack which was successful and largely contributed to the capture of the city.

George Goring, son of Lord Goring, who was well known to the Queen of Bohemia, was a good-looking egotist. He had run through his own and his young wife's fortune and he owed his position in the stadtholder's army to the generosity of his father-in-law. He already showed his fatal weakness with regard to drink, his shifty nature, which may have been partly owing to his unrestrained indulgence in this vice, his incurable selfishness

and his longing for personal distinction. Henry Wilmot was an egotist, he was also good-looking and popular and was certainly the better soldier of the two. Whether Rupert took the full measure of his future rivals or whether, in his youthful impetuosity, he was too much engrossed in the excitement of war to measure up their several characters, we cannot say.

After the surrender of Breda, Maurice went with his two younger brothers, Edward and Philip, to France, to finish his education and Rupert returned to the Hague, with its rows of poplars and limes reflected in the sleepy waterways and the storks nesting amongst the eaves of the high-pitched roofs of the houses.

It is difficult in the light of later developments to say how Rupert regarded the country in which he had been brought up, but there is no difficulty in recognising the influence which that country and its inhabitants had upon his character. He had passed the earliest and most impressionable years of his life in the Hollow land with its canals and its dykes, with its rich commercial cities and its fruitful countryside. He had been brought up amongst the soldiers of an army that was always in the field and was familiar with those fleets of merchant-men which made the finest navy in the world when called on to fight. The descendants of the heroic burghers who had disputed their land inch by inch with their oppressors and of the gallant 'water beggars,' who had formed a fleet of warships

out of fishing boats, had still something of the heroic in them mingled with the shrewd common sense which was their birthright. Those men who had given up their lives so cheerfully when they slipped and fell on the blood-stained dykes and who had sacrificed their herds and cattle when it was necessary to flood the land in order to stop the invader, had also a keen commercial instinct which never failed them and which, plus a spirit of adventure, had become their national asset. Spain had wasted the riches which she had acquired in the New World in attempting to coerce her subjects in the Old World. Holland had utilised her hours of peace in monopolising for her ships the carrying trade of half Europe and in earning for them the title of 'the waggoners of all seas.' Whether or no Rupert appreciated his adopted country, we cannot but trace a certain strain of influence resulting in his own character; his practical knowledge of warfare, his practical knowledge of seamanship and a certain commercial instinct which stood him in good stead in his later life, being the most prominent.

The present stadtholder, Frederick Henry of Orange, was an able politician and a good general; his wife was clever Amelia von Solms, once lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Bohemia. Frederick Henry was a good friend to the Palatine family, as his predecessor, Maurice, the great soldier, had been before him; his eldest son was afterwards betrothed to the Princess Royal of England. The

interval which elapsed between Rupert's return from England and his start for the much-talked-of expedition to recover the Palatinate, was filled in with visits to his mother's houses at the Hague and at Rhenen, to the Court of the Prince of Orange and to his forces in the field. The time passed quickly enough, but 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick' and he was no doubt overjoyed when, in the autumn of 1638, operations began.

The history of this attempt to achieve a great result with a very small effort, is as short as it is inglorious and it shows that Charles Louis, far from taking in that warlike spirit of the country which had entered into the more receptive nature of his brother, was even without that personal bravery which was one of the unfailing attributes of his mother's race. He began by buying the fortified town of Meppen in Stift Münster with its garrison; whether by superior tactics or superior force, or by the easy treachery of the times, the town was soon again in the possession of the enemy. He then led his little army, composed of mercenaries and volunteers, to join the Swedish forces under Baner and King, the latter being a Scottish soldier of fortune. On the way to the meeting-place, Rupert led the advanced guard out of the direct route to defy the strong town of Rhennius, the garrison of which, infinitely superior in number, sallied out to attack him. He succeeded in routing the attacking party which retreated into the town and he continued his way, rejoicing at this useless

victory which did little save put his cavalry in good spirits. The morning after the junction with the Swedes, the united force, which did not amount to over four thousand men, met the Austrians in a narrow gorge in which it was almost impossible for cavalry to act. The Austrians had eighteen thousand foot, eight regiments of cuirassiers and one of Irish dragoons; whether there were collusion between their leaders and the soldier of fortune, King, a circumstance by no means improbable when we remember his subsequent career, has yet to be proved; considering the relative sizes of the two armies, the result was inevitable.

The Elector's army, if deficient in numbers, was not wanting in pluck or skill. It contained veterans who had fought under Gustavus and Maurice of Nassau, as well as those who had served under Waldstein and Mansfeld. What was wanting was an able and disinterested commander. In the absence of such, individual units attempted the impossible. The Austrians charged headlong down the gorge, sweeping all before them until Rupert, at the head of his troop of cavalry, which was chiefly composed of English volunteers, gave them a counter-charge which brought an awful scene of confusion into the narrow defile. As Rupert and his men turned to face the enemy, they brushed past men of other regiments flying past them in full retreat. The tide of battle, flowing fiercely against them, was arrested; in another moment it had turned and the gallant

cavaliers pressed hotly on their former assailants. The advantage was with the Elector and, if the main body had been brought up to support the attack, no doubt the battle would have been far less conclusive than it was and certainly the hero of the onslaught need not have languished in prison for three mortal years. But it was not to be. Königsmark, who commanded the Elector's army, declined to act with King, King refused to stir; the Elector kept as near as possible to his own private line of retreat. Luckily there was one present who had bolder stuff in him. At the critical moment, when the small body of cavalry seemed about to be swallowed up amongst the numerous ranks of the enemy, Craven dashed in at the head of the Guards and the fight began again. The Austrians, however, were too powerful to be repulsed permanently. Again and again they charged down the bloody defile, down that death-trap in which the Elector's army, by chance or fraud, had been discovered; as the Palatine forces grew harder pressed their own were reinforced by fresh troops under Marshal Götz. It was then that Rupert, turning round to cheer on his men, found himself absolutely alone; he coolly rode right through the enemy to his own troops and arrived safely, owing, no doubt, to a white cockade in his helmet which made the Austrians think him one of themselves. Just as he got into safety, he saw a standard-bearer defending his brother's ensign and returned to help him. Failing in this

chivalric design, he put his tired horse at a wall, making one more effort to return to his own men. The animal refused and, stumbling as he did so, was shot by the enemy and the prince was then reduced to fighting on foot. The soldiers cried out to him to surrender, but he refused, fighting until he was thrown to the ground and an officer struck up his helmet.

'Who are you?' he demanded.

'A colonel,' said Rupert.

'Sarcémont! you are a young one,' replied the officer.

At that moment, General Hatzfeld rode by and, recognising him, sent him off under escort to Warrendorf with Craven, who had turned back to endeavour to save him. Two thousand dead lay heaped in the defile amongst the wounded and the dying; Königsmark had retired uninjured to his forces which had never been brought into action; Charles Louis and King had flung themselves into the Elector's coach and were hurrying off in the pursuit of safety. The events of that day must have been branded on the Elector's memory as surely as they were on that of his brother. The sudden attack, the ebb and flow of the tide of battle, the swift and certain knowledge of irretrievable disaster, came to him as a spectator of the drama, but of a drama in which he was most vitally interested. The terrified flight into safety, the passage over the swollen Weser when the carriage was overturned, the clinging to a willow-

bough until he could scramble to land and the ultimate arrival, almost unattended and wholly exhausted, at Minden, came within the sphere of his entirely personal experiences. Bitter as the whole experience had been, doubtless there were consolations, especially to one who inherited his mother's buoyant optimism, if he lacked her finer qualities. He had shot his bolt and had failed, but no doubt some other opportunity would occur. He had left two thousand men dead on the field, his brother was a prisoner, his coach was a wreck, his horses had been left to drown in the river which had engulfed many of his possessions, amongst which his order of the garter was an unconsidered trifle, but, thank Heaven! he himself was alive, and unhurt and would doubtless come to his own some other time. He parted on the most friendly terms with King soon after the unfortunate episode in the Weser and that worthy returned to collect together the scattered remnant of his forces, for after all they were still worth something and must not be left to be incorporated in the enemy's army.

And Rupert was the prisoner of war of Ferdinand III., a better man than his father, but still the hereditary enemy of the family. He had been recently insulted by Charles Louis and his mother, who had refused to allow him the title of Emperor, because he had been elected without the vote of the Elector Palatine. The election was illegal, they said, thereby putting aside that vote which

had been snatched from them to be given to the usurper. Ferdinand II. had offered to bring up one of Elizabeth's sons at Court, doubtless foreseeing the answer, as one of his conditions involved a change of religion. 'I would rather strangle my children with my own hands,' the Queen had replied, in a manner which was, perhaps, more forcible than politic.

Considering all things, the situation was a little strained. Rupert was allowed to scribble a few lines on a piece of paper torn from a notebook and to send Sir Richard Crane, another prisoner, with the letter to England; beyond this concession he was given no indulgences. He was taken to Linz, a fortified town on the Danube and closely imprisoned in the castle.

In the long solitary hours of confinement, of which he had a great many during the first part of his captivity, there was plenty of food for Rupert's mind. Luckily for himself he had too strong and active a mind to content himself with retrospect, or to confine his musings to golden dreams of a future which should be made entirely of the rainbow tints of glory. He must, indeed, have acted and reacted that brief scene of vivid action, in which triumph and humiliation alternated, many a time during those long colourless hours of solitude; he must often have stretched his mind forwards into the possibly retributive future. But his chief concern lay in fitting himself, body and mind, for the coming struggle. In his manner

of employing his time we are reminded of the intellectual aspirations of the youth who loved the literary society in Endymion Porter's palace in the Strand; we are made conscious of the fact that he felt the golden afterglow of the Renaissance and the wine of the new learning was in his veins. He found so many occupations to fill the silent hours that the confinement cannot have been so irksome to him as it would have been to one who was more of a stranger in the kingdom of his own mind. He devoted many hours to drawing and etching, gaining surety of hand as his long studies progressed. He perfected an instrument by means of which the correct perspective of a building could be obtained; it had been invented, but not finished, by Albrecht Dürer and after the Restoration it was in common use in England. The science of war, the study of modern languages, the problems of mathematics, were not forgotten and in his hours of recreation he devoted himself to the practice of such military exercises as he was able to accomplish. Of company he saw little enough. The governor, Count Kuffstein, who was always friendly to him, and his charming daughter, who was naturally enough sympathetic to such a gallant youth in distress, did all they could to cheer his solitude and the latter prevailed on her father to give Rupert a little more liberty and to allow him to play ballon tennis. Then the governor asked Rupert if he would receive the visits of two priests. Rupert replied that if he might see his own friends, he had

no objection to receiving the friends of the governor. As this was clearly impossible, Kuffstein left him in peace for the time, but he soon returned to the charge and, one way or another, attempts were being made constantly to persuade him to change his religion. The Queen of Bohemia was in agonies. 'Rupert's taking is all,' she wrote to Roe. 'I confess in my passion, I did rather wish him killed.' But she need not have been alarmed. Rupert had been moved by the persuasions of the Queen and of Olivia Porter; he was adamant against the bribes of the Emperor. When offered his freedom if he would recant, he replied, 'I would rather breathe my last in prison than go out through the gates of apostasy.' He maintained this unbending attitude throughout his captivity, even when it seemed most hopeless, thereby gaining the respect of his gaolers and the enthusiastic admiration of his own party.

Every effort was made by Charles to effect his release; he spared neither personal trouble nor the expense of perpetual embassies; more than that he was not in a position to do. Worried by the internal discord of his kingdom, it was no doubt an extra anxiety to him to try to arrange the impossible for the suppliant family at the Hague. He had provided for them generously in his prosperity and, even in his times of financial difficulties, no sacrifice had seemed too great for his sister or her children. But now when the thunderclouds seemed about to burst over his dominions, it must

SKETCHES ON AN ENVELOPE. BY PRINCE RUPERT.
From a Print in the British Museum.

have seemed like the proverbial last straw to receive a visit from Charles Louis, in the summer of 1639, to ask for yet another subsidy in order to buy the army of the Duke of Weimar, who was lately dead. The harassed monarch replied that he approved of the plan, but he did not see his way to purchase the army, as he must reserve all his energies for the domination of truculent Scotland. Charles Louis no doubt called heaven to witness his uncle's selfishness, took everything that he could get to help him in his quest, and started for Germany. As he journeyed through France he was captured by Richelieu and imprisoned at Vincennes.

It was then that Rupert was offered his freedom if he would ask pardon for his rebellious conduct. Seeing that such an admission would be adverse to his brother's claim, he declined to ask pardon for performing his duty. The Emperor then offered him a command in his army if he would fight against the French, but Rupert declined this also, as, although he had no objection to that course as they had imprisoned his brother, it involved also fighting against the Swedes. Angry at such a determined resistance, the Emperor ordered his captivity to be much more severe; he was guarded day and night by twelve musketeers and all his privileges were taken away. No doubt the attempts which were made to effect his release had something to do with this harsh treatment, but he certainly suffered also because of his

immovable honesty and the downright nature of his replies to the demands of Ferdinand.

After a time, an event occurred which made life much more supportable. This was a visit from the Emperor's brother, the Archduke Leopold, 'the Angel,' who was passing through Linz on his way to oppose a Swedish force which was supposed to be about to attempt a rescue. The Archduke conceived a warm friendship for the prisoner and did all in his power to lighten his captivity. After this date he was allowed to hunt and even to stay away two or three days on parole; the exercise and freedom must have done him much good in body and mind.

In August 1640, Charles Louis was set free after having promised not to command the army of Weimar without permission from France. He returned to the Hague and then, acting against the wishes of the King, but with the approval of his mother, went to England to see what he could get out of the Parliament.

Meanwhile affairs in Germany were gradually shaping themselves and, for many reasons, they looked more promising to the Palatines than they had done for many a long year. The Emperor suffered a severe defeat from the Swedes in August 1641; he was anxious about a coalition between Portugal and Protestant Germany, which, if successful, would cripple his natural ally Spain and injure his own dominions into the bargain. He therefore proposed that the Elector should marry

one of his own daughters, should refund to Bavaria the money spent in the war and should take back the Lower Palatinate. The elective dignity should alternate between Bavaria and the Palatinate. This offer was, of course, not accepted or acceptable, as the Elector had no money to give; but it showed an evidence of better things and prepared the way for Rupert's release. This was eventually effected by Sir Thomas Roe, whose long efforts in his favour were at last crowned with success. The end of Rupert's term of imprisonment was brought about in rather a romantic fashion. The Emperor was hunting in the forests which abound in the neighbourhood of Linz and it was arranged that the prince should join the party and be presented informally to his captor. As the royal cavalcade drew near to the place where Rupert was waiting, a little scene occurred which was clearly unrehearsed. A particularly ferocious boar which was being charged, suddenly turned on its pursuers who were quite unable to master it. With an adroit thrust of his spear, Rupert put an end to the existence of the too lively quarry and to the panic which prevailed amongst the huntsmen. Then he knelt down to kiss the Emperor's hand. He was free.

CHAPTER V

'Thousands were there in darker fame that dwell,
Whose deeds some nobler volume shall adorn—
And though to us unknown, they sure fought well
Whom Rupert led and who were English born.'

DRYDEN.

WHEN Rupert came out of prison he found himself a popular hero. He was the hero of the reformed faith and the hope of his co-religionists. Curiously enough he was regarded in much the same light by the opposite party and many efforts were made in Vienna to retain his services for the Imperialists. He had been firm in prison, he was just as decided after he regained his freedom and he was deaf to all entreaties. When he was asked to fight for the Emperor against the Swedes, he replied that he considered the offer 'more an affront than a favour,' and the Austrians soon saw that it was hopeless to attempt to lead him in the way they wanted him to go. He was a man who put principle before profit and he had a very small opinion of any one who acted differently.

During his short stay in Vienna, Rupert was treated with the greatest kindness and was an object of much interest at Court. His release had not been decided on without considerable friction and there was both joy and anger in certain

quarters when he appeared. His champion, Leopold, 'the Angel,' was frankly delighted; the Empress, who was no other than the Infanta Maria, whom King Charles of England had courted in vain in days gone by, was triumphant, for it was partly owing to her efforts that he had been set free. But there were others, notably the Duchess of Bavaria, niece of the Emperor, who was, so it was said, on too good terms with her uncle, who were naturally furious. The question of Rupert's release had provoked a regular feminine duel at Court and the air was still charged with electricity. The Duchess had knelt to the Emperor, imploring him to leave her husband's cousin, who was also his enemy, in prison; no doubt she thought that his release would lead to the restitution of stolen goods in the Palatinate. On the other hand, the Empress, moved by old memories of her former suitor and moved more powerfully by dislike of her rival, whose influence she was determined for once to overpower by her own, stood firmly to her guns. And in the end she prevailed, helped powerfully, no doubt, by those political considerations which counselled mercy rather than severity.

Rupert was extremely anxious to return home after his long absence and, directly he could obtain his passports, he set out. He was obliged to go out of his way, journeying through Bohemia, as he was forbidden to travel in the Palatinate owing to the excitement which had prevailed there when he passed through on his way to Linz. The people

who had pressed round the carriage to catch a glimpse of their prince had been clapped into prison, it is true, and possibly the severity exercised then would have had its effect. But there was always the risk of a rising and so he was ordered to skirt round the territory which had once belonged to his father.

Although he was not permitted to look on his lost inheritance, Rupert visited the capital city of his father's lost kingdom which was also his own birthplace. The turbulent city on the Moldau had seen many changes since that day when the long mournful procession had departed from her gates, with little Rupert shouting in the boot of the coach. The defeat of the White Mountain had, of course, left the country in the power of the Roman Catholics and the mouldering remains of the heads of the patriots had only been removed from the towers on the great bridge after the Battle of Breitenfeld in 1631. Outwardly the city was in a state of tranquillity, but the inward disturbances were there as of yore. We can but conjecture the thoughts which passed through Rupert's mind as he stood and gazed at the piled up mass of the Hradcany palace, the battlemented walls and steep-roofed towers standing up amongst the verdure like a monument of departed greatness. Perhaps some thought of what his personal destiny might have been if things had been differently arranged may have flitted through his brain. The baby whose birth had delighted the people of many nationali-

ties, the little child whose first recorded words were 'Praise the Lord,' spoken in the soft Slav tongue, had developed into a man strong in body and brain, a natural ruler, a born soldier and an accomplished linguist with cosmopolitan tastes. But fate willed otherwise. As the third son, although the second surviving son, of his parents, he would have had as little chance of guiding the destinies of Bohemia as he had now of ruling over a restored Palatinate. He turned from the contemplation of the past and hurried on by forced journeys to the Hague.

The news of his release had been sent on to his mother by 'honest Thom,' but Rupert had the pleasure of being the first to announce his arrival to the Queen. He found her sitting at supper, perhaps enjoying one of those meals which her youngest child Sophia said resembled the feasts of Cleopatra, for they were produced by the melting down of jewels. The Queen was delighted to see her son, whom she found taller and thinner than when she had last seen him. After a little natural joy she began to wonder what was to become of him.

The two elder princesses were still unmarried; the third, Henrietta, was fifteen and Sophia was only eleven. There is something pathetic about the history of Elizabeth and Louise; good-looking and accomplished they attracted the admiration and gained the affection of many, but in some cases religion and in others ambition barred the way to

happiness. The King of Poland had been refused owing to difference of religion; the eldest son of the Elector of Brandenburg, afterwards known as the Great Elector, had been hastily recalled from the Hague when his passion for the fascinating Louise was known. The non-royal suitors who aspired to the hand of one or other of Rupert's sisters could be counted by the score; men like the Duke of Lenox of royal stock, or heroes like the great Montrose who aspired to the honour as the reward of loyalty. In the midst of this glimmer of excitement the princesses occupied an uncomfortable position in a sort of borderland; too great for some and not great enough for others. Thrown in on themselves, Elizabeth inclined more and more to learning tinged with religion, whilst Louise found consolation in that church which represented everything that was most hateful to her mother.

The career for which the Queen of Bohemia was looking was not long in opening out before her son. In the spring of 1642 affairs in England had reached such a crisis that he could hardly do otherwise than offer his services to the King, especially as there was nothing to be done at the moment for his brother. Sir Thomas Roe had been quite right when he had said that no permanent good would come from the championship of Gustavus, who was rather 'a torrent than a live spring.' Everything depended on his single life; the greatness was his own and not that of his country, which

could achieve little when he was no longer there to direct the war. There was no inherent greatness in Sweden and the army of mercenaries and volunteers which Gustavus, by his military genius, had welded into a coherent whole was indeed capable of carrying on the war for a time, but of little more. What he had done was to break the power of the Holy Roman empire and the permanence of the effect of his prowess lay rather in preparing the way for the freedom of Germany than in promoting the welfare of any particular state. The vicissitudes through which the Palatinate had passed were as various and as complicated as could be expected in that age of tortuous foreign policy, when every country was striving to enlarge its own boundaries, to maintain its own position and to get the better of its neighbours by straight means or crooked. Charles I., carrying on negotiations with France and Spain at the same time, was pursuing an unfortunate policy which, when brought into the searchlight of modern criticism, looks extremely contemptible; but we must remember that his object was quite altruistic. Richelieu kept fortresses in the Palatinate and guaranteed the Upper Palatinate to Bavaria; he imprisoned the Elector on a frivolous pretext and carried on absolutely insincere negotiations with England at the same moment. But Richelieu's eyes were fixed on benefiting his country, whereas Charles was content to keep his island kingdoms as they were, and to confine himself to

his own business so long as the old wrong was put right.

It was with a sense of the grave situation of affairs both on the Continent and in England that Rupert set off to meet his uncle; yet his heart beat high at the thought of the coming conflict. There was a disappointment in store for him, however, for when he arrived at Dover he found the Queen and Princess Mary were just setting off for Holland and the King immediately asked him to return with them. Rupert's warlike reputation was too well known, he thought, and would lead people to suspect that he had come over to conduct the war. And he still hoped to avoid the last extremity.

The White King was still the same kind grave man whom Rupert remembered so well. He had lost some of his illusions, perhaps, but none of his high ideals and his curiously dual personality was as remarkable as ever. A man who aspired to be an absolute ruler, yet who wrecked his prospects by leaning too much on the opinion of others; a man capable of infinite love and patience and yet liable to occasional gusts of sudden anger: a man whose opinion on some subjects was so changeable and vacillating, yet on others was clear and concise and immovable as the rock.

The past three years had developed the Queen's character for good and evil most unmistakably and Rupert could hardly fail to be struck both by her appearance and her conversation. She had

aged perceptibly. Her features were hardened, her face, neck and arms were thin; the vehemence of her opinions had crystallised. Her opinion, which she delivered freely, was that the only medicine to cure England's sickness was strong repression. As a daughter of Henri IV., she took her stand on royal authority and, as a daughter of Catherine de Medici, she upheld the sacred authority of the Church of Rome. As a foreigner who had never adopted the nationality of her husband's country, she was quite indifferent by what means she reduced his rebellious subjects. She had been for long involved in secret negotiations with the Pope, the King of Spain and the united provinces of Holland, to supply men and money to reduce the rebellious Puritans; but she had never been quite successful. Her Court had been the very centre of intrigue and it was certainly her own fault that she was suspected by the people. Her scheme of the Irish Roman Catholics being sent to subdue Scotland had made her unpopular enough; when the Irish rose and massacred the Protestants, men, women and children, in indiscriminate rage, she was supposed to be the instigator of the slaughter. 'The Queen's Rebellion,' it was called by the Puritans. When Strafford was being tried for his administration of Ireland, the fact that he was supposed to be implicated in a 'Popish plot'—in spite of his well-known adherence to the Laudian party—put a trump card into the hands of his adversaries. It was to be life for

life, either Strafford or the Queen. If Strafford were spared, the Queen should be impeached. In this terrible dilemma Charles had committed the worst act of his life and had given up the man for whose safety he had pledged his honour; a deed which haunted him to the end of his days. A second time the Queen's impeachment seemed imminent and the King was egged on by her despair and her threats to take the unconstitutional step of proceeding to the House to arrest in person the would-be accusers. It was then that she put the finishing touch to her fine scheme by betraying it, in all innocence, to Lady Carlisle, who speedily warned the five members—Pym, Holles, Hampden, Strode and Hazelrig, who fled to the city before the King arrived. In later and sadder times in Paris, the Queen, when talking over this fatal incident with Madame de Motteville, told her that the King had never treated her with more tenderness and love than he had done during this troubled time, although he knew that she had ruined him.

How much and how little Rupert gathered of all this in the short time that he stayed in Dover Castle, it is impossible to say; but he must have realised the great events of the past three years, the growing of the Parliament which Charles himself had called into being, the launching forth of the Grand Remonstrance, the failure of the King's effort to rouse England to attack Scotland in the 'Bishops' Wars,' the final understanding which

had been arrived at by both Parliaments, united by their ideals of religion and political liberty. He must have heard, too, of the doings of Charles Louis, 'sweet and sedulous' as ever, of his efforts to curry favour with Parliament and of his assumption of Puritan manners and customs. Perhaps he was told of the unknown hand which had scratched these words with a diamond on a window-pane at Whitehall: 'God save the King, confound the Queen and her children and give us the Palgrave to reign in the Kingdom,' and of the crash of broken glass which followed their discovery by the King.

It was on February 2, 1642, that Rupert arrived at Dover; the next day he embarked again in attendance on the Queen and her little daughter, whom she was taking to Holland as the wife of Prince William of Orange. With this excuse for her journey, she was able to smuggle over many of the crown jewels and other valuables, with the intention of converting them into arms and ammunition for the King's service.

As Rupert watched the white cliffs of England recede he felt both disappointed and perplexed as to the issue of events, but as the weeks slipped by and every post brought fresh news of the Parliament's joy in its newly gained authority and of the King's ever-increasing activity, his doubts vanished. Six months later he was summoned by the Queen to the Hague and formally invested by her with the high command of General of the Horse

in the King's army. His opportunity had come, an opportunity fraught with danger, and hedged round with uncertainty, it is true, but still one which offered him the chance of acquiring fame for himself and doing a service to his uncle and benefactor. It was a clear call both for honour and for duty. He embarked in July 1642, with some of the ammunition which the Queen had already procured, but the ship was cast back by a tempest and ran aground near the Texel. The contents were saved with some difficulty and Rupert succeeded in borrowing a frigate with forty-six guns and a galleon for the stores from the stadtholder. But the great advantage which the delay gave him was permission to take with him his favourite brother Maurice, who was only a year younger than himself. After an adventurous voyage, during which they were nearly captured off Flamborough Head, by some cruisers belonging to the Parliamentary fleet, they reached Tynemouth in safety.

The princes had hardly landed before a mishap occurred. It was one of those phenomenal summers which supply grumblers with statistics and, although only in the month of August, a sharp frost had made the ground like ice. Rupert's horse slipped, he fell and put out his shoulder.

The delay caused was slight, as he got a local genius to put it in again and rode off on the tracks of the King who was soon to set up his standard at Nottingham. The news which greeted him as he rode down the great north road was not cheering.

The King had made an unsuccessful attempt to retain the service of the fleet and had sent Penington to take the command; Penington, however, had been forestalled by Warwick, who had been put in command by Parliament. Being anxious to keep Hull, where the arms of the troops who had gone on the expedition to Scotland were stored, and which was the second arsenal of importance in the country, the King had sent Will Legge posting up the north road to take possession of the garrison; before he set out the younger Hotham had sped up the same road and had won the race. Relying on an assurance that Hotham was at heart a Royalist and would admit the King if he came in person, he had made the attempt and had found the gates shut against him. It is true that, on the other hand, the loyal gentlemen of Yorkshire were flocking to offer their services and that the lavish generosity of Lord Worcester and the devotion of his son, Lord Herbert, were already bearing good fruit and raising an army for the royal cause. But the whole aspect of affairs was confused and confusing. On one side the King was collecting levies for an undeclared war; on the other the Parliament was arming forces for the protection of 'King and Parliament.' With the riches of the city behind them and with the capital in their possession, the Parliamentarians started with a decided advantage. They had besides, a great deal of right and justice on their side at the beginning of the contest, when such men as Hampden and Pym—King Pym, who

was reigning at Westminster with a more absolute sway than ever King Charles had achieved—were in the ascendant. They had besides certain irresistible catchwords, such as liberty of conscience and political equality, which were to be mere lures to blind the mob and were, in fact, the basis on which Cromwell was to build his autocracy. As the war drew nearer, the Puritans became drunk with the wine of newly found power; every concession made by the King merely served to whet their appetite for a new tyranny. Without probably measuring the possibilities of the future, they were anxious to assert their own importance and to put the King in such a position that they should continue to have the upper hand.

Rupert found the King at last at Leicester Abbey, the seat of Lady Devonshire, whose guest he was. He was evidently thankful to have his nephew with him and from the first showed a decided tendency to adopt his counsels and to listen to his advice.

The prince could not but notice that a deep and settled melancholy hung over him like a cloud. As they rode to Nottingham in the driving rain, which now took the place of the sharp frost in the north, the aspect of the country was distinctly depressing. The weather was wild and stormy along the whole valley of the Trent; the harvest lay sodden in the fields, the wind howled round the gabled farmhouses. They were thankful when the half-ruined castle of Nottingham, standing so

proudly at the summit of the steep and rocky eminence which it dominated, stood up before them, a grey silhouette on a misty background of driving cloud.

The day after their arrival at the castle, on August 22, 1642, the standard was set up in torrents of rain and in such a high wind that the ceremony was accomplished with some difficulty. Comparatively few people were present and those few felt that the elements were rising in fury against them. The King, with his passion for verbal correction, altered some phrases of the proclamation at the last moment and the effect was not heightened by the herald stumbling and hesitating over the new words which he could not read. However, the tearing wind carried away the sound of the words, correct and incorrect, and very soon the ceremony was brought to a conclusion by those present shouting aloud, with a heartiness which defied the elements themselves, 'God save King Charles.'

The next day the standard had to be re-erected—this time on a high knoll outside the castle precincts—because the wind had blown it down. Altogether the omens were scarcely favourable.

There was little time to waste in idle considerations, but if Rupert had a moment to spare now and again, he must have been struck by the altered position which he occupied to that which he had held during his former visit. At that time the courtiers had vied with each other to court him as

a rising star and the peasants had looked on him as the son of the beloved Elizabeth; now, the latter eyed him suspiciously as a 'forraigne prince' who had come from abroad to carry war into their midst, while the courtiers, now turned into soldiers, were jealously alive to the fact that he knew something of his profession and that he had the ear of the King. From the very first there was the danger of an explosion; a danger which could have been averted by a tactful man of more experience, but which was completely out of Rupert's power to negotiate. The three years in prison which had done so much to strengthen his character and to bring out his finer qualities, had also had a very different effect in other ways. He had grown more peremptory and abrupt in his manner; the long habit of silence and self-repression had left him taciturn in society. Moreover, he had acquired an exaggerated idea of the importance of his position, which had been born of the uncomfortable position which his family actually occupied in the world. Besides these more or less abstract influences, there was one event which had left on his mind so vivid and painful an impression that he was determined to avoid any repetition of the same disaster. It was the memory of the defeat in the defile of Vlotho, and of the supineness if not treachery of King, that made him unwilling to bow to any authority, to put it in the power of any man to wreck his plans at the last moment. The result of these memories of a past action, added to the pride

of race which he certainly had, were seen in the disastrous request which he made to the King soon after his arrival. He asked to have an independent command and to receive orders only from the King himself; a request which was at once granted. He had laid himself open to criticism from the very first and the Cavaliers were not slow to blame him. Without thinking of the other side of the question, they put it down to pride and began to ask themselves whether they, the great nobles of England, with their long pedigrees and, in many cases, their vast possessions which they were even then laying waste for the King's sake, were not as good as a portionless prince, who had been a pensioner of England ever since he was born.

Without realising what an impression he was creating, Rupert set about the work in hand. He was satisfied to have supreme command of the cavalry, because the cavalry, especially on the Continent, was supremely important. It was the cavalry which charged the enemy, silenced the guns, bore the brunt of the battle and decided the issue of the day. The foot carried on the fight after the cavalry attack, it is true, and the artillery, placed up on high, fired off its guns when it was possible without shooting its own men. Many battles had been fought in which the foot was barely engaged and in which the gunners could not shoot at the enemy without first slaying their own men; consequently the foot was practically useless and the guns had been hurried away long

before the battle ended. Gustavus, the greatest innovator in the art of war since Julius Cæsar, had done much to obviate this state of things and had brought together the three arms of infantry, cavalry and artillery into one coherent whole; but Rupert, passionate student as he was of the tactics of the great Swede, had not clearly realised this fact.

Whatever Charles could do to honour his nephew and to show the trust he reposed in him, he did without hesitation. In the dilapidated hall of the old castle he held a Chapter of the Order of the Garter in order to invest Rupert with that proud distinction. He had been elected at York, when the little Duke of York had been elected and invested; they were both to be installed with all ceremony at Windsor; but that event was not to take place until much blood had been shed, until the King's head had fallen on the block and a new era had dawned on England with the beginning of the reign of his son.

It was during this little ceremony, so shorn of its ordinary splendour, that an untoward incident occurred. A messenger arrived posthaste with a letter from Goring to the King, in which he announced that he could only hold out for a few days longer at Portsmouth. It was a great blow, coming as it did so soon after Hull had shut her gates on the Royalists. It is true that they had lately captured Tynemouth, but it was their only considerable seaport and the communication with

the Continent was in great danger of being cut off.

George Goring had begun badly enough. He had been implicated with Waller and others in the army plot, by which they had hoped to have brought the forces collected for the Scottish expedition to support the King in London. Their plot was hatched in the Queen's Court and had her approval, though the consent of the King was withheld. When he found that he would not get as much personal distinction as he coveted, he betrayed the army plot to the Parliamentary party. Having betrayed the Royalist party he was employed by the Parliamentarians to hold Portsmouth, but he either tired of the Puritans, whose austerity was certainly not to his liking, or he took a more hopeful view of the King's affairs, for he suddenly declared for the King. By this premature announcement he compelled the King to set up his standard earlier than he had intended, and, so far from taking the situation seriously, he continued his carousals while important outworks and forts were retaken by the enemy and soon after evacuated this most important fortress and harbour. It was a loss which was never made good and which had a bad effect on the fortunes of the war. George Goring did not seem to care. He had taken the Queen's money to keep the fortress for a retreat for her when she found that she must think of a refuge; the Queen had gone to Holland, therefore he did not feel any particular interest in its

preservation. To the King's real interests he was always perfectly indifferent.

This bad news alarmed the King and he sent an embassy to London to treat with the Parliament. The ambassadors returned without bringing any satisfactory reply, so he sent Lord Falkland, as a person having authority; Falkland returned with a message that the Parliament would be prepared to treat if the King would take down his standard.

Then Rupert began his task, which was, truly, no small one, being nothing less than an attempt to create a force in the face of the enemy, to forge his weapon and use it at the same time. He had first seen the troop of eight hundred horsemen which was to be the nucleus of his cavalry when he went to Leicester to meet the King; they were under the command of Henry Wilmot, who was now to be his Lieutenant-General of the Horse. Undisciplined and half-armed as the men were, he saw at once that they had material for excellent soldiers in them, though they had no military science at all. To these men were now added the recruits who flocked in daily to join his standard, for the magic of his name had already had its effect. The black and yellow ensign with the arms of the Palatinate emblazoned on it became the centre of attraction to the new recruits; the tall dark man who began to be written of in pamphlets as a perpetual motion 'who was in all parts of the country at once,' was the point of interest, the magnet which attracted the regards of all. He became in a short time the

best loved and the best hated and the best known man in the country. From his first appearance the opposite party fastened on to him as to a high upstanding and gallant figure at which could be thrown all the mud which could be collected. The Puritans were afraid of his *prestige*, of his youthful gallantry, of his real knowledge of war and they tried to discount his influence by their prompt attacks. Although they had already the best soldiers on their side, such as the experienced Essex, and the priceless organiser, Philip Skippon; although they had the wealth of London and the precious enthusiasm of the middle classes, it looked at first as if the advantages lay on the other side. The Cavaliers had, most of them, served in the Low Countries and had had experience of war; they brought with them splendid troops of tenants and serving men. Whole counties were rising in obedience to their sentiments of loyalty; the King was paramount in the north and west, he had adherents who held fortresses in all parts of England. But London, the heart of England, was with the Puritans, and part of the southern counties, and the midlands as well as those eastern counties which jutted out to sea; and beyond the loyal counties of the north there lay Scotland, the land of stern enthusiasm, of Calvinistic principles, of the new covenant which was to agitate men's minds on both sides of the border.

CHAPTER VI

'To bring ignorant man and more ignorant horse, wilde man and mad horse, to those rules of obedience which may crown every motion and action with comely, orderly and profitable proceedings. "Hic labor, hoc opus." '—*Soldier's Accidence* (1643).

RUPERT founded his theories of war, and especially of the use of cavalry in war, on those of the great soldier Gustavus of Sweden. He was not peculiar in this, he was merely following in the wake with all those military commanders whose tactics were in the least up to date; but, in one particular, he may be said to have gone on beyond his model and that was in the revival of shock tactics.

Gustavus had left his mark on his generation, even although towards the end of his meteoric career he had been obliged, by the nature of the warfare he had to carry on, to leave the large movements of his troops and to take up the pick and the spade; to make a war of entrenchments rather than one of cavalry engagements. His chief aim in the reorganisation of his armies was to gain mobility and to avoid weight. To this end he discarded much armour and trusted to the swiftness of his movements; he also diminished the size of his guns and effected improvements by which the firing could be accomplished more

quickly. The musket, descended from the cross-bow through the arquebus, was but a ponderous machine until Gustavus took it in hand. It was five feet long and had to be placed in a rest before firing. Little by little he lightened the weapon and finally replaced the rest by a thin iron spike, usually called a Swedish feather, which could be used as a palisade stake and which led the way to the bayonet of the future. He also invented, or at any rate he first adopted, cartridges, and introduced the bandolier in which to place them. His care for his soldiers' comfort was shown in the warm clothes with which he provided them; as for armour, the less they had the better. The pikemen had shorter pikes and wore only back and front pieces, without greaves and arm-pieces; his musketeers had no armour beyond the helmet known as a 'pot,' so that they could bear the weight of a sabre in addition to the musket.

Gustavus was a man who possessed great powers of observation and assimilation and he never hesitated to adopt any idea which struck him. The Turks were the greatest artillerymen in days of old and from them he learned many a secret which he developed in his own way; the staff of professional engineers, miners and sappers which followed in his train, was viewed with amazement and consternation in Germany. During the Polish wars he came in contact with the light, swift Eastern cavalry and he speedily set to work to alter the tactics and equipment of his own horsemen.

All his knowledge was acquired by practical experience; all his innovations were suggested by his keen powers of observation. Besides having an eye to the improvement of particular units, Gustavus had a wonderful power of grasping the whole situation and one of his chief claims to glory lies in the fact that, in a day when each arm of the service acted separately, he knew how to combine them so as to use each branch to the best advantage. Owing to the swift attack of his cavalry, his infantry began to execute manœuvres on the battle-field with greater daring and precision than had hitherto been possible; owing to his command over his artillery, that often useless arm was rendered effective. In the old school the artillery really consisted of a guild of tradesmen who were interested in the sale of their wares, rather than in the use of them. They were under the direction of a master gunner who had his own secrets to boast, his own inventions to push and whose military duty was practically non-existent. He was not a soldier, and the men who were hired to move the guns were bound by no ties of duty or honour and frequently ran away in the middle of a battle, leaving the guns to the enemy. Gustavus placed his 'regimental pieces,' his light portable guns, in every regiment, instead of massing his artillery together in the back of the battle; he supported the foot with small bodies of horse and he placed platoons of musketeers amongst the horsemen.

It was not, however, this interdependence of infantry, cavalry and artillery, which interested Rupert the most. He was keenly alive to the importance of artillery, he led the foot in battle more than once, but his chief concern lay with the cavalry and it is in cavalry tactics that he showed his genius.

The old order of cavalry charge had been to bear down on the opposing forces with a crash of impact in which superior weight was the great factor. The greatest cavalry leaders were more or less indifferent as to the weapon used; they trusted in the overwhelming volume of the compact mass of men riding knee to knee, of the compact mass of horses moving all together in serried ranks. What was necessary to ensure success was the perfect balance of the horseman on his mount, the mutual confidence of horse and rider, of rider with rider; the unity and unanimity of the whole attack.

When firearms were introduced and the horse ceased to be a part of the cavalry unit, becoming merely a means of locomotion, when the spirit of the charge which animated alike the horse and his rider was gone, then cavalry tactics were replaced by those of mounted infantry. In order to fire with any accuracy, the horse must be brought to a standstill, the men being placed a horse's length apart to facilitate evolutions. They rode up to the enemy at a slow trot, halted, fired their muskets, wheeled round and were replaced by the second rank, who in their turn gave place to the third.

It was during the Polish wars that Gustavus learned a lesson in cavalry tactics which he was not slow to apply to his own forces. The Polish horsemen charged at a gallop in loose files; by their mobility and swiftness of attack they disconcerted the slower-moving troops which he then commanded. Without exactly adopting their procedure, he lessened the weight of armour of his own men and increased their pace to a quick trot which gave him a great advantage later on, when he, in his turn, attacked the heavy cavalry of the Austrians.

While appreciating this step in the direction of a return to shock tactics, Rupert himself went yet further. He aimed at bringing back that united effort of man and horse, that mutual dependence, one on the other, which was the basis of the true cavalry charge. His men charged in loose files, as did the Eastern cavalry, and it is probable that they rode at a gallop; what is certain is that he forbid them to use their firearms until they were in hand to hand conflict with the enemy and that therefore any pause in the attack became unnecessary. They were to depend on the impetus of the charge and were only to use firearms when they got to close quarters. Coming from a country where not only the traditions of Gustavus but the legacy of Maurice, the father of drill-books, was paramount, Rupert had concise ideas of the drill and discipline of an army. Maurice of Nassau, seeing the necessity of some kind of manual of drill,

had, with the instinct of a man steeped in the 'new learning,' gone back to classic sources for his inspiration. The improvement in the discipline of armies which was effected by this new departure was very marked and, no doubt, Rupert had benefited by his action, as others had who had learnt their business in the Low Countries.

When the prince looked around to see what material he had for his army and what ideas on modern warfare obtained in the country, he found the latter were rather confused. There was very little military tradition in England, because there had been no bloodshed in the land since the days of the Wars of the Roses. The English had acquired their reputation by their fighting powers which they had displayed in the crusades and by their splendid victories of Poitiers, Crécy and Agincourt, the former of which had constituted a new epoch in the art of war. Of late, English gentlemen had crossed over to Holland by hundreds and had served in the wars to learn the only profession which appealed to those who were well-born; they had served as mercenaries or volunteers in most European armies, but they appear to have accomplished their service in light-hearted fashion enough. Such men as Goring and Wilmot and so many others had merely looked on it as a necessary part of the training of a gentleman; they had not returned with any clear-cut definite scheme to which they pinned their faith. The commander-in-chief of the King's army, Lord Lindsey, was a

veteran who had served in the Dutch wars without adopting the tactics of Gustavus and he adhered to the old practice of a single line of massive columns for his infantry ; in after times Cromwell, prompted by Skippon, adopted the smaller columns ranged in two or more lines, as giving greater mobility. It may have been that these old-fashioned slow methods of the general-in-chief, inspired Rupert in his unfortunate request for a separate command ; it is evident that he had no confidence in his capabilities and that he held the same opinion of many of his officers.

With regard to the men, he felt much more sanguine. The recruits who flocked to his standard were hardy men and handy with their horses. Man and beast were accustomed to negotiate the almost impassable country roads, which implied qualities of endurance and horsemanship. The men were good rough riders, they had courage and were capable of enthusiasm ; the horses were, generally speaking, cobs of from fourteen to fourteen two hands high—sturdy beasts capable of carrying twenty-five stone of man and armour on their backs. Some of the men had had no military training at all ; some of them had served abroad as mercenaries ; some of them had belonged to the so-called ' trained bands ' or country militia, whose drilling was a perfect farce. They were often only called out twice a year, on which occasions they would go to the house of the nearest magnate and collect the arms to which they were entitled, returning them

afterwards to rust until required again. Added to these there were men who had been enrolled for the Bishops' Wars, in which they had had no opportunity of really seeing active service. With this raw material Rupert set to work to organise his cavalry and from the first his efforts were crowned with success. Within a few weeks the number increased from eight hundred to two thousand; if he had had little time to give them the benefit of the training in which he believed, he managed to instil certain clear and simple precepts into their minds; more than all he imbued his men with a loyalty to their leader and their cause, with a vigour and a courage and a dashing gallantry which struck fear into the hearts of their adversaries. The very sight of Rupert, more often than not followed by his white dog Boye, brought enthusiasm and lighted up the eyes of the soldiery; with them he was always gracious and familiar, however much the officers might complain of his arrogance. He was one of those soldiers who were never off duty and the friction which existed between himself and the King's Council, or certain of his brother officers, always arose from their inability to see military matters from the professional point of view. With those officers to whom the profession of arms was one to be taken seriously, Rupert was extremely and deservedly popular; where he failed to exercise tact and judgment was amongst the civilian council, who wished to be the arbiters of war.

without partaking of its dangers or understanding its difficulties, and those courtiers who did not realise the serious nature of the profession which they had undertaken, but who were willing enough to accept important commands. It was Rupert's misfortune that his Lieutenant-General of the Horse, Henry Wilmot, whose acquaintance he had made before Breda, although capable of bravery and occasional fine actions, was, in the main, a man on whose word no one could rely. Wilmot looked on Rupert with a jealousy which was well founded, as, but for his advent, he might have himself occupied the proud position of General of the Horse. It was not long before the two came to loggerheads and Rupert wrote that trenchant and indiscreet letter, whose concluding paragraph runs in these words:—

'Now I have said all and what more you expect of me to be said shall be delivered in a larger field than a small sheet of paper; and that by my sword and not by my pen. In the interim I am your friend till I meet you next, Rupert.'

Was it a challenge as some have thought? or was it not rather an appeal to a higher tribunal, a transference of arguments on paper to actual warfare? Whichever it was, it is evident that matters did not run smoothly between the General of the Horse and his second in command.

Another prominent man with whom Rupert came into frequent contact was not a soldier, but a brilliant political speaker who had taken on himself military duties for the time being. This was

George, Lord Digby, eldest son of the Earl of Bristol, whose beauty and talents were uncontested and whose anti-royalist speeches in the House had roused the enthusiasm of the Puritans. By one of the quick changes of the times, he had veered round in the middle of Strafford's trial and had become his champion instead of his accuser. Gained over to the Royalists by the persuasions of the Queen, he had been her adviser and abettor in that unfortunate affair of the five members and he had had the audacity to whisper his disapproval of the proceeding into Lord Kimbolton's ear when he perceived it had miscarried. His share in the attempt becoming known, he had fled to Holland to avoid the wrath of the Parliament; returning to England in the summer of 1642, he had been in Hull disguised as a Frenchman and had been the means of the King's discomfiture by misrepresenting the extent of the younger Hotham's loyalty. Since then he had raised a regiment of horse which he commanded and so came within the area of Rupert's jurisdiction.

With such a ceaselessly active organiser as Rupert in camp, the King's army began to assume larger proportions and the men began to show the appearance of a disciplined force. The chief difficulty lay in providing clothes, arms and even food, to say nothing of pay, for the soldiers. The King had melted down the plate sent to him by the loyal city of Oxford and by many of his subjects; he had spent already vast sums of money supplied by

Lord Worcester and others in paying and providing for his troops; the time was coming when necessity, that hard task-mistress, would put the Royalists face to face with one of the most vital difficulties which they had to encounter: the problem of feeding and clothing their troops and providing ammunition, without any sources of revenue. It was a question which Charles feared to face and refused to answer, except by expressing his earnest intentions of paying for everything that he consumed; it was a question which had already been answered by the Puritans who had plundered the houses of defenceless Royalists; and it was to be answered in the future by the irreproachable Milton himself, who declared that the King had no other course open to him than to take from the country that which was withheld by its rulers.

Rupert, in his swift impulsive way, settled the question for himself once and for all. He was scrupulously honourable about his private debts and about any public debts for which he made himself responsible; but in the present case it was a question of life or death. The Parliament had stopped all the sources of the King's revenue and had seized on his private possessions, as well as the arsenal at Hull, the contents of which he had provided with his own money. It was inevitable, if the case were to be contested at all, that, by the law of retaliation, Charles must take from the party what the heads of the party refused to give him. Otherwise let him declare himself van-

quished before the fight began; vanquished by want of money, not by want of ardour or enthusiasm on the part of his adherents.

It was in the nature of things that the King, whilst no doubt acknowledging the truth of this point of view in his inner consciousness, refused to countenance it outwardly. He trusted that his great subjects would keep him supplied from time to time with large sums of money, that the Queen would send him money and stores from Holland, that all the foreign countries whose aid he had invoked for so long, would suddenly perceive the urgency of the case and intervene. Meanwhile he temporised and said that if anything were taken, a paper was to be given to the owner to enable him to be refunded by-and-by when the dogs of war were chained up again.

It has been brought against Rupert that he was a soldier of fortune who was without a stake in the country; one to whom the miseries of the country, its desolation and ruin, were as nothing compared to any personal gain he might get out of the war. A moment's reflection will show that all his interests were, on the contrary, bound up in the prosperity of the country.

Elizabeth of Bohemia and her eldest son soon showed that they were going to adhere to the Parliamentary party from which they hoped to reap much advantage and Charles Louis, terrified at the idea of what his apparent support of his uncle might involve, had already fled to Holland

just about the time when Rupert and Maurice landed at Tynemouth. It was with no special proclivities for plunder that the prince set out on his raids, but he was impelled by the consciousness that his men must either be converted into starving deserters or fed at the expense of their adversaries. The horrors of war had no attractions for him, but truly he had no intention of waging it with kid gloves on his hands.

The choice of Nottingham as the place where the King was to set up his standard had not been made without considerable misgivings on the part of some of his followers and the event justified their suspicions. The drums which beat up and down the steep streets of the city attracted but few recruits and the peasantry in the neighbourhood were slow to come in. The truth was that, although the great landowners of the county were loyal, the mass of the people were more or less indifferent and the bulk of the citizens of Nottingham were Puritans. Lord Newcastle owned large tracts of land in the beautiful Sherwood Forest district, where he had offered the most profuse hospitality to the King in his magnificent country house of Welbeck. He was also one of those who had opened his purse to his sovereign when the troubles began and who had been most active in collecting men and arms. Lord Kingston's eldest son, Lord Newark, who was Lord-Lieutenant of the County, was a man of influence and so were Lord Chesterfield, Lord Chaworth, Sir John Savile, Sir John

Digby, the Byron brothers and many other gentlemen, who had declared for the King. But in Nottingham itself the influence of a certain county gentleman named Hutchinson, who owned a place about two miles from the town, counted for more than did any of these. He was a Puritan, a good-looking man who wore his hair long, because it suited him, a fact which scandalised the godly, but did not detract from his local influence. He had been prevented—by an ever-watchful Providence—from buying a post in the Star Chamber just before that institution ceased to be; he was now, slowly but surely, making his way to a prominent position in the party which had abolished that office. There were good men in the county who threw in their lot with the Puritans; many more who hesitated which side to adopt being torn by conflicting emotions. In the fields and by the roadside, the peasants gazed wonderingly at the King's commissions of array. They were couched in Latin, because the commissions of array in former reigns had been written in that language and the King wished to be legally correct; there were not wanting unscrupulous Parliamentary agents to give all sorts of interpretations of the mystic letters to the ignorant countrymen. Truly, it was a confused moment in history, although it looks so clear-cut and decisive from a distance. Those who consulted their own interest and wished to be well with the more powerful, were quite at a loss which side to choose. Those finer natured

men, who chose a side from pure conviction, were in many cases wrenching themselves apart from all their old ties. 'My affections to you are so unchangeable,' wrote Sir William Waller to Sir Ralph Hopton in after times, when each had chosen his part and fate brought them into close collision with each other. 'My affections to you are so unchangeable that hostility itself cannot violate my friendship to your person, but I must be true to the cause therein I serve. The great God, who is the searcher of my heart, knows with what reluctance I go upon this service and with what perfect hatred I look upon a war without an enemy. The God of Peace in His good time send us peace and in the meantime fit us to receive it! We are both on the stage and we must act the parts that are assigned to us in this tragedy. Let us do it in a way of honour and without personal animosities.'

Meanwhile the King and the Parliament were appointing different lord-lieutenants of the counties with orders to levy men in their service and the general confusion began to give way as, one after another, each man took his stand, if only temporarily, on the side which he had chosen.

The rapidity with which Rupert gave some sort of a coherent shape to his half-armed levies is evident when we consider the work which he accomplished in the two months which elapsed before the date of the first great battle of the war. The standard was raised on August 22; on September 3, he surrounded Leicester and

demanded two thousand pounds from the Mayor, who gave him an instalment of five hundred pounds, a proceeding of which the King publicly disapproved. On September 23, he was the victor in the first skirmish of the war and, a month later, the King's forces, foot, horse and artillery, were drawn up in battle array on the slopes of Edgehill.

The skirmish at Powick Bridge was remarkable because the Cavaliers were unarmed and were resting in a field, not knowing that the enemy was near. A group of officers had dismounted and were chatting as they rested stretched on the grass; Rupert was there and Maurice, Digby, Wilmot, Lucas, Northampton, Crawford and some others. Suddenly a sound of horses' hoofs made them start to their feet and, in another moment, Rupert had sprung on to the nearest horse and, without waiting a moment, had charged straight into the midst of a detachment of Puritan cavalry under Sandys and Fiennes. He was closely followed by Maurice and the other officers and the men who were resting at a little distance came up almost immediately. It was a sudden and violent hand to hand conflict from which the Royalists issued the victors, taking six or seven standards and leaving between forty and fifty men dead in the field, besides taking some prisoners. Each man of the group who were talking together so unconcernedly a short time since was wounded, with the exception of Rupert himself, who had led them into the thickest of the fight. An indescribable enthusiasm prevailed after this

taste of blood. If the blown down standard had been a presage of evil, it was quite forgotten in this first victory of happy augury. The cavalry bubbled over with enthusiasm and the account of the valour displayed at Powick Bridge carried consternation into the ranks of the enemy.

Rupert fell back on Ludlow after this event and, whilst in this neighbourhood, began that series of adventures in disguise which he carried on whenever he was able all through the war. It was a dangerous game to play, as his person was worth a good deal to the Parliamentarians; but his perfect control over his features and the old knack of acting which he had cultivated as a boy stood him in good stead. No doubt, with his passion for excitement and adventure, he thoroughly enjoyed the experience, but it must be conceded that it was not a wise method of gaining information as to the enemy's movements. On this occasion he dressed as a country gentleman and visited the cottage of a poor woman who lived a few miles out of Worcester. She was a garrulous old body and she liked a little gossip. His Excellency, she said, meaning Lord Essex of course, had made the Cavaliers fly out of the city, for which she thanked God. They were a company of rude knaves.

'What do you think of Prince Rupert?' he asked.

'A pox take Prince Rupert,' she replied; 'he might have been left where he was born in his own country. This kingdom has been the worse ever since he landed.'

'There 's three pieces for that word, for I am of thy mind,' he said.

Another time he changed clothes with a vendor of apples and proceeded to wheel his barrow into the Puritans' camp. He asked the man, before they parted, why he did not sell to the Cavaliers, instead of the Roundheads.

'O they are Cavaliers and have a mad prince amongst them,' was the disparaging answer. The prince sold his apples, discussed matters with the soldiers and returned to the countryman, with whom he again changed clothes, bidding him ask the soldiers how they liked 'the apples that Rupert had sold in his own person.' These dare-devil exploits, added to his valour in the field, gained for Rupert a sort of double reputation. He was brave as a lion and he was capable of anything in battle; but then he was a wizard. He was a necromancer, a reputation which stuck to him, and which he shared with some other great commanders from the freebooter Waldstein, with his evil countenance and the single blood-red feather in his cap, to the mighty Hohenstaufen emperor, whose awaking from the last sleep was extended by the faithful in a tradition handed on from one generation to another.

The peculiarity of Rupert's case lay in the fact that he was provided with an evil spirit and that spirit was none other than his faithful dog Boye—the four-legged Cavalier as the Royalists used jestingly to call him, owing to his faithful attendance on his master. Boye was a dog of some character. He had been given to Rupert as a puppy and he came

from a famous breed belonging to Lord Arundel. He had been with his master in the prison at Linz and he now accompanied him in the field, shared his bed and sat by him on the council or when he ate his meals. The two were inseparable and it was generally conceded that what Boye did not know about military matters was not worth knowing. The Cavaliers amused themselves by giving him sounding titles, such as 'Sergeant-Major-General Boye'; the Roundheads conceived a passionate hatred to him, which was like the concentrated essence of the fear and loathing with which they regarded his master. He came to be looked on quite seriously with superstitious fear. He was the inspirer of Rupert's wicked deeds, the emissary of the Evil One, the essence of all the malignity that abounded amongst the ungodly. Quite unconscious of the sensation he was creating, the four-legged Cavalier attended to his own business, which consisted in keeping an eye on his master, and let the tongues wag on. And his master, although he was still rather juvenile and sensitive as to the opinion of others, however directly he would take his own line in opposition to all advice, was too busy to trouble his head about such things. He was alive with hope and enthusiasm and the belief that men had in him, seen strongly enough since the affair at Powick Bridge, kindled anew the belief in himself and in his star without which few gallant deeds are done.

So matters went on until the battle of Edgehill marked the first great event of the campaign.

CHAPTER VII

'The gallant Prince Rupert goes on gloriously in his uncle's service.'—Sir Basil Grenville.

The morning of October 23, 1642, dawned bright and cold. On the summit of Edgehill, that high ridge which commands so extensive a view of verdant Warwickshire, the King's troops began to assemble slowly; on the plain beneath the Parliamentary forces were already in position.

Rupert had spent most of the night in the saddle. His mind was concentrated on the business in hand, but already a multitude of difficulties assailed him. He had intended passing the night at Lord Spencer's house at Wormleighton, after having sent Digby with four hundred men to reconnoitre. Digby returned with the news that all was quiet, but soon afterwards one of Rupert's quarter-masters appeared with quite a different story. He had been engaging rooms in the village of Kineton when the enemy's quarter-master turned up on the same errand; a scuffle ensued in which the Royalists were victorious, who produced twelve prisoners to bear witness to the truth of their tale.

Rupert immediately sent word to the King that he had ordered the horse to go to the top of Edgehill

and that he proposed to give battle the following day, instead of resting on Sunday, according to the former plan. The King agreed to this, sending him a note dated, '4 o'clock this Sonday morning.'

At the council of war which took place that morning on the summit of Edgehill, there was, as usual, a good deal of divergence of opinion. Falkland, Edward Hyde and Culpepper, the most prominent members of the peace party, were always inclined to advise delay and even when it was urged that the King had no more reinforcements to come up and the enemy had three strong regiments in the rear, they remained unconvinced. Falkland detested Rupert, who had declined to receive the King's orders through the medium of the Chief Secretary of State; his manners were as blunt and abrupt as those of the prince himself and no doubt the fault lay as much with one as with the other. Edward Hyde was apparently conciliatory, but constitutionally out of sympathy with Rupert and his devotion to Falkland and friendship with the fiery Culpepper influenced him strongly. Culpepper, who was as vehement in opposition as only those in opposition can be, was prepared to refute any argument which the prince might bring forward.

On the present occasion, the advice of the civilians was put aside; but other difficulties remained. Lord Lindsey suggested one plan of battle, Rupert another; when the King approved his nephew's scheme, the commander-in-chief resigned his post as he had no control over the

arrangements. He elected to fight as a colonel of infantry and his son, Lord Willoughby, who had brought a fine corps of gentlemen into the King's service, refused to lead them under Rupert's command. He decided to fight on foot in his father's regiment.

The King accepted these resignations and, on the spur of the moment, appointed, as general, Lord Forth, a veteran who had served under Gustavus and who was in complete accord with Rupert, reserving the supreme command for himself.

So far, so good. The change of generals was doubtless to the advantage of the army and Rupert had prevailed all along the line. But he had many minor anxieties. He was not on good terms with Wilmot, the Lieutenant-General of the Horse and he did not think much of his abilities; Digby had shown his incapacity only the night before when he had carried out his scouting expedition so carelessly. Of one thing he was quite certain and that was the necessity which lay before him of fighting the army which the terrified Parliament had sent posthaste from London to intercept his march to the capital. The news that London was in a state of tense excitement, that chains were being stretched across the streets and fortifications hastily thrown up, whetted his desire; when he knew that his old acquaintance Philip Skippon, who had served the King after he left the Low Countries and had since passed over to the Puritans,

was even then drilling the London 'prentices and teaching them to defend their city, he longed for the moment when he should enter her gates at the head of the King's troops. The chief aim of the campaign was to march on London; the chief anxiety of the enemy lay in attempts to foil this design.

All that morning the King was at his post, encouraging the troops as they gradually mounted the hill and assembled on the summit. He was dressed in a velvet coat lined with ermine and wore a steel cap, covered with ermine, on his head. As he rode in and out of the ranks, he presented the appearance of a king of romance.

'I never saw the rebels in a body before,' he remarked, adjusting his perspective glasses, 'God and the prayers of good men to Him, assure the justice of my cause.'

The sight which met his eye was one calculated to make the most sanguine mind reflect. The Parliamentary forces numbered less than his own, being about ten thousand men to his own eleven thousand; but the fact that the Puritans had been able, in so short a time, to raise a body of his subjects against him and that masses of men were even then arming to continue the contest, must have struck him painfully. The unbounded contempt with which many of the Royalists looked on their adversaries must that day have melted away, much as the morning mists had melted before the October sunshine. The soldiers drawn up in

battle array in the plain beneath were better equipped than the Royalists, who had to resort to all kinds of expedients, such as arming the front rank as fully as possible, the second rank with what odds and ends could be collected and the back rows with pitchforks or any sort of field implement that could be pressed into the service. The Parliamentarians, retaining possession of the two great arsenals, were much better armed and their men, dressed in the colours of their commanders, presented a brave and gay aspect. Lord Brooke's men, who occupied the centre, wore purple; Colonel Ballard's grey-coats were in the rear. The front ranks were filled by Essex's own regiment, with their orange scarves; to his left were Lord Mandeville's blue-coats and to his right Lord Robert's troops. Denzil Holles had clothed his men in scarlet.

Their plan of battle was conventional. Three divisions of infantry occupied the centre, with a brigade of cavalry on either wing. On the extreme right and left the artillery was posted; it was supported by infantry and dragoons were placed amongst the brushwood and behind the hedges. In the reserve were three strong regiments of infantry.

The King's artillery did not arrive until eleven o'clock; it was one o'clock before the infantry had assembled. When at last the troops had taken up the positions allotted to them, it was seen that Lord Forth's arrangement was on just the same

lines as that of the enemy. Three divisions of infantry, which he commanded himself, with Lord Lindsey and Sir Jacob Astley to the right and the left, occupied the centre; on the right Rupert posted his squadrons of horse, with Sir John Byron's troop in reserve, while Wilmot's horse on the left was supported by Carnarvon and Digby. To the left were Aston's dragoons, to the right those of Washington. The Royal artillery was placed opposite the enemy's guns and Colonel Salisbury, with his body of half-clothed and almost unarmed Welshmen, formed the only reserve. At the last moment Lord Bernard Stuart, who commanded a troop entirely composed of gentlemen, which was known as the 'Show troop,' begged for a favour with such insistence that it was accorded to him. The duty of his troop was to keep out of the battle in order to guard the person of the King; he begged to be allowed to charge with Rupert's troopers, to have the excitement and glory of the fight instead of retaining the inauspicious reputation of being good only for show. He did not realise that in this way he was leaving the army without a reserve force of cavalry, which might have been invaluable at a later hour and should have earned the coveted distinction at the same time.

The King's last words to his men were: 'Come life or death, your King will bear you company and ever keep this field, this place and this day's service in his grateful remembrance.'

Rupert made no set speech to the cavalry. He rode in and out of the ranks, a gallant figure clad in scarlet, with a short scarlet cloak thrown over his shoulders; he went from troop to troop, from man to man, exhorting them to keep their ranks as closely as possible, to ride sabre in hand and not to pause or use firearms until they were engaged in hand to hand encounter. His word that day was 'For God and the King.'

'O Lord!' said Sir Jacob Astley, before he started down the hill into that plain which was so soon to change its character from a smiling meadow to a valley of death, 'O Lord, Thou knowest how busy I shall be this day; if I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me. March on boys!'

When the men at the top of the hill at last began to move, being convinced that Essex was not mad enough to try to assault them in their strong position, three shots were fired from the Puritans' guns as a signal that hostilities had begun; the King's guns returned the salute. As the puffs of smoke curled upwards, the silence of expectancy hung over the scene for an instant and then a sound came. It was the voice of Rupert crying aloud 'For God and the King,' as he gave the signal to the cavalry, whose part it was to begin the battle.

The descent began, Rupert leading on one side, Wilmot on the other; as they approached the enemy, their pace increasing as the moment for assault drew near, Sir Faithful Fortescue and his

troop, tearing off their orange scarves, left the ranks of the Puritans and joined those of the Royalists.

'Charge,' cried Rupert, and the mass of humanity hurled itself against those drawn up ready to receive the onslaught. The impact was tremendous. The dash and fire of the charge, the crash of man and horse, united in excitement and one in motion, were irresistible, the men rode through and through their adversaries, mowed them down, decimated them, galloped in pursuit of the fugitives. Intoxicated with triumph, drunk with their first taste of blood, the horsemen got completely out of hand and began to plunder and ravage all that came in their way and finally fell on the baggage wagons which filled their half-starved souls with covetousness. Rupert, too, carried away by his own enthusiasm, or unable to control his men, rode in hot pursuit of the flying enemy, until their reinforcements, under Hampden, coming up from Stratford, checked him and forced him to return to the battle with his victorious troops.

When he got near the scene of action, he found a confused mass of men, all apparently equally anxious to retreat. He galloped up eager to know, to understand what had happened, to re-form his men and to lead on the attack again. But it was too late. Whilst he had been following up the enemy, the precious moments had flown which could never come again. Wilmot had been successful with the left wing and had also started off

in pursuit. The infantry, quite unprotected, had been charged by the reserves of the Puritan cavalry on their return from an attack on the Royal artillery. Attacked in the rear, with Stapleton's horse in front of them, the men had been practically decimated. Rupert urged another cavalry attack, but man and beast were wearied with the work already done and Wilmot remarked coolly: 'We have got the day; let us live to enjoy the fruits thereof.'

Had they won the day or had they lost it? The Puritans retreated, having lost all their baggage wagons, the private papers of Essex, forty standards and a very large proportion of killed and wounded. They retired for the night to a distance of three quarters of a mile from the scene of battle; the next day they withdrew to Warwick. Essex had failed in his effort to stop the King's progress and the road to London lay open.

Rupert was very actively employed on the evening after the fight, for he returned to Kineton to bring back the wagons and, besides riding over the field of battle where the moon now shone down on the calm faces of the dead and on the agonised expressions of the wounded, there were arrangements for the future to be made and many things to be related with regard to the fight.

There had been some valiant deeds done that day and the army had suffered many a loss already. Lord Lindsey lay dying in a cottage in Kineton, attended by his devoted son; Lord d'Aubigny, the

eldest of the brothers of the Duke of Lenox—or the Duke of Richmond as he had now become—had died a soldier's death. Captain Smith, of undying memory, had thrown an orange scarf over his shoulders and had marched coolly into the ranks of the enemy to rescue the King's standard which had been snatched from the dying grasp of Sir Ralph Verney; he was an officer in the 'Show troop,' who certainly won fame that day and who was knighted in the field by the King. The King himself, left almost alone and in danger of being taken by the enemy, had been urged to fly, but had replied that it would be 'unprincely to forsake those who had forsaken all they had to serve him.'

The Royal army occupied its former ground on the summit of Edgehill; an honourable but extremely exposed position in spite of the trees which partially sheltered the troops from the rigour of the night. They had no protection but the clothes they wore, which were often of the most meagre description; many of them had eaten nothing since Saturday evening. As night fell, an icy wind arose and swept the country, while a sharp frost set in and added to the miseries of the wounded and dying whom it had not yet been possible to succour. In some cases it hastened their agony; in others the cold acted beneficially. Sir Gervaise Scroop was not found until Tuesday, when he was discovered with ten wounds in his head and body which had been staunched by the extreme cold.

The King rested in his coach until about day-

break; he then mounted his horse and rode down to view the field and to see what could be done for the relief of the sufferers. The army was then marshalled in battle array again, but Essex was not in a position to offer fight.

Finding that their march forward could not be opposed, Rupert urged the necessity of a speedy descent on London, whilst there was no enemy in the road and the spirits of the Puritans would be depressed owing to the collapse of their army. He offered to press on in forced marches, with the cavalry and three thousand foot, to fight his way into the capital, where he would await the arrival of the King and the remainder of the army. This bold policy naturally encountered strenuous opposition from Edward Hyde, Lord Falkland and others in the council; they had seen of what Rupert's men were capable when their blood was up and a vision of London put to the sword rose up before their affrighted vision. A victory would perhaps be more fatal than a defeat they said and they strongly recommended a Fabian policy. Leaving on one side the absurdity of the idea of its being in Rupert's power to put London to the sword with his small body of men, this dilatory policy of the civilian element, which prevailed over the military counsels, was more fatal to the King's cause than any over-rashness of Rupert's victorious charges. If that charge had been supported by an equally successful attack in the centre, the result would have been decisive; even as it was, and taking

into account the time lost while pursuing the enemy, it was by destroying the Puritans' base of operations and securing the General's correspondence that the otherwise drawn battle was turned into a Royalist victory. From the moment when Essex, hardly comprehending his good fortune, realised that the King would not, or could not pursue his advantage, the victory was claimed for the Parliamentary army. He was ready to throw himself in the King's way should he press on to London, being urged to do so by peremptory commands from Westminster; but his men were in no fit state to do so and he was heartily glad of the unexpected opportunity to give them a rest and to fill up the gaps with new recruits.

The Royal army wasted a day in reducing and burning Broughton Castle and then proceeded to the siege of Banbury. Rupert was restless and depressed, seeing clearly enough that an opportunity had been let slip which might never occur again, foreseeing, no doubt, endless difficulties in the future. He began to be keenly sensible that ill-will and jealousy abounded in the camp and that his worst enemies were not amongst the opposing forces. He did not take much part in the siege, but spent a good deal of time reconnoitering the country and made some more of his incognito expeditions, drinking with the peasants in the alehouses and selling cabbages at Warwick.

Banbury was taken by the Royalists and Lord Northampton was left as governor when the King

and his army moved on towards Woodstock, where he slept on October 28, entering Oxford the following day.

If Rupert had time to take his mind from the pressing claims of the present to that day when he had entered Oxford with the King for the State visit during which he had received his degree, he must have been struck with the difference of their reception. It was just over six years ago that the King and his brilliant cavalcade had ridden through the silent streets of Oxford, greeted by no acclamation or mark of affection, though with every symptom of respect; now that he rode in at the head of his army, which had already shed its blood and won some laurels in actual warfare, a blaze of enthusiasm thrilled through the ancient city. Men shouted themselves hoarse in loyal Oxford when the Royal army thundered in over Magdalen Bridge and the man who, in his prosperity, had scarcely touched their hearts, now awakened their honest love and became a symbol for them of the Church and State of which he was the steadfast upholder and for which he was prepared to be the unflinching martyr. The disaffected—there were disaffected everywhere in those times—hid their heads in Oxford and the universities prepared to turn their cloisters and courts into dwelling-places for the King and his adherents. Those members of the Court who had either followed him, or who joined him directly it was known that he intended to make Oxford his headquarters, also took up

their abode in the colleges. The students were crowded into corners; they had thrown aside their books of study and were learning to defend the city. In this curious state was the collegiate city in which the Court began to lead a new life and yet one in which all the old influences were still felt. The cabals, the jealousies, the scandal that had formed part of the old society, began again in the new, just as if life had not taken on a new aspect, painted in more sombre colours, which called for different treatment. The ladies who had followed in the wake of the army, not knowing where to go for safety, were glad enough to get into the comfortable college quarters; they were joined by many who had lost their homes or who dared not stay there. Little by little a sort of Court life, faint reflex of happy days at Whitehall, began to assert itself and many well-known people began to be seen.

For the present, indeed, Rupert had little time to waste on such thoughts. His first care, one of stern necessity, was to order the execution of his secretary, Blake, whose treachery had been discovered when the correspondence of Essex was taken at Edgehill. Having accomplished this act of vengeance he proceeded to overrun the countryside, calling in recruits and requisitioning stores and forage, laying the fruitful vale of Aylesbury under contribution and spreading the terror of his name wherever he went. Prince 'Rupert the Robber,' the country people called him and when-

ever his half-disciplined men, often under unprincipled commanders over whom he had little control, exceeded the limits, the charge of it was laid at his door. The Roundhead press, inspired by those who saw that the chief enemy to fight, by fair means or foul, was the man who was inspiring and giving coherence to the enemy's army, launched forth the most abusive articles and pamphlets against him. And the press began to exercise a great influence in days when the popular mind was so greedy of novelty that 'never were people so appetitious of news.' Possibly the authors of these libels thought that if mud enough be thrown, some of it is sure to stick; and they were not far wrong.

Rupert went his way, undaunted by threats from the pen or the sword, keeping always two main objects in view. The first object was still a rush on the capital, which entailed keeping the road between Oxford and London clear of the enemy and gaining possession of the valley of the Thames. The second was to secure the great fortresses of the kingdom. One of the most important of these was Windsor Castle, which had been left by the King with as much unconcern as if it had been some little unfortified country house. He was unsuccessful in his attempt against Windsor, but in every other case he was victorious. He took Aylesbury and so broke the Roundheads' communication with London; when a brigade was sent to dislodge him and re-open communications,

he made a sortie with his cavalry during which he plunged into a swollen river, of which the enemy commanded the only ford, cut through their infantry and fell on their cavalry in reserve. After a fierce hand to hand fight, he retired, having given the adversary a sample of his prowess which increased his reputation as a hard fighter.

On November 4, the King was at Reading, having started again with the original objective; it was from Reading that he declined to treat with the Parliamentary Commissioners on the ground that one of their number was a proclaimed traitor. It was obviously the game of the Puritans to stop his advance and, equally obviously, it was in the interest of the King to press on. On November 2, the Commons had given their consent to the negotiations, provided the preparations for defence were continued; amongst these latter was included an invitation to the Scots to invade the north of England, in order to vanquish the army which Newcastle had collected in those regions. After the King refused to see the envoy, the Lords gave their consent to this proposition and the invitation was despatched on November 7. Essex arrived in London and received the thanks of Parliament, having previously been awarded five thousand pounds as a reward for the 'victory' of Edgehill. In spite of Waller's efforts and the existence of a 'peace party' in the city, in spite of the turncoat, Lord Holland, wishing to intervene between King and Parliament, there is little doubt that the Commons,

who were beginning to taste the sweets of power, had no real wish for a compromise. They merely wished to put a spoke in the wheel of the Royalists as they hastened towards London. Therefore another petition was despatched to the King on November 9, which he received at Colnbrook. Charles replied by suggesting that Windsor Castle should be given up to him and that the negotiations should be carried on there. He said nothing about a cessation of hostilities and there was not the smallest reason why they should not be carried on, as any success would put him in a better position to demand his own terms. The Roundheads, who had everything to gain by delay, acted differently and gave Essex orders to stand on the defensive.

On the night of November 11, having every intention of pressing his triumphant march to the capital—he was only a few miles from Whitehall—the King commanded Rupert to attack Brentford in order to clear the way. The next day he wrote to the Commons to say that he would hear what they had to say in Brentford that evening. It was indeed very necessary to take some action, for the royal army was rapidly being surrounded. Hampden was near Uxbridge, Holles occupied Brentford, the garrison in Windsor Castle had recently been strengthened, Kingston and Acton were both well garrisoned. The Parliamentary forces were slowly but surely concentrating and before long it would be too late to make the effort which all felt was one of extreme importance.

Rupert had taken Reading on November 4; on November 7 he had made a fierce attack on the trained bands at Kingston, where he wished to set a garrison to guard the river. On November 11, he took by assault the village of Colnbrook: 'Horrible news from Colebrook,' groaned the city journals. On November 12, he attacked Brentford and Peter Killiegrew, returning with a reply from Parliament to the King, found the long narrow twisting streets of the town given up to all the horrors of war. Rupert was, as usual, in the thickest of the fight; when he found that cavalry was of no use in the narrow barricaded streets, he led on the infantry. Five hundred prisoners, fifteen guns, eleven stands of colours and a quantity of ammunition were taken.

The success of this attempt made a great difference to the tenor of the King's replies to the Houses of Parliament; the proximity to London, the city of desire, where a large body of Royalists were known to be anxious to join the King could he effect his entrance, was like new wine in the veins of the soldiery. Rupert, disguised as a market woman, a tall, strapping lass of some six foot four, took boat at Brentford and actually spent a night and a day in the forbidden city, noting the defences which were being thrown up and probably watching the trained bands being drilled in Chelsea fields. But little seemed to stand between his wish and its fulfilment; only the twenty-four thousand men which the dilatory

Essex, who was even then beginning to give uneasiness to the Parliament, was slowly massing in the neighbourhood of Turnham Green. To Turnham Green were coming swarms of men, both soldiers and civilians; to this usually quiet spot excited citizens rode out to see what was doing in the world. The denizens of London lived in a state of tense excitement during those few days, whilst men fussed and fumed and preachers thundered from the pulpit. Philip Skippon addressed his apprentices with affectionate familiarity, saying: 'My honest brave boys, pray heartily and fight heartily and God will bless us.' The apprentices' shouts and the soldiers' cries of 'Hey for old Robin,' as the dark and saturnine countenance of Lord Essex appeared, gave testimony to the enthusiasm which was beginning to prevail in the Commonwealth ranks.

The King's intelligence concerning the strength of the enemy, whether made sure or no by Rupert's personal scouting, brought him to the reluctant conclusion that he was far too weak to venture the attack. Brentford, so hardly won, was evacuated. The conduct of the retreat of the troops was given to Sir Jacob Astley, Rupert himself riding into the river and standing there while the troops passed over the bridge. He cheered the men on, kept order in their ranks and superintended a steady fire which he had ordered to be directed against the opposing force under Hampden, which was on his track. After the men had all passed over, he

followed in the rear guard to Hounslow, the Puritans not attempting to molest him although their forces were superior to his.

The King then returned by Reading to Oxford, which he entered on November 27.

CHAPTER VIII

'To horse! to horse! brave Cavaliers!
To horse for Church and Crown;
Strike, strike your tents, snatch up your spears
And ho for London town!
The imperial city, doomed a prey
To our avenging fires,
Sends up the voice of her dismay
From all her hundred spires.'

MACAULAY.

IT was after this disappointing end to a well planned and well carried out strategy, that Rupert was asked to give his candid opinion on the situation to the King's council. After hearing of his impatient and rude demeanour at these assemblies, it is perhaps rather surprising to read the sober and thoughtful address which he delivered to them in response to this request. We picture him turning with a haughty air of boredom from the reverend signors, or solacing himself with a Pish! or a Tush! as he turned to kiss the nose of Sergeant-Major-General Boye, sitting sedately on a chair by his side. We are relieved to find that if part of the truth it was not the whole. In the discourse which he probably read to the council—it is too long and too carefully thought out to have been delivered by heart—we find his plain unvarnished opinion of the state of affairs and of the best

means of turning the scale in the favour of the King.

He began by apologising for his want of eloquence and quotes a saying of the Duke of Brunswick, who remarked, 'Although I cannot talk, I can fight.' He was not an orator; this was a thrust at the brilliant Digby no doubt. He had been trained in the Low Countries, in the seminary of warlike discipline and his business in life was to make war. He then attended to the matter in hand. Reading, he says, cannot hold out long on account of its dry ditches and its weak fortifications. Breda was not much better as far as a strategic position went and it was certainly inferior to Oxford, yet it had held out on account of its fortifications. Ostend was but an arrant dog-hole compared to some towns in England, but it had held out for three years against the might of Spain. The loss of the fortified places lay at the heart of the difficulty of retaining the Palatinate; the importance of strengthening such places could not be overestimated. Then he went on to speak of the state of the army, which must be largely reinforced before the spring. He spoke of the excellent material afforded by the English troops, of the valour exhibited by them in former times at Poitiers, Crécy and Agincourt when the archers overthrew the flower of the French chivalry. He insisted on the importance of drill and discipline and said that, in order to win, veteran troops were necessary. The remedy to the present deadlock

in affairs lay in erecting forts and in calling in from Holland those veteran British troops which were serving under the banner of the United Provinces; they were inured to war and would instruct the young recruits and they would not flinch in time of battle. Should the States refuse to allow the troops to transfer their allegiance, he thought that the Prince of Orange, as generalissimo of the forces, would do it on his own authority. He recommended a reconciliation with Parliament, if such could be effected; if not, he advocated a business-like policy of building up the army and strengthening the fortified places. History does not reveal what the council thought of his discourse. Its tone of moderation cannot have been displeasing to the clever diplomatist Edward Hyde, yet in the memoirs in which he jots down any extravagance committed by the prince, he carefully abstained from any mention of such a production. The idea of employing the English regiments in Holland would certainly have been displeasing to the members of the Queen's party, who were heart and soul in the plan to unite all the Roman Catholics in Ireland and England with the help of any foreign power which could be brought to support them. Probably the prince was listened to with polite attention and his suggestions were then consigned to oblivion.

The headquarters of the cavalry were now at Abingdon and Rupert's chief work consisted in extending the army's quarters round about Oxford.

Maurice had gone off to the west with Lord Hertford and one of his designs was to keep up communication with them. Another plan, more daring and less easily executed, was that the King should keep Essex, who was now at Windsor, in check, while Newcastle with his northern levies should come down through the midlands and the western army should march up through Kent and seize the river banks below London. This strategic combination was said to have originated with the Prince of Orange, who had just been persuaded to lend the Queen a large sum of money; it was also credited to Lord Forth and to Rupert himself. It looked well on paper, but it was uncommonly difficult to realise.

Towards the end of December, Rupert, active as ever, relieved Banbury, which was besieged by the Puritans. On January 7, he made an attempt on Cirencester, which he actually took by assault on February 2. In consequence of this success Sudeley and Berkeley Castles were evacuated, Tewkesbury and Devizes were abandoned, Malmesbury surrendered and Gloucestershire began to pay contributions to the royal army. The day after the assault the King wrote a little note to his nephew which must have given him great pleasure, although the postscript brought him back rather sharply to the needs of the army. He wrote :—

'NEPHEU,—I have snatched this little tyme to congratulate your victory asseuring you that this (as the rest) is welcomer because of you the cheefe Actor. So desyring

you to have care of the Armes and Clothes there and thereabouts.—I rest, your loving Uncle and faithful friend,

CHARLES R.

'OXFORD, *3rd Feb.*,
1642/3.

'And mony must not be forgotten.'

Over a thousand prisoners, besides much store of arms and ammunition, were taken in Cirencester and the cavalry drove the poor wretches through the mud, on foot, all the way to Oxford, where the prince received a perfect ovation.

Flushed with victory and covered with what empty honours the King could bestow, there were yet many things to vex the prince. One of them was the arrival in England of General King; he was specially summoned by Charles, who created him Lord Eythin and gave him an important command under Lord Newcastle. His name brought no pleasant memories to Rupert and he mistrusted his loyalty. Another matter which brought him much vexation, much more than probably it need have done, was the abuse which was lavished on him by the Puritans, both by the mouth of their orators and through the agency of their press. In this matter they certainly had the advantage of their opponents, for whilst Charles could command little more than the suffrage of his own paper, the *Mercurius Aulicus*, or the less-read *Mercurius Rusticus*, they could scatter calumnies through the columns of the *Weekly Newes*, the first regular paper to appear, the *Diurnal of Occurences*,

the first paper in which Parliamentary debates were regularly recorded and which was instituted by the Long Parliament, *London's Intelligencer*, or some of the many Mercuries which carried on a heated controversial correspondence with the hated Aulicus. Besides these there were many others such as, *Perfect Passages in each day's Proceedings in Parliament*, *The Parliament Scout*, *The Perfect Diurnal*, *The Kingdom's Weekly Intelligencer*, *Sent Abroad to prevent mis-information*, or *The Scottish Dove*. This latter paper was specially bitter and Aulicus, to give him his due, was not slow to pay the dove of peace back in its own coin, or to trounce any other Roundhead paper for the matter of that. 'Aulicus (you may be sure) will have a fling at the *Remembrancer* next weeke,' remarked *Britain's Remembrancer* on one occasion.

Poor as the writing of the King's paper was and a passionate partisan which saw all events through Royalist spectacles, it was neither so abusive nor so venial as the Puritan press. The better sort of Puritans shook their sides with mirth over the paid paragraphs about the valour of Sir John Gell, especially on the occasion when the well-meaning journalist, having no other deed to magnify, remarked that he had captured a dragoon in a plush doublet. But the Independents, the party of Cromwell, put a higher value on the influence which such notice had on the minds of the ignorant and they used the press to magnify their own deeds and to keep up public resentment against Rupert.

Daventry
Brimidgham
The moſt Illuſtrious and High borne PRINCE RUPERT,
PRINCE ELECTOR, Second Son to FREDERICK
KING of BOHEMIA, GENERALL of the HORSE
of His MAJESTIES ARMY, KNIGHT of the Noble
Order of the GARTER.

CONTEMPORARY CARICATURE OF PRINCE RUPERT.
From a Print in the British Museum.

Besides the stream of newspapers which had been let loose on the world since the censorship of the press had been abolished with the Star Chamber, there was also a surprising quantity of pamphlets and dialogues. These latter were generally written in the Socratic form; the fool, who was of course the Royalist, being inevitably worsted by the saint, who was invariably a Puritan. The titles of the pamphlets were distinctly lively and would have furnished excellent though rather lengthy headlines for a sensational paper. *The Debauched Cavalier or the English Midianite, wherein are compared by way of setting forth their diabolical and hyperdiabolical blasphemous Execrations, Rebellions, Cruelties, Rapes and Robberies,* is the moderate title of one of these literary gems. *The Bloody Prince: A Wicked King commands a Wicked Worke and as Wicked a Servant obeys him,* is another of the same type.

As if it were not bad enough to be vilified by the enemy and regarded with jealous dislike by some of his own party, the finishing touch was added by the tone adopted by his mother and brother, who expressed themselves infinitely displeased at his conduct and were currying favour with the Parliament. They wanted to have their pensions paid at any cost of loyalty or honour.

The advent of King, or Lord Eythin as he then was, was not the only event which cast its shadow before, for Goring, who had been received back into favour by the Queen, had been sent by her to

Lord Newcastle. His double treachery must have rendered him odious to Rupert, independently of any personal animosity which he may, or may not, have contracted against him at Breda. At present, however, they were divided and Rupert was too busy to think much of the future. He had received an urgent summons from Lord Derby to go to his rescue in Lancashire; and when the Queen landed at Burlington, towards the end of January 1643, it was to be Rupert's duty to escort her from the north to Oxford. With these and other calls on his future movements and with all the work of organising and catering for the cavalry on his hands, there was plenty of work to do and he did it with all his heart.

The Queen had brought over a goodly store of arms and ammunition and her arrival gave an impetus to affairs in the north, where many flocked to the standard of her 'She Majesty Generalissima,' who rode at the head of her troops, ate the same food as her men and encountered the same difficulties in the spirit of a true daughter of Henri IV. She was escorted to York by a thousand Cavaliers who had gone to meet her on her arrival and she stayed there for some months, spreading the network of her wiles far and wide. The younger Hotham was the first to succumb to them, taking one of those apparently cautious steps towards a change of front, which, for want of real audacity, were to lead him slowly but surely to the scaffold.

Lord Newcastle had accomplished great things

in the north and had devoted his time, his influence and his large fortune to the King's cause. He was not a soldier, and he had no military instinct; but his intentions were good.

He infinitely preferred to talk about literature to Rupert's old friend Will Davenant, whom the chances and changes of life had turned from a dramatist to an officer under his command, or to sing madrigals with the Dean of York's attractive daughters. He was not meant to take part in what the pamphlets call 'these knocking times,' he should have flourished when the Renaissance was in full swing; but it must be conceded that he did his part as far as in him lay and also that he had certain wholesome principles as to the necessities of the country which might well have been included in her constitution. One of the maxims which he wrote out for the benefit of the Prince of Wales, when he was acting as his governor, was that 'he is the powerfullest monarch that hath the best shipping; and that a prince should hinder his neighbours as much as he can from being strong at sea,' another being that 'skilful seamen are a brazen wall to an island.'

With his often astute perceptions and with his generally dilatory conduct of the war, he had one real fault which was often the cause of his not advocating a forward policy. He was a great man in the north and he felt that, if he pressed on and joined hands with the rest of the King's forces, he would be only one of the chief commanders, he would no

longer reign alone. With his composite character, he was not likely to be on good terms with the simple, downright Rupert; he probably agreed with some others who regretted that the prince had not spent those three silent and austere years of his life which had been passed in prison in the placid atmosphere of a Court. He had given a costly entertainment to the two brothers in Sherwood Forest and had shown them a specimen of that magnificent hospitality which had scandalised even the luxurious courtiers of Whitehall; but of their personal relations at that date, when Rupert was but a boy, we know nothing.

Goring had arrived at the head of two thousand men and under the auspices of the Queen; he does not seem to have had the least feeling of shame or compunction for his past deeds. From the first he wrote to Rupert in flattering strains, yet with an assumption of easy familiarity which probably made the other's blood boil: 'My Prince,' he heads these effusions in the beginning, though as time went on and the gulf between them showed its profundity, he adopted a more formal salutation.

At Oxford, in and out of all the fighting, we find the Peace Commissioners from Parliament playing their parts, and we see Rupert with his uncle going one evening to the lodgings of a dark man with a deathly pale countenance, whose manners were conciliatory though his powers to treat were nil; he took part in the discussion which ensued. But Whitelock, even with the goodwill he professed,

was merely acting the part of messenger and he bore back to London a sealed packet containing the King's reply. We see Rupert also walking in the gardens of Christchurch with his uncle, both attired in purple, 'the mourning of princes,' because of the death of the Queen Mother of France, whose coming to the Court of England had constituted one more burden on the King's shoulders in a time of great difficulty. We find him also, punctually fulfilling his religious duties and attending the services in the cathedral, while we know from the literature which began to grow up round Boye, that as the dog 'never missed prayers,' his master's habits must have been identical. Boye, who had been abused as a 'devil dog,' had now acquired a new reputation as a Papist; as well as eating cannon balls in battle and acting as Rupert's familiar, he also scandalised the godly by that attention to ceremonial which made the Puritans, with incomprehensible logic, dub their adversaries as atheists. The four-legged Cavalier was said by some of Rupert's friends, who composed a pamphlet on this subject, to behave most 'cathedrally' and 'popishly' in church, trotting up to the east end directly he entered and following the service with such attention that he might have been expected to make notes of the sermons, like the ladies. He was a dog of parts too, for he had several accomplishments such as sitting up for the King, showing his contempt for Pym and barking for the Parliament. He sat by the King's chair at dinner and

was fed by his hand; indeed, he was often rebuked for sitting in his chair when he got a chance. The 'reprobate dogg' liked to abuse the Roundheads and it was noticed that all talk on the subject of peace ceased in the council when he made his entry.

Rupert had need of some of the lighter side of life in the midst of his responsibilities. A glance at the portrait which Dobson painted of him about this date shows, if the painter caught anything of the expression of his sitter, that a great change was coming over him. It was not the countenance of the graceful and gracious youth as we see him in the canvases of Van Dyck, or even that of the handsome man of later years. We see a face which is youthful and yet which is strangely hard and set; we see a face with the familiar features which yet bears a new expression; the mouth is stern, the eyes are sullen. He wears his hair long and slightly curled; a dark cravat tied under his chin adds to the sombre effect of the whole. If not true to life, it was probably a portrait which represented one side of Rupert's character. We can imagine him in some such sombre humour, sitting down in his rooms in Christchurch and putting pen to paper to defend himself from the brutal onslaughts of his opponents. The document which he produced shows so clearly the situation and gives so complete a refutation of the crimes brought against him that it makes the subsequent history of the war clearer to us. It is, besides, a 'human docu-

ment ' and shows the real individual, writing words of concentrated resentment and of lofty purpose on a subject which was very vital to him. It was written after he had been deliberately accused of seeking the kingdom for himself, and he called it ' Prince Rupert, his Declaration.'

' It will seem strange (no doubt) ' it ran, ' to see me in print, my known disposition being so contrary to this scribbling age; and since I had not put myself upon a declaration, if in common prudence I could have done otherwise. I need not tell the world (for it is too well known) what malicious lying pamphlets are printed against me almost every morning, whereby those busy men strive to render me as odious as they would have me; against whom doubtless I had sooner declared, but I well knew this mutinous lying spirit could be easily convinced, but never silenced; which, as it ceaseth at no time, so it spares no person. And this was too manifest for me by those bold, odious, and impossible untruths forged against His sacred Majesty, their own king, and sovereign (and my gracious and royal uncle), who is only guilty of this, that he is too good to be their king; and to deal clearly, this it was furnished me with sufficient patience, thinking it but reasonable that I should be slandered as His Majesty. But since it hath pleased my Lord Wharton to tell the whole city of London openly at Guildhall, and since to tell it all the world in print, that one great cause of their preservation at Edgehill was the barbarousness and inhumanity of Prince Rupert and his troopers, that he spared neither man, woman, nor child, and that the thing that we aim at is plundering and the way that we should come by it is murdering, and destroying; since such a charge as this comes from such a mouth, I hold myself bound in honour to speak and to tell that Lord, that as much of his speech as concerns me is no truer than the rest of it, which for the most part is as false as anything

that hath been printed or spoken in London these two years; but had I known his Lordship's intentions, I would have asked his reason either before now or at Kineton, if his Lordship had stayed so long as to be asked the question.

'But me thinks I hear the credulous people say, What? was not the king's standard rescued from them by force? were there so many as twenty of our men killed by all the King's cannons? was not our right wing long under the power of these cannons, so as some seventeen shot of cannon shot against them, and yet not a man of ours so much as hurt? Nay, were there not three thousand slain of the King's army, and but three hundred of ours? If these abominable untruths with many more like them as his Lordship's speech be all true, then shall freely charge me with barbarousness and inhumanity; but if these be most gross falsities (as many thousand worthy gentlemen will take their oaths they are) then I must profess I am sorry that any baron of the English nation should utter such foul untruths, so deceive the poor abused citizens of London with false reports, and so slander us. It was ever my opinion that no valiant man would speak a known untruth; nor can I blame his Lordship or any others faintheartedness in so bad a cause as theirs is, which is doubtless the reason why such noblemen and gentry in His Majesty's army, who hitherto spent all their days in peace, could then fight so valiantly *ex tempore*; not reckoning their lives, and forgetting their dearest relations; so as our enemies in their hackney railing pamphlets are forced to say, "The Cavalier (to give the devil his due) fought very valiantly." And indeed, had they not showed rather too much valour, our enemies had less bottom whereon to found any untruths, thereof I take this relation to be one of their masterpieces of forgeries, for that they slew as many of ours as we did of theirs, is as true as that they beat us at Sherborne Castle and at Worcester.

'Now for the barbarousness and inhumanity to women and children wherewith his Lordship and those imprudent

unpunished papers cried daily in the streets do continually slander us, I must here profess that I take that man to be no soldier or gentleman that will strike (much less kill) a woman or child, if it be in his power to do the contrary; and I openly dare the most valiant and quick-sighted of that lying faction to name the time, the person, or the house where any child or woman lost so much as a hair from their head by me, or any of our soldiers. In a battle where two armies fight many one hath unfortunately killed his dearest friend, very often those whom he would otherwise have spared; and whether any woman or child were killed in this fight, is more than I can justly say: I am sorry if there were. I speak not how wilfully barbarous their soldiers were to the Countess Rivers, to the Lady Lucas in Essex, and likewise to the like persons of quality in Kent and other places.

'Whom have we ever punished for speaking against us, as they most Jewishly whipped to death a citizen of London for saying no more than was included in His Majesty's proclamation? But since they name plundering —whose moneys, nay, whose arms have we taken away, unless those who actually had, or at least declared they use them against His Majesty's army? And for that little cloth borrowed for our soldiers wherewith their pamphlets make such a noise.

'His Majesty by God's help will see it better paid for, than anything they have taken upon "public faith." What house have we ransacked as they did the Earl of Northampton's? mangling and cutting in pieces rich chairs, beds, stools, and hangings, drinking as much and as long as they were able, and then letting the rest run out upon the floor; whereas the very Earl of Essex, his house at Chartly suffered not the least damage by us. What churches have we defaced as they did at Canterbury, Oxford, Worcester and many other places? Whose pockets have we picked even to the value of threepence, under pretence of searching for letters, as they lately did in Gloucestershire, and particularly this last week at Windsor and Uxbridge? Is it not their usual practise

first to plunder a man's house of all plate and monies, and then imprison him as a delinquent for no other fault but because he stood loyal to his prince, as if it were too little to take a man's estate unless also they rob him of his innocence? Have they not now stuffed all the prisons in London with earls, lords, bishops, judges and knights, masters of colleges, lawyers and gentlemen of all conditions and counties? for what (God knows) they themselves know not; inasmuch as how they are forced to find new prisons for the knights, aldermen and substantial citizens of London, who are now thrust in thither only because they are suspected to love their King? Have they not by imprisonment or threats muzzled the mouths of the most grave and learned preachers of London; witness Doctor Featley, Doctor Hayward, Dr. Holdsworth, Master Shute, Master Squire, Master Griffith and many others (for so I am informed these men are) because they preach that which their conscience tells them is the known truth? And who are countenanced but ignorant and seditious teachers? who (like the mass priests of old) call nightly on the people for their plate and money for their patrons and themselves who, besides their daily pulpit treasons, sent such other divinity as, if Luther were living, he would blush to call them Protestants? And if this be not cruelty, injustice, tyranny, let God and posterity judge! Now for any looseness or incivility in our soldiers, more than that is accident and common to great armies, I wish they would not mention it, lest some impartial readers who know their courses understand it to be meant for some of their own great reformers, who are that way as notoriously guilty as any; and for myself, I appeal to the consciences of those lords and gentlemen who are my daily witnesses, and to those people whereso-ever our army hath been, what they know or have observed in my carriage which might not become one of my quality and the son of a king. And whereas they slander us for Popish cavaliers, I wish there were no more Papists in their army than we have in ours; but to me 'tis no wonder with what face they slander us for men disaffected

to the Protestant religion, wherever their grand reformers refuse to come to Church. For His Sacred Majesty, I have been a witness here in England (and all the world knows he never showed himself otherwise) and therefore hold it to be my part and duty to tell them, that His Majesty is the most faithful and best defender of the Protestant religion of any Christian prince in Europe, and is so accounted by all the princes in Christendom. And what a gracious supporter hath he been in particular to the Queen of Bohemia (my virtuous royal mother) and to the Prince Elector, my royal brother, no man can be ignorant of, if, therefore, in common gratitude, I do my utmost in defence of His Majesty, and that cause whereof he hath hitherto been so great and happy a patron, no ingenious man but must think it most reasonable. And for myself, the world knows how deeply I have smarted and what perils I have undergone for the Protestant cause. What stately large promises were offered me would I consent; and what a wretched close imprisonment was threatened if I refused to change my religion, when I was captive to the Emperor of Germany, enough to satisfy any man of moderation. But if it be not sufficient, I would to God all English men were at unison among themselves, then with what alacrity would I venture my life to serve this kingdom against those cruel Popish rebels in Ireland; for though I will never fight for any unrighteous quarrel, yet to defend the king, religion and laws of a kingdom against subjects who are up in arms against their lord and sovereign (and such are good, wise men know this, and that in Ireland to be; though the pretence took several ways): such a cause my conscience tells me is full of piety and justice, and if it please God to end my days in it, I shall think my last breath spent with as much honour and religion as if I were taken off my knees at my prayers.

'I think there is none that take me for a coward, for to me I fear not the face of any man alive; yet I shall repute it the greatest victory in the world to see His Majesty enter London in peace, without shedding one drop of blood; when I dare say (God and His Majesty are witnesses I lie

not) no citizen should be plundered of one penny or farthing, whereby that ancient and famous city would manifestly perceive how desperately it hath been abused by most strange, false and bottomless untruths, for which somebody (without repentance) must be ashamed at the day of judgment, if they escape a condign and legal punishment in this world. I therefore conclude with this open profession (and I am confident our whole army will say amen to it), he that hath any design against the Protestant religion, the laws of England, or hopes to enrich himself by pillaging the city of London let him be accursed, and so—*whether peace or war—the Lord prosper the work of their hands who stand for God and King Charles!*

'RUPERT.'

CHAPTER IX

'Thread the beads
Of Cæsar's acts, great Pompey's and the Swedes,
And 'tis a bracelet fit for Rupert's hand,
By which that great triumvirate is spanned.'

CLEVELAND.

THE winter passed away and the spring came, bringing with it promise of renewed hostilities on both sides. The long inactivity of Essex was at an end at last and he moved out of his winter quarters in Windsor Castle; Rupert, too, who had been busy enough in the interim, rode out over Magdalen Bridge, followed by twelve hundred horse and dragoons and about six hundred foot, being bound for the north. On April 3, he took Birmingham by assault, afterwards sacking the town. A house which took fire and which was saved by the prince's orders, gave rise to new complaints from the Puritan press, 'Prince Rupert's burning love for England,' it was said, was shown by the flames of Birmingham, where his soldiers passed the night in drunken revels, drinking healths, on their knees, to his dog.

On April 10, he sat down before Lichfield where his summons to surrender was met by a peal of bells from the desecrated cathedral, where the troops were amusing themselves with christening

calves at the font and chasing a cat with hounds up and down the echoing aisles.

When Rupert looked up at the steep rock on which the cathedral and close stand and down on to the water in which their image was reflected, he must have felt that a difficult task lay before him. He had not time to waste in a long siege and his cavalry was not suited for the work; he very soon decided on an assault. His first act was to send Lord Hastings to collect fifty miners from the neighbouring collieries and when he returned he encouraged his men to dismount and work with them in the trenches. They responded with enthusiasm, for he 'put that spirit into the army that all men seemed resolved,' as Sir Philip Warwick said on another occasion. The horsemen achieved wonders with pick and shovel, even Digby working amongst them with a will and very soon their energy bore fruit. In ten days the moat was drained and bridges thrown across for the miners to hack their way into the rocky substance of the mount on which the cathedral stood.

The garrison was unable to hold out for long once the first mine had been sprung and soon a white flag was hoisted to indicate a surrender. It was a most important success and congratulations poured in on the prince, together with an imperative summons to rejoin the King in order to relieve Reading before it was too late. 'I should be content if ye were here,' he had written already; now the danger was pressing.

The congratulatory letters included one from Goring, written in his scrawling undefined handwriting:—

'My Prince . . .

'Though it is no news yet it is noe small joy to all ye servants of you both, to see how rightly ye queen, my admirable mistress understands and esteems you past my expressions.' . . .

Neither the letter nor the compliment were particularly pleasing to the prince. He had not the smallest wish to be associated with the writer and he was beginning to be rather distrustful of the effect which his aunt's influence would have with the King. Nevertheless he was extremely anxious to clear the way for her journey and to escort her in safety to Oxford. The knowledge that he had much to do before he could accomplish this object made him doubly impatient when he was recalled to Oxford directly after the surrender of Lichfield.

When he joined the King in the neighbourhood of Reading, he learnt that he was just a day too late, for the governor had surrendered without waiting for the relieving party. What angered him much was the conduct of the Puritan soldiers, who had fallen on the Royalists and had plundered them as they marched out with 'the honours of war.' He had allowed the Lichfield garrison to march out unmolested and had even complimented the governor warmly on his defence; the want of faith rankled in his mind and in the minds of his

men. After an unsuccessful fight with the besiegers whose forces enormously outnumbered his own, Rupert entered Oxford with the King and was instrumental there in saving the life of the late governor of Reading, who was reprieved on the scaffold which he had mounted for the second time.

For some time longer the prince continued his foraging and recruiting expeditions and succeeded in harassing the inactive army commanded by Essex, whose conduct was already beginning to cause great anxiety to the Parliament. Was he really suffering from want of energy, or was he unwilling to drive his late master to desperation? Was he loyal or was he not? Whether or no this question could be answered in the affirmative, the more energetic amongst the commanders were already determined to be rid of him as soon as might be.

Essex appeared not to care for public opinion. It is true that his troops had suffered from sickness, but they had also had the advantage of a long rest in comfortable winter quarters. There was, apparently no valid excuse for not prosecuting the war vigorously after the conquest of Reading, yet he did not seem to think that his inactivity needed any excuse. His conduct was probably to be accounted for by the fact that this war 'without an enemy' was not one to inspire any commander, especially when nearly all his friends and many of his relations were fighting on the other side. He had, besides, no genius for war, although he had

studied the art seriously as a professional soldier and had had a good deal of experience.

His life had been a singularly unhappy one and it seemed almost as if he were pursued by some unrelenting fate. The son of Queen Elizabeth's handsome favourite, he was himself a good-looking man; tall, dark, erect, a man with a natural air of dignity and something soldierly in his carriage, he rather resembled his rival, Prince Rupert. He had been married as a boy, following the unhappy custom of the times, to Lady Frances Howard; after the ceremony he travelled abroad for some years. Returning to England in 1610, he found his beautiful wife carrying on an intrigue with the profligate Lord Rochester and was dragged by her through a disgraceful law-suit, after her attempt to poison him had failed. The marriage was dissolved and Essex was left to spend seven solitary years in his country place, which he only left when he joined Lord Vere in raising troops for the Palatinate; he afterwards served as a volunteer in the Prince of Orange's army, eventually rising to command the English regiments in his service. On the accession of Charles I. he returned to Court and was appointed general-in-chief of an expedition sent to Spain, afterwards retiring to the Low Countries. He made a second unhappy marriage in 1639, and became more melancholy and morose than ever. He then served as lieutenant-general in the army sent against the Scots—the post of Master of the Horse, which he coveted, having

been given to the incapable Lord Holland at the Queen's suggestion—and he conducted the operations with perfect success. The victory which he would probably have obtained was snatched from him by Lord Holland's refusal to fight and by the peace which he patched up; he was then dismissed the service with no thanks and a post for which he asked afterwards was refused. It was pique which instigated him to take up arms against the King and he must have felt a sardonic amusement at the important commands which the King bestowed on him when danger loomed on the horizon.

The most important action of the spring, that of Chalgrove Field, occurred when Rupert was returning from beating up Essex's quarters on the morning of June 18. He had left Oxford the night before, following up a suggestion of Colonel Hurry, a Parliamentary deserter, who had told him of a large convoy of money which was expected. He had missed the convoy, which had retired up towards the Chiltern Hills on hearing the sound of battle, but he had surprised and beaten the enemy several times during the night and had then fought his way through the rapidly concentrating forces, to Oxford. During his twenty hours' absence from the city he had ridden fifty miles, won several smaller engagements and the decisive battle of Chalgrove, during which he had led a cavalry charge in which Hampden had been mortally wounded. It was no wonder that the

swiftness and surety of his attacks won him a great reputation as a hard fighter and a successful general; both sides began to look on him as invincible.

The chief object of the present campaign was to effect a junction between Newcastle's northern army, Hertford's western forces and the main body of troops concentrated round about Oxford; they were to meet at some point on the Thames below London and to march to the capital. But Newcastle was unwilling to leave the north, where he reigned supreme and where he could delegate his active duties to his second in command; moreover, his men were unwilling to leave their homes with Hull in the enemy's hands and the threatened invasion from Scotland in their rear. In the west, men thought of Plymouth before they considered the importance of gaining possession of London; the Welsh refused to cross the Severn until Bristol had been taken. The inconvenience arising from the territorial nature of the levies was beginning to show itself pretty clearly; setting aside the horror of pitting relations and neighbours against each other in unnatural warfare, there remained the natural reluctance of those who were unwilling to leave their homes to be plundered by the enemy.

Rupert meanwhile was actively engaged in preparing a way for the Queen, who left York on July 3, and was making a regular military progress southwards. Essex tried in vain to intercept her march, for so wide was the sweep of Rupert's

cavalry reconnaissance, that his connections with the north were entirely interrupted. Resisting all Essex's attempts to provoke a battle, he marched steadily on until he arrived at Stratford-on-Avon, where he encountered the brave lady with her arms and ammunition and her little army of two thousand men. Her splendid pluck and her cheerful indifference to the dangers which surrounded her made her the heroine of the hour and she would, no doubt, have enjoyed immense popularity amongst the Royalists if she had been more judicious. As it was she was received with enthusiasm and the very real help which she brought to her husband enhanced the warmth of her reception at Oxford. The King met her at Edgehill and they had not been five minutes together before she extracted a well-earned peerage from him for Henry Jermyn, the commander of her army and her chief adviser. She was extremely gracious at first to Rupert, who had prepared the way for her coming and who had protected her on her march from Stratford; but her amiability was not destined to last long.

Amongst those who accompanied the Queen and whom Rupert met at Stratford, were his old flame the Duchess of Richmond and his future enemy, George Goring. The latter was all smiles and compliments. He was as handsome and as fascinating as ever; the slight lameness which he had since his wound at the siege of Breda having rather added to his attractions than taken from them: the former, too, had grown in beauty and

charm since Rupert had seen her last. She was now just twenty-one years old; her hair and eyes were dark, her features regular. She was as lively and quick in temperament as her husband, to whom she was united in a loveless and childless marriage, was melancholy and mild. Devoted, as he was, to the royal cause, she had come over from Holland with important papers concealed in the abundance of her brown curls and she was to undertake several missions of a political nature in the near future.

The intimacy which existed between Rupert and the duchess soon attracted the attention of the gossip-shop in the colleges and from thence it found its way into the scandal-loving Puritan press; but it is quite evident that it never passed the bounds of friendship, for the duke continued to be Rupert's devoted ally and he worked in his interests as whole-heartedly as ever. The duchess herself appears to have been flattered at the attentions of one for whom women had but small attraction and she was, besides, so intimate with his family that it was only natural she should be on friendly terms with him. With Rupert it was more serious. The friendship, with that spice of something different in it which is seldom absent from the intercourse of one sex with the other, meant infinitely more to him than it did to her. In her eyes he was the hero of the moment, the man round whom the whole glamour of the successful Royalist arms seemed to centre; she was proud of

her conquest, no doubt, and she appears to have been genuinely attracted to the prince for whose sake she never lost an opportunity of being helpful; beyond this, there seems to have been nothing. For him, it was obviously quite different; it was the one love-affair of his life which appealed to both heart and brain and it made an indelible mark on his character and after life. As luck would have it, about the time of the arrival of the duchess at Oxford, the King was receiving letters concerning the marriage of his nephew with Mdlle. de Rohan, whose relations urged on him an immediate settlement of the affair, one way or the other. The Huguenot heiress had been very loyal to Rupert during the three years of his captivity; she had refused many offers of marriage for his sake, saying that it would be a *lâcheté* to abandon him because of his misfortune. The alliance was an excellent one for Rupert and her fortune was considerable, but he declined to listen to reason, although the King was most anxious to conclude the negotiations which he had entered into with some eagerness. Not knowing how to draw back and seeing the advantage which the alliance would bring to his own cause, he wrote to Maurice, who was still in the west, the following letter :—

'NEPHEU MAURICE, though Mars be now most in voag yet Hymen may bee some tymes remembered, the matter is this, your mother and I have been somewhat engaged concerning a marriage between your Brother Rupert and Mademoiselle de Rohan, and now her friends press

your Brother for a positive answer wch I fynde him resolved to give negatively; therefore, I have writ to know if you will not by your engagement take your Brother handsomely off. I have not tyme to argue the matter, but to show my judgment I asseure you that, if my son James were of a fitt age, I could want of my will but he should have her; and indeed the total rejecting of this Allyance may doe us some prejudice; whether ye looke to thease or the German affairs; the performance of wch is not expected untill the tyme shall be reasonably setled, though I desyre you to give me ane answer as soone as you can (having now occasion to send to France), because delayes ar, sometimes, as ill taken as denyalls. So hoping, and praying God for good newes from you.—I rest, your loving Oncle and faithful friend, CHARLES R.'

The King's eloquence was quite wasted on Maurice, who refused to step into his brother's shoes and the only course left to him was to break off the negotiations with what grace he could. No doubt the arrival of the duchess had something to do with Rupert's determination, just as his well-known devotion to her was the avowed cause of another French lady's refusal of his hand in later times, when he had schooled himself to accept a *mariage de convenance*. For the present he had little time for love-making and his few leisure moments were unfortunately more occupied with keeping alive animosities than in encouraging friendship. It is true that he saw Endymion Porter in some of his flying visits and that his affection for Will Legge and some others of the Cavaliers was consolidated day by day; he had news also of Will Davenant from the north and must

have seen his old acquaintance Sir John Suckling and have heard with interest of Waller's unfortunate efforts in the King's cause in London. But the main record of his private life just now was one of personal antagonisms which were never wisely governed. Pursuing his business as a soldier with the intensity and zeal which had always distinguished him both in work and play, he judged quickly and with scant mercy; having formed an unfavourable opinion of a man, he never scrupled to display his feelings on the subject with a crudity which often offended the offender beyond pardon or reconciliation. Goring's letters are no more worded with easy familiarity and we find the salutation changed from 'My prince' to the more formal 'Sir.' Digby's exquisitely written missives, so courtier-like and sweet to the palate at first, leave a bitter taste in the mouth afterwards; with Wilmot he continued on sufficiently bad terms. The serious situation of affairs is seen in one of Arthur Trevor's letters to Lord Ormond. It is the more worthy of credence as it is written by one who, however indiscreet, was an avowed friend of the prince and who knew what difficulties were purposely laid in his path by Lord Percy and others, he having acted as Rupert's agent at Oxford when the management of his affairs passed through his hands. It is from Trevor that we know that Percy kept back stores of arms and ammunition from the prince's army, whilst lavishing them on the army in the west; when he tells

us of difficulties caused by Rupert himself, we are bound to believe him. It was on November 21, 1643, that Trevor wrote to Ormond from Oxford, but the situation to which he alluded had been shaping during the preceding spring and summer.

'The army is much divided,' he writes, 'and the prince at some distance with many of the officers of horse; which hath much danger in it, out of this, that I find many gallant men willing to gett Governments and sitt down, or gett imployments at large, and soe bee out of the way. In short (my lord) there must be a better understanding amongst our great horsemen here, else they may shortly shut the stable doors.'

It was not an easy position for a young man who had been brought up in all the traditions of chivalry and whose recipe for any sort of double dealing and treachery was the drastic one of the point of the sword. He challenged more than one of his actual enemies and his apparent friends to single combat. If he had been left to his own devices he would have fought many a duel, beginning with Essex himself, whose cold refusal to consider such a project was oddly enough followed by a suggestion to Parliament that the whole war should be decided by the fate of a single battle.

Although it is easy to criticise Rupert's conduct, it must be conceded that he had every temptation to give way to temper. Surrounded as he was by 'more than one kynde of ennemy,' as the King

wrote in one of his charming little letters, he had enough to do to accomplish his daily tasks without coming to loggerheads with those officers and officials who were banded together to effect his overthrow.

It was a curious life enough, with its sudden contrasts, its difficulties and dangers. At one time riding over the surrounding country, at another time setting forth on more distant expeditions, or, yet again, taking a few days' or even a few weeks' comparative repose in the once quiet and studious collegiate city, Rupert's mind was never at rest. His brain was always working. Active as he was when engaged in actual warfare, active to the extent of being always in the saddle, of sleeping in his clothes and being as ready to turn out of bed at any hour of the night as he had been to turn in, his periods of so-called repose demanded redoubled mental concentration. In these intervals he had to deal with affairs of State, with social and political problems, as well as with those of his own profession. He had the added anxiety of being responsible for raising, feeding, clothing and paying the men whom he was expected to lead to victory before they were trained and to keep from plundering before they knew discipline. 'A man who is employed in war ought not to be troubled with the affairs of the world,' wrote one of the Parliamentary generals who had certainly much less with which to contend, but who declared that it was too great a burden to provide both men and money. Such

a complaint was never heard from Rupert. He made heroic efforts to grapple with the situation and the victories which he obtained were all the more remarkable because they were achieved by a man who had little time to devote to the study of strategy and tactics.

As the summer progressed, the spirits of the Royalists rose, for all the news was of victory—Newcastle had routed the Fairfaxes at Adwalton Moor and the western army had achieved a series of brilliant victories which were already bearing fruit. Taunton had surrendered, Bridgewater and Dunster Castle had yielded without striking a blow; with some exceptions the whole of the west lay open to the King. In the battles of Roundway Down and Lansdown, as in the fight at Chewton Mendip, Prince Maurice had given a good account of himself and his cavalry had been proved to possess great courage and good fighting powers. Maurice was brave and light-hearted, smiling at the wounds of which he got more than a fair share, battling with the demon of influenza which laid him low more than once. His great faults consisted in having too good an opinion of himself and too few of the qualities which are necessary for a commander. The two brothers were very different in character, a fact which perhaps increased the strong attachment which had always existed between them and which might be traced to the different lives which they had led for the past three years. Whilst Rupert's character was hardening and

becoming more self-reliant and more deep, that of Maurice was developing more on the surface of life. There was much more difference between them than the actual year which lay between their births would seem to warrant; there were the three long years of Rupert's captivity as they were contrasted with the years which Maurice had spent at school in Paris and with his mother at the Hague. They were drawn to each other now, more than ever, on account of their isolated position from the rest of the family and of the attitude which the Queen of Bohemia and the Elector had taken up against the royal cause and against their own conduct.

On July 18, Rupert left Oxford with a view of reducing Bristol with the aid of the combined forces of Hopton and Hertford, whose victorious troops were still flushed with the victory of Lansdown and with the heroic storm of the enemy's guns which had been achieved by the cavalry under Sir Bevil Grenville. It was true that the desperate courage which had led them to make five successive charges uphill, under fire of the Puritans' guns, had been instrumental in leaving the greater part of their men in the valley of death and on the slopes which led to the summit of the hill; it was true that their gallant commander himself was left amongst the slain, but the *prestige* was enormous. The battle of Roundway Down practically destroyed Waller's army and the gates of Bath were opened to the Royalists. From Bath

to Bristol the troops marched and, on July 23, that city was invested, the army of the west occupying the Somersetshire side and the Oxford troops the Gloucestershire side of the town in which the two counties meet.

It was towards sunset on the evening of Sunday, July 23, that Rupert stood near Clifton Church and gazed down on the city which was spread out at his feet. It was a good point of vantage though it had its dangers, as he found out when the garrison directed some shots in the neighbourhood from one of the many forts which crowned the hills round about. The scene was not new to Rupert who had once sat all night long on the edge of Durdham Downs, hard by, waiting for the signal to be given from Frome gate, which was to tell him that the Royalists within had opened the doors of the city. It was in March that Rupert had made his first attempt to enter Bristol with a force which was not sufficient for a siege, but which would have been strong enough to combine with the body of Royalists if the plot had succeeded. The plot had been discovered and the leaders, two townsmen named Bourchier and Yeomans, had been first tortured and then executed and their fortunes, which were considerable, had been seized by the governor, Nathaniel Fiennes, to whose fingers a certain percentage had been reported to have stuck. The executions and confiscations inflicted on the Royalists had added an incentive of revenge to the already keen desire to reduce Bristol which

was possessed by Rupert. It was the second city in England and one most important to the Royalists on account of its facilities for shipping, and its reduction would have a very important effect on the fortunes of the war.

As he stood there on that Sunday evening in July, Rupert had a good look at the city and at the cordon of forts and the earthworks which connected them. The fortifications had been considerably strengthened lately and the task before him was a harder one than that which had confronted him at Lichfield.

Bristol, of old called Bright-stow, the bright dwelling, lay in a hollow, surrounded by hills; it was a fair city containing streets of high-gabled houses, a multitude of churches and a famous bridge on which the houses were crowded together like those on London Bridge itself. The broad flow of the Avon lay before Bristol and the crook of the river Frome enclosed the city almost like a girdle; outside the town walls, with their fortified gates, was an outer circle of earthworks with deep ditches and walls of varying thickness. This line extended to some miles in length, passing down to the rivers and up on to the heights on which the forts were placed. Over the town the citadel stood on a rocky eminence; although not really very strong it appeared to dominate the whole city.

Taking a bird's-eye view of the scene, the chief features of the place were the large numbers of

churches, convents, chapels, priories and monasteries which abounded. There was a church on the spot from whence Rupert took his observations and where he left Colonel Washington and his dragoons to keep guard that night; there were churches over the fortified gateways and next the forts themselves, some of which even formed part of the defences and had guns mounted on their towers. There was a fourteenth century chapel thrown across the street on the bridge, giving an ecclesiastical touch to the busy thoroughfare.

On Monday morning Rupert's army marched in battle array to the edge of Durdham Down, whilst Lord Hertford's troops took up a position on their side of the town; at eleven o'clock the prince sent a trumpeter to summon the garrison to surrender. This summons being refused, operations began. The first day's work was unimportant, some outposts being taken and the besiegers repulsed at other points; the most notable feature being the negotiations concluded between Rupert and the crews of some ships of the navy which had been anchored in the harbour. On the following day a council of war was held in which, after some discussion, Rupert's proposal of storming the city rather than wearing out the garrison by a siege, was accepted; and it was agreed to assault the outer line in six places, three from the Somerset and three from the Gloucestershire side. On July 26, the assault began.

It is very difficult to estimate the comparative strength of the opposing forces. The Royalists had seized the moment to attack Bristol when Waller, himself a fugitive, was unable to come to the assistance of the garrison and Waller is said to have taken some of the garrison with him to London at the suggestion of the governor. Fiennes is commonly reputed to have had at his disposal three thousand horse and fifteen thousand foot, besides a large force composed of the townspeople; Rupert and Hertford's combined forces were estimated at about fourteen thousand men by those in the garrison, though some gave a smaller figure. In Rupert's 'Journal of the Siege of Bristol,' it is stated that he had fourteen regiments of foot, 'all very weak,' divided into three tertias or brigades. The first was commanded by Lord Grandison and Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert, the second by Colonel Henry Wentworth and Sir Jacob Astley, the third by Colonel Bellasis, with Sir Edward Stradling, Colonel Henry Lunsford and others in command of regiments. The right wing of the cavalry was commanded by Sir Arthur Aston, Sergeant-Major-General of the Horse, the left by Colonel Charles Gerard; the prince's troop of Life Guards, which was to 'wait upon his person,' was commanded by Sir Richard Crane, the same who had been allowed to take Rupert's message to England when they were both taken prisoner at Vlotho. Colonel Washington had seven troops of dragoons, Monsieur de la Roche was the 'com-

mander of our fireworks.' Posting his men to the best advantage, Rupert ordered the first attack to be made in the small hours of the summer morning. At first it seemed as if there was to be no success that day. The three attacks made by Lord Hertford failed signally, probably on account of the fortifications being stronger on that side and more difficult to surmount. The first and second assaults delivered by Rupert's men were also repulsed, but, just before sunrise, Colonel Washington, with a handful of men, managed to effect a breach in the wall and to fight his way into Essex fort, which he captured. This first success led the way to others, not accomplished without great loss and the sacrifice of valuable lives, but still leading on to the wished for surrender. The men fought with their accustomed bravery. Half armed and badly clothed, as usual, they flung themselves into the ditches and climbed up the graffes when it was found that scaling ladders were missing; whilst they were exposed to a murderous fire from the defenders, they fought their nearer adversaries at push of pike.

Rupert took his full share of the danger as he rode from one part of the attack to another, directing all the operations himself, as far as he was able. As he was turning to go back to lead his own regiment through the breach in order to follow Colonel Washington, who had pushed on into the suburbs, his horse was shot under him. He gave orders for a messenger to go to Maurice to

ask for a thousand Cornishmen to help in the attack, mounted a loose horse he happened to see roaming about riderless, and rode on followed by his men.

By the time Maurice reached the suburbs with the second detachment of Cornishmen the fight was practically over, for, much to the surprise of all, the governor chose to submit while he had still the citadel and the fortified walls of the city to protect him. More handy with the pen than with the sword, Nathaniel Fiennes was not a courageous man. He frankly disliked war and had already made one attempt to escape, which had been frustrated by the ships in the King's road. Possibly he knew that it was only a question of time and thought that he would get better terms by not delaying his submission.

LIBRARY

PRINCE RUPERT.
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CHAPTER X

'A health to Prince Rupert!
Success and renown!
To the dogs with the Commons
And up with the Crown.'

WHYTE MELVILLE.

GREAT was the jubilation of the Royalists over this splendid achievement and, no doubt, the conquering heroes drank Rupert's health in the celebrated sherry sack which was known as 'Bristol milk.' But, almost at once, vexatious incidents began to occur. The soldiers got completely out of hand when they entered the city and the excited state they were in was not reduced by the fact that the inhabitants shot at them out of the windows as they rode up the streets. The soldiers were anxious to have revenge for the inhuman treatment of the men implicated in the Yeomans' conspiracy and they remembered Reading; but no reason, however good, could excuse their conduct. Rupert and Maurice rode about amongst them, threatening them with instant death if they did not desist from plunder and raising their weapons against the recalcitrant; after a time they succeeded in calming the tumult. Rupert was passionately displeased. He said that he was accustomed, 'not only in point of honour but in religion,' to make good his word. He had promised that the city

should not be sacked and he was going to see that his promise was kept. The soldiery murmured long and deeply and there was a great deal of discontent on all sides.

It was not only amongst the rank and file that discontent reigned after the taking of Bristol; there were even more regrettable dissensions amongst the commanders. And here the fault lay very much with the hot-headed Rupert.

The army of the west was under the command of Lord Hertford, a man whose qualifications for the post were very small, but whose peculiar position should have entitled him to be treated with a certain amount of respect. His life story was one of the most romantic even in a romantic age and is interesting now, both because it was connected with the fatalism which always beset the house of Stuart and because it reminds us of the overlapping of one period with another in history. William Seymour, a descendant of the Protector Somerset, and also of Mary Tudor, the sister of Henry VIII., by her marriage with the Duke of Suffolk, was a studious young man who 'loved his book above all other exercise.' When he was studying at Magdalen College he unluckily fell in love with his cousin, the beautiful and brilliant Arabella Stuart, at that time living at the Court of James I., which was frequently stationed at Woodstock. Now Arabella was witty and gay by nature and so genuinely without ambition that she only wanted to live a private life with the man

she loved; half the eligible men of the day proposed for her hand and she refused them one after another to the satisfaction of King James, who had made up his mind that she came too dangerously near the throne to marry at all. But when she hinted that she wished to marry one of his subjects, objections were raised at once. Descended as she was from Charles Stuart, Earl of Lenox, younger brother of the unfortunate Darnley and also from Margaret Tudor, sister to Henry VIII. and the Queen of France, any marriage was to be deprecated, as her children might some day become the centre of some political party and aspire to the throne; united to a man who had also some claim on his own account, she might easily become a dangerous element in the State. Whatever the necessity for caution, the fate of the beautiful Arabella was none the less tragic. After her secret marriage was discovered she was imprisoned, but succeeded in escaping in the dress of a man, and took ship, all being successfully accomplished. Whilst waiting for her husband to join her, however, she was captured herself, and sent back to the Tower where she died insane in 1615. Seymour himself, more fortunate, having missed his tryst, succeeded in chartering another ship and escaped to Holland. Did he ever think of the unhappy woman worrying and fretting away her reason and finally her life in the grim old fortress by the Thames, whilst he was free to roam the world at his will? He appears to have made hardly any

effort to obtain her freedom and he never returned to England until after her death.

To Hertford, the existing state of affairs must have seemed like a nightmare. He remembered the Court of James I. when the pleasure-loving Anne of Denmark had instituted gorgeous masques in which his fair-haired ladylove had appeared in the days of her favour; he may have remembered especially the last one which she graced just before the news of the marriage leaked out. The Queen had personated the Empress of Streams, the future Queen of Bohemia, the Thames, and the present King, then in reality 'Babie Charles' had appeared in a short satin tunic with a gauze aureole and wings; Arabella herself, in long draperies embroidered with 'maritime inventions,' had been a great centre of attraction. He remembered, too, the gay and yet decorous Court of Charles himself, in the days when that Court was considered the most brilliant in Europe. And now, all things seemed crumbling and the country, to all appearance, was on the verge of ruin. The general aspect of the once prosperous and happy England had completely changed. Landowners were ruined because tenants were unable to pay rent and even insisted on the landlords bearing the cost if the cattle were driven away by soldiers. Masses of people, who had not taken up the question at issue with any conviction or enthusiasm, lived in a state of terror of both armies, dreading both equally. Some contrived to live a more or

less normal life, entertaining their neighbours and following the hounds and making feasts to celebrate christenings and weddings; but over it all there hung a terrible uncertainty. The bride of to-day was the widow of to-morrow; the infant so lately christened might soon be left an orphan, or might perish in some chance attack of the house or village where it lay in its cradle. It is evident that Seymour, now a man of over fifty years old and one who had always preferred literature to soldiering, had no taste for warfare. Created Marquis of Hertford by the King in 1640 and appointed governor to the Prince of Wales, he had been made lieutenant-general of all the western parts of the kingdom, with power to levy men for the King's service, in 1642. He responded to these honours by devoting himself to the King's cause and by failing signally to assert his authority or to exercise his interest in those counties in which both should have been paramount. He was, however, more successful in Cornwall and Devonshire, where Maurice acted as his lieutenant-general and he had a share in the glories of Roundway Down and Lansdown. During the course of the campaign he had had a good many disagreements with the prince and Maurice appears to have handed on his grievances to Rupert, who immediately took his part. Whether or no this contributed to the difficulties at Bristol is a matter of conjecture, but it was probably at the bottom of Rupert's uncourteous behaviour.

The whole of the successful assault had been conducted by Rupert, the troops sent in by Lord Hertford not arriving until the day was won; he therefore considered it his right to dictate terms to the garrison without consulting Lord Hertford or mentioning his name. The oversight or the insult—whichever it was—rankled deeply in the mind of the elder man, who there and then appointed Sir Ralph Hopton governor of the town without consulting Rupert. This appointment he considered to be in his gift, owing to his position as lord-lieutenant of the west, but Rupert was too quick for him. He sent a messenger posthaste to Oxford to ask for the appointment for himself. The King naturally acceded to this demand and the situation became painful, especially for Sir Ralph Hopton, who was passionately attached to the Queen of Bohemia and her children. In the end, the King was forced to come himself and, by his diplomatic behaviour, put an end to an intolerable state of things. He created Sir Ralph Lord Hopton of Stratton and acceded to his own suggestion that he should be deputy-governor under Prince Rupert; and he insisted on Hertford's accompanying him back to Oxford, saying that he had need of his counsels, so that one more incompetent commander was removed from the army and peace once more descended on Bristol.

The King and his retinue went to church in state on Sunday, preceded by the dignitaries of the town in scarlet and the maces were carried before him

with all ceremony, bringing back to the mind the stately scenes of a happier period. Then the Prince of Wales's regiment was sent to garrison the city and to collect recruits from the Royalists already there, or from any of the Puritans who would change over. Rupert, who had never intended to bury himself in a garrison town, was soon on his way to more active service.

The most obvious course to pursue after so important a victory was to effect that junction of the Royalist armies which had so often been attempted. But the old difficulties arose owing to territorial questions and the King had hardly enough strength to attempt London. Cromwell and his cavalry, which he was striving hard to bring up to the level of Rupert's standard of efficiency, had taken Stamford and had stormed Burleigh House, into which the remaining Royalists had been driven. He had then gone on to Gainsborough to support Lord Willoughby, who had surprised and taken that town and had routed the Royalists under Cavendish in an engagement in which that commander had met his death. Although Newcastle had worsted them later and Gainsborough had again fallen to the Royalists, Cromwell's men had shown that they were capable of great things. On August 9, Lord Manchester was appointed to command the army of the Eastern Association for the Parliament.

The success at Bristol led to success elsewhere. Dorchester surrendered without firing a shot,

because the King's soldiers 'made nothing of running up walls twenty feet high.' Weymouth and Portland Island were the next to surrender and soon, excepting Pool and Lyme, the whole of Dorsetshire was possessed by the Royalists. As matters stood, it was perhaps as good a course as any other, although it has been severely criticised both then and since the event, to attack Gloucester, that most important city which still defied their arms. There was little doubt felt of the speedy reduction of the town, especially as the governor, Colonel Massy, who did in later times cross over to the Royalists, had declared that he would give it up if the King came in person to demand the surrender. But it was the same story over again as the attempt on Hull. Colonel Massy made one of those lightning changes which characterised events at this period and when the royal army was drawn up before the city, with the King himself and Rupert in command, the reply sent to the trumpeter despatched in their names was not encouraging. The two citizens that Clarendon has immortalised, those men with 'lean, pale, sharp and bad visages,' came out and declared that the governor intended to obey His Majesty's commands as expressed by both Houses of Parliament and would keep the city accordingly. Then they clapped on their caps and withdrew amid the ill-timed laughter of the Cavaliers.

The siege began on August 10 and continued during the rest of the month. Rupert was at

Oxford with the King part of the time, and was present when the six peers from Westminster appeared there. Three of them were Royalists, Lovelace, the charming singer, Portland and Conway; the other three were Holland, the turncoat endeavouring to come in with the high tide of success, Northumberland and Bedford, both of whom had taken the Parliamentary side. Rupert induced the King to see the latter, including Lord Holland; and the Queen, offended as she was with her late favourite, at last agreed to allow him an audience. But it was evident that nothing permanent would come of the reconciliation. The King would stand in the embrasure of the window in his rooms at Christchurch talking for half an hour at a time to the diplomatic traitor, who doubtless carried some useful information with him when he returned to the Puritans not long after. He would talk with him too in the Queen's Court at Merton College, where the society of Oxford assembled; but the breach was too great to be readily bridged over and Holland must have seen that he was treated with great coldness by the bulk of the courtiers.

The siege of Gloucester was still kept up, though the besiegers were heartily weary of their task. On Sunday, September 3, some wit in the Royalist army shot an arrow into the city with a paper on which it was written that the Puritans' god, Waller, had forsaken them, Essex had been beaten like a dog, and that they had better yield to the King's

mercy. Another arrow winged its way to the besiegers' outposts, bearing this spirited retort from those within :—

'Waller 's no god of ours, base rogues ye lie
Our god survives from all eternity ;
Though Essex beaten be, as you doe say
Rome's yoke we are resolved nere to obey :
But for our cabbages which ye have eaten
Be sure ere long ye shall be soundly beaten
Master we ask for none if we fall downe
King Charles will lose true subjects with the town,
So saith your best friend if you make timely use of him.
'NICHOLAS CUDGELL-YOU-WELL.'

The gallant burghers of Gloucester had not long to wait, for all the efforts of Parliament were now concentrated on their relief. Forced contributions were levied in the city, an army, largely composed of city levies, was hastily formed, the bells were rung in London to summon men to their duties, shops were closed, ministers thundered from the pulpits. On August 22, Essex reviewed eight thousand men on Hounslow Heath where he was joined by reinforcements, so that he was soon in command of fifteen thousand well equipped men. Marching on towards Gloucester he repulsed Wilmot's cavalry and sustained a fierce attack at Stow-in-the-Wold by Rupert, which the prince was unable to follow up owing to the small force which he had with him.

On September 5, when the Puritans' powder was reduced to three barrels, the besieging army rode

off before the advance of Essex, who marched into the city in triumph.

It was a bad moment for the royal forces marching in the rain up Painswick Hill to encamp in an old Roman entrenchment; it was a bitter moment for the King, who is reported to have sat down on a stone in a fit of deep depression. When asked by one of his sons when he was going home, he replied: 'I have no home to go to,' an answer which was indeed prophetic of the future.

Essex was now anxious to return to London, but all the roads were blocked. He moved towards Worcester and the King followed in pursuit; he drew back to Tewkesbury and then to Evesham. Having deceived the enemy by some cavalry manœuvres, he slipped out of his quarters and marched away hours before his flight was discovered. In the still early morning he surprised and took Cirencester and what was even more unfortunate, became possessed of a quantity of provisions which were stored there for the use of the King's troops. Having tied his prisoners together, he drove them before him and plodded on in the rain.

Meanwhile Rupert was in an agony of impatience. He had obtained news of the movements of Essex by means of his scouts and he knew the importance of barring his way to London, and preventing him from joining Waller's new levies. Having given notice of his design to the King, he ordered the horse to assemble on Broadway Down and waited there all night expecting an order from Charles to start

in pursuit. As the hours passed on, he grew desperate and, taking with him only one officer and a page, he rode across the enemy's line of march and at last arrived at the house where the King was spending the night. Through one of the windows he caught sight of a peaceful interior which must have made the blood rush up into his face as he stood there in the night, after his long wait and his hasty pursuit. The King was seated at a table playing piquet with Lord Percy, while Lord Forth stood by watching the game. The little scene was lit by ruddy firelight and by the paler light of a candle and the whole party looked tranquilly unconcerned. We can but imagine the change which came over their countenances when the indignant soldier poured forth his griefs, but we do know that both Percy and Forth objected to his hazardous undertaking and that the King only gave way when he persisted. Having at last got permission to proceed and having obtained a thousand musketeers under George Lisle to assist him, the prince returned to his men, still waiting patiently in the chilly night, and soon the whole party was pushing forward as quickly as the nature of the ground allowed. Night and day he rode after Essex, until he finally overtook him on Auburn Chase, where his well-known and equally well-feared trumpet-call fell suddenly on the ears of the unsuspecting soldiers. Victorious in the fight which followed, Rupert had the satisfaction of entering Newbury in the early dawn and of

driving out the Parliamentary quarter-masters, who were making preparations for their troops in the suburbs. He had also the satisfaction of seeing his hungry troops devour the food which the good wives of Newbury had sat up all night preparing for their adversaries. The Puritans took up their position in the open, with little shelter or food.

King Charles rode into the clothmakers' town on the Kennet early the same morning, having pushed forward with the foot to meet his nephew. He was clad in steel armour and followed by a glittering body of guards who still kept up some appearance of their former splendour. The townspeople were nearly all inimical, a strange fact when the early history of their town is considered. From earliest times the city had been loyal and the name of the self-made merchant-prince, Jack o' Newbury, was still a household word. This man had refused a knighthood because he preferred to be 'plain Jack' like his fellows, but was capable of arming and leading fifty of his own men in the King's service to Flodden Field; he had carpeted the streets with woven material from his own looms during the visit of Henry VIII. and Katherine of Aragon. Such loyalty was not to be found now amongst the clothmakers, and the involuntary hospitality which they extended to their King and his followers was of the most grudging nature. Newbury was a place of some strategical importance, as it covered the road leading by Reading to London, as well as the retreat to Oxford; hard by,

Donnington Castle reared its massive grey keep, in which were stores of arms and ammunition belonging to the King. The country round about was marshy near the bed of the river Kennet and moorland ground on the higher level of the commons which sloped southwards down to the En brook.

As the mists of early morning cleared away the Royalists could be seen drawn up in battle array on the Wash; the left wing and the centre were on the brow of the hill, the right wing on the low ground nearer the town. The Puritans had taken up their positions in the fields and on the common between the Kennet and the En brook, with Crockham Heath in their rear. Their right wing under Skippon lay along the Enborne valley to the Wash, their centre was on the raised plateau of common land, their left was towards Hamstead Park, where also were placed the baggage and the reserve of horse and foot.

The Royalist troops were dressed, as were also those of the enemy, in the colours of their leaders; troops of men in purple and red and grey and green could be seen on either side. The Royalist cavalry, conspicuous in scarlet, were mustered under the black and yellow banner bearing the Palatine arms; and a scarlet scarf seems to have been generally borne by all the King's troops to distinguish them from their adversaries. The King commanded in person, having Lord Forth as his general; Rupert commanded the cavalry

with Sir John Byron, Wilmot acting as his lieutenant-general. Sir Nicholas Byron 'ordered' the foot.

The first advantage of the day fell to the rebels, who captured a hill of some strategical importance which the Royalists spent much time and much useless blood in trying to regain. Very early in the day Falkland, who had carefully dressed himself in the morning, even putting on a clean shirt, which was a luxury indeed, deliberately courted death and found it in an obscure lane while leading on an attack at a moment when such an attack was suicidal. He had announced his intention of throwing away his life in the morning, being induced to this desperate course by his melancholy disapproval of the present state of affairs and his disability to see any possible light on the political horizon. Such a course would have been impossible to Rupert, even if his youthful activity of brain and body had not kept him on a different plane; the King and the cause had need of every man and no service could come amiss. He risked his life over and over again with never-failing boldness; but it was because such risk was part of the hazards of war which he shared with the meanest of his followers. To give in while there was yet hope was not possible to him and the time when hope was to flicker out and die was as yet far off.

It had been agreed that as it was clearly the part of Essex to attack in order to cut his way through

the King's army to London, so it was the proper course for the King to remain on the defensive. Rupert himself had approved this plan, but he was not capable of sufficient self-restraint to carry it out. As he watched Essex with the main body of the army forcing his way through the narrow lanes which led to the entrance of the Wash he resolved to make a dash on his right wing before it had time to deploy in the open. Further away to his left the open ground of Enborne Heath was very suitable for cavalry manœuvres and he gave the command to charge without further delay. But the London 'prentices were made of sterner stuff than had been anticipated. They withstood charge after charge of that cavalry whose record was one of untarnished success and whose reputation was so terrible in battle; they closed up their decimated ranks and re-formed time after time, finally retreating in good order. Skippon, who was second in command, must have felt satisfied with his 'brave boys' and also with his own admirable system of drill and discipline.

The battle raged all day with varying fortune; often disaster inspired to the accomplishment of unhoped for success, and success led to disaster, as when the Royalist cavalry repulsed Stapleton's 'lobsters,' all enclosed in armour as they were, and pouring after them in hot pursuit, were slaughtered in the lanes by the musketeers who lined the hedges. When night fell on the combatants the Puritans had gained some ground and

the Royalists had been greatly hampered by the want of ammunition, but nothing decisive had been achieved by either side. The King retreated into Newbury and the Puritans encamped on the heath. Both sides claimed the victory, as they had done at Edgehill; but whereas on that occasion the advantages were all on the Royalist side and the road to London was open to their army, so now the Puritans had the better claim as the King's army had retired and had left the line of retreat open to their forces. Essex lost no time in marching off to London, where he was received as a conquering hero; the London tradesmen, their mission accomplished, returned to their shops. It is true that Rupert, stung by his failure to sweep off the face of the earth these stubborn civilians and by a personal attack made on him by Stapleton, attacked the rear-guard fiercely in a lane near Aldermaston; but although he harassed Stapleton's 'lobsters' and killed a number of men in the contest, he was unable to delay the retreat. Newbury was one of the hardest fought battles of the war and it was one which gave a tremendous impetus to the Puritans' enthusiasm. For the first time a check had been suffered by Rupert's cavalry and, moreover, a new element had been introduced into the question. Hitherto it had been chiefly a contest of cavalry, as Cromwell had realised when he had started an attempt to organise the cavalry under his command to oppose that of the prince. Now it was seen that the splendid pluck and endurance

which had characterised the English archers at Poitiers was to be seen again in the infantry which was to muster under the Parliamentary banner. The great mass of the middle classes, the men who had built up the commerce of the city of London and the manufacturing towns of England, were nearly all on the Puritan side and they were going to show that they could use the sword as well as cast up a ledger, when the training so necessary to the art of war had been added to their natural courage.

Was Rupert ever tired? Or rather had he ever time to rest? He had been in the saddle most of the preceding night, and he had been fighting that strange battle in and out of hedgerows and twice right through the town—in at one end and out at the other—from six o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night. He had seen Sir Philip Stapleton ride coolly out of the Parliamentary ranks and fire a pistol in his face, a piece of dastardly spite which had been made impotent by the protection of the helmet he wore. He had personally conducted the attack on the retreating foe and he had been actively employed in seeing after the wounded. The order which is concerned with the care of the wounded of both armies is signed by the 'Bloody Prince'; and the Puritans themselves confessed to having plundered the dead before they left them to be buried by the Royalists or the townsfolk of Newbury.

Newbury remained in the hands of the Royalists

and a garrison was left there and at Donnington Castle, where Colonel Boys was in command. There was nothing more to be done there and Rupert accompanied the King and the remnants of the army back to Oxford. When he arrived at the Court he found the factions as busy as ever and must have noticed that his enemies seemed to have more power than they had had before, for his star was already paling, though very slightly —it would never shine with so steadfast a radiance again.

CHAPTER XI

'Thy friendship oft has made my heart to ache.
Do be my enemy—for friendship's sake.'

WILLIAM BLAKE.

IT was perhaps lucky for Rupert that he had not much spare time to spend in Oxford, for matters there were not very smooth and it often needed all the conciliatory powers of the Duke of Richmond, or the unfailing tact and common sense of Will Legge, to ward off an explosion.

The Queen was now very cold to him, being persuaded that he used his influence to undermine hers with the King; the King was surrounded by his enemies. His chief friend and adviser now was Lord Hertford, who had no cause to feel friendly towards the prince; his other councillors, Sir Edward Hyde, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Cottington and Sir John Culpepper, were always united to oppose him, although they also united to congratulate him on his many successes. Lord Digby had succeeded Lord Falkland as principal Secretary of State, while Lord Cottington had now the once coveted wand of Lord Treasurer; Lord Percy was Master of the Ordnance, Goring and Wilmot were always backwards and forwards and the fine web of their intrigues was being spun

about his feet even during their absence. These enmities were not always at fever height; they fluctuated to a curious extent. But in the end they always swung back to their original position, having perhaps a less disastrous effect when they were openly divergent than when some temporary disturbance amongst themselves united one or other of the cabal with Rupert himself. It was during some such 'wheel within a wheel' of events, that a cavalier wrote from Oxford to Ireland these lines in cipher: 'Prince Rupert is not that gallant man we took him for; you may judge it by Percy's being his chief favourite in the world. All our comrades are highly discontented.' The agreement between the two was certainly not of long duration, but it serves to show that Rupert's critics existed on both sides and that any favour shown by him was bound to be resented.

During the autumn and winter his chief anxieties were concerned with procuring money and men to carry on the following campaign. The former task was difficult enough, now that Parliament monopolised the sources of revenue and had succeeded in imposing heavier taxes on the people than they had ever borne before; the latter began to be a serious problem. Raw recruits were being levied perpetually and, as soon as they began to be of some use, they were more often than not left dead or maimed on the field of battle. Those who perished were generally the bravest and best, those who did not flinch in the hour of danger.

The task set before Rupert was rather like the one which was given to the too-active familiar of Michael Scott, who, in endeavouring to spin ropes of sand by the bar of Berwick harbour, undertook an employment which is said to have lasted to the present day.

The situation had not changed very materially since the beginning of the war, though the Royalists had gained many victories and had largely increased the area over which they had control. The army of the north was still isolated and the danger from Scotland was now beginning to be felt acutely; the army of the west was still successful, though ravaged by the 'new disease' of influenza, from which Maurice had suffered very severely; the bulk of the cavalry and a large force of infantry were posted in Oxford and in the cordon of fortified places in that district. London was still in the possession of the enemy. The Eastern Association, the associated group of counties on the east coast and those which marched with them, and the South-Eastern Association, comprising Kent, Sussex and Hampshire, were the chief strongholds of the Puritans, although they had possessions in the north and the midlands and had secured nearly all the important seaports in the country.

There were many negotiations set on foot during the autumn and winter of 1643 and many messengers, often bearing torn and blood-stained letters, came to Oxford from all parts of the United Kingdom. That kingdom had now two capitals,

Oxford and London. In the latter, the House of Commons, or a portion of what was once the House of Commons, held sway, the 'House of Three Lords,' as the small remains of the Upper House was called by the Royalists, being a purely negligible quantity; in the former, the Ante-Parliament, or the Antic Parliament as the Puritans nicknamed it, tried to negotiate loans and to transact business, under the supervision of the King and his council. The Antic Parliament, which denied the legitimacy of its rival at Westminster, even went so far as to transmit a petition for peace, signed by the Prince of Wales and Rupert, as well as by the Members of the House, to the House of Commons in London; but nothing came of it and perhaps it was not very seriously intended.

The truth was that although the King and the Parliament could have come to an arrangement as far as politics went, it was literally impossible to do so on the question of religion. The Anglican Church stood in a peculiar position, menaced by both Rome and Calvinism; the Calvinists and the Puritans generally identified her cause with that of Rome because they found it to be a useful party cry; the Romans identified her with the fanatical reformers because any deviation from their tenets was treated as rank heresy. The Anglicans themselves disliked and distrusted both parties, but they were far nearer to Rome than to Calvin, except in their political doctrine. And religion

and politics became ever more and more inextricably connected with each other, confusing the issue of events and, in many cases, leaving it uncertain if a man were martyred in one cause or the other.

The great characteristic which the inhabitants of Great Britain shared, races so dissimilar to each other in many respects, was one of liberty of thought and individuality in religion. When Augustine came at the close of the sixth century, he found the Celtic Church retaining her peculiar tenets on certain points and even after the domineering Wilfrid had brought her into line with Rome, there were other differences of ritual in the Catholic Church which he was unable to quench. The different 'uses' which obtained in various parts of England and Gaul were tolerated for a long time, the 'use of Sarum' being, perhaps, the best known in later days; the real uniformity of the essential doctrine persisted through these individual variations. It was when William the Norman came to England that a flood of foreign prelates began to take all their disputes and difficulties to Rome and Rome began to exercise a preponderant influence over English Catholicism. Little by little the yoke began to be heavily felt, the supremacy of the Pope insisted on more strongly, foreign influence on the politics of the country became more hard to be borne. The interference of the Papal See in internal affairs had been felt and resented long before Henry VIII. threw off the yoke

and when Henry accomplished that deed he had no intention of leaving the Catholic Church, but merely of freeing the English Catholic Church from the supremacy of Rome. His intentions were made manifest by the line he took when he burnt Luther's books in St. Paul's Churchyard and declaimed against all those who disbelieved in the Real Presence.

It was in vain that Henry VIII. with all his immoderate passions in private life, strove to bring a moderate change into the tenets and ritual of the Catholic Church. The Reformed Church on the Continent had come in with the high tide of the New Learning, which brought with it a wave of freedom and fresh air into the secluded cloisters of the old faith; the fanatical and iconoclastic fury which characterised the movement had been provoked by the fires of the Inquisition and the long suffering of oppressed minorities. Henry and Elizabeth both strove to keep these influences from the Anglican Church, but, during the reign of Edward VI., the Protector Somerset opened the door to every reforming blast which blew from Germany and Switzerland; the bloody reign of the persecuting Mary sent the clergy, Anglican and Puritan alike, to join the persecuted sects abroad and they returned with redoubled zeal after her death. James and Charles both aspired to keep the Church as it had been at first intended and, no doubt, if it had not been for their efforts the ecclesiastics would have been unable to withstand foreign

interference; the Anglican Church would have broken up into a multitude of sects and a large number of the nation would have reverted to Roman Catholicism.

It will be seen that the jealousies between Puritan and Cavalier had been in existence for many years before Charles began his momentous reign and that they were bound to break out some time or other; it will be conceded also, that merely political differences could never have kept the country aflame after Charles had promised almost all the concessions demanded of him. Toleration was as intolerable to the Puritans as it was to most other people in an age when religion was part of the life of a nation. They knew that Calvinism would be tolerated if they made peace with the King, but that it would never sweep away the service of the English Church. And what they wanted was to annihilate the English Church as they wanted to annihilate the Church of Rome. Their fanaticism, which was also their strength, had been born in adversity and nurtured on the intolerance of Laud, who understood the sturdy spirit of his countrymen as little as did the emissaries of Rome.

The upholders of Puritanism had every reason to make the ignorant believe that the national church was identical with that of Rome, because they could then prove conclusively that to belong to that community meant to sympathise with all the efforts made to subdue the country by foreign

powers. The Spaniard and the Italian fomenting discord in Roman Catholic Ireland, the Frenchman carrying on endless intrigues in Presbyterian Scotland, were as surely trying to undermine the prosperity of the country as those who were implicated in the endless schemes to replace Elizabeth on the throne by Mary of Scots, or to subdue England by means of the great Armada. The cry of treason was one which came very naturally on the heels of the accusation of belonging to the Church of Rome; it was exploited to the full both by the earnest Calvinists and by the Independents who merely used it as a political propaganda. Where it came in most usefully was in the question of a recruiting ground. It was lawful and indeed admirable to call the Scots over the border to fight the English, because the godly were united in crushing the limbs of Satan; it was horrible to think of the papistical Irish being allowed to enter into the question at all and it was even invidious for the Cavaliers to be assisted by the English troops who had been stationed in Ireland. These men were spoken of in all the Puritan literature of the day as Irish Papists until they deserted in great numbers and went over to the Parliamentary side, when they at once became godly men. To such a pitch did this ill-feeling arrive that Essex hanged thirteen Irish in cold blood as rebels and was indignant with Rupert, who retaliated by hanging thirteen Puritans in the same manner.

Charles was, as usual, placed between two stools.

His Lord-Lieutenant in Ireland, Lord Ormond, succeeded after long negotiations in arranging for a year's cessation of hostilities with the confederated Catholics of Ireland; the troops which were set free by this peace were many of them united in heart to the Puritans, whilst the army which he could have raised amongst the loyal Roman Catholics, who had taken up arms under Lord Inchiquin, would have ruined his cause if he had employed them in his service.

All these religious animosities were exploited to the full by the Puritan press, 'Will you overthrow a kingdom where Jesus Christ doth and will rayne?' cries one journalist; 'will you pull down Christ from the throne and set up Anti-Christ? Your will shall be your woe, Christ will rayne and crush you all in pieces.' This amiable and Christian sentiment, whether propounded by an earnest Calvinist or by a paid agitator, no doubt had its effect on the multitude and made the detestation of the 'Malignants' and the 'Atheists' even more bitter. We even find the great and pure genius of Milton stooping to unworthy abuse in a manner which proved that he who could snatch us up to the gates of Heaven and sink with us into those translucent waters where Sabrina and her nymphs were braiding their hair with pearls, who could rise up into noble fury when the liberty of the press was threatened by the new despots and give us the resounding prose of the Areopagitica, had no sense of humour to temper his disapproval. He

warns men not to backslide into the 'Jewish beggary of old cast rudiments,' or to 'stumble into paganism of sensual idolatry,' he protests, without a smile, against the 'gold and gewgaws fetched from Aaron's old wardrobe.' And so the war of words was waged, side by side with the war of cold steel and men began to be more bitterly hostile than ever; through all the years of the Rebellion the abuse of the press and the bad weather seem to act the part of a Greek chorus to the events, great and small, which succeeded each other. And Rupert, who suffered from both of these evils, went his way without repining at either of them, except in rare moments of depression or annoyance. It is possible that the grumblers of the day have exaggerated the account of the weather, but it is noteworthy that hardly any engagement took place without some mention of abnormal cold or pitiless rain. The winter of 1643-4 was peculiarly severe and Rupert lost four hundred men in a retreat from an unsuccessful attempt on Aylesbury on January 21. He had started in a hard frost and the thaw had set in as he returned, rendering rivers and marshy places absolutely insecure.

On January 24, 1644, the prince was created Duke of Cumberland, probably with a view to having a seat in the Parliament; he was also made captain-general of the counties of Chester, Lancashire, Worcester, Shropshire and the six northern counties of Wales, with powers to levy troops and

taxes. He established his headquarters at Shrewsbury and carried on the business of recruiting with great energy. In the intervals he visited all the fortresses under his charge and repaired to Oxford to assist at those councils which generally succeeded in irritating him. How well he knew it all and how each individual rose before his mental vision whenever the idea suggested itself! The King himself, with his ideal, almost unearthly countenance and the hesitation in his speech, which seemed to indicate a corresponding hesitation in his resolution; the Duke of Richmond, earnest and conciliatory, Lord Hertford with his ugly clean-shaven face, Sir Edward Hyde with his double chin, Lord Cottington with his gouty foot and Sir John Culpepper with his gusty temper, all longing to find fault with the younger generation. And the younger generation, which was at variance within itself, was no more conducive to pleasant reflections than was the elder. The flattering and honied words of the beautiful Digby, with his mouth like a cupid's bow and his clear cold eyes, brought back many a hidden sting, as did the pretended devotion of the sarcastic Percy and the shifty Goring and the conceited Wilmot. His true friends were soldiers like himself, more occupied in active duties than in Cabinet councils and they were not often to be found in Oxford. Those whom he did meet were his old friend Endymion Porter, who was always in hiding on account of his religion which was now avowed, and a new ally, Sir Harry

Bard, with whom he struck up a great friendship.

If any tenderer memory linked him to the ancient city, it was probably to be found in the Queen's Court in Merton College where the sympathetic Duchess of Richmond loved to hear his stories of the difficulties he encountered and of the victories which he won. She and her sister-in-law, Lady d'Aubigny, whose husband had died at Edgehill, were indefatigable in the cause and went on various occasions to London, where they attempted to concert measures with the Royalists. Oxford was then the centre of all the different negotiations which were in process of being carried on and the most varied types of messengers could be seen in her streets. There were Commissioners from the Parliament and from the Scots, as well as messengers from Montrose and the loyalists; there were men bearing despatches from Ormond, and also from the confederate Catholics in Ireland; there were letter-carriers from France, from the Pope, from Holland, from Spain. To all these innumerable despatches the King gave his personal attention, showing that his business capacity and his power of dealing with detail were unimpaired. What was wanting was that grasp of the situation, as a whole, without which the best laid plans miscarried. The Irish demanded a National Parliament and the free exercise of their religion as a price for military assistance; the Scots insisted on imposing their peculiar form of worship on all

the world and on tolerating no one outside the pale of the Presbytery. It was impossible to effect a compromise and yet it was always a compromise which the King had in view. It was evident at this time that the greatest difficulty lay in arriving at any possible arrangement with the Scots; the trend of public opinion in England was now intolerant enough, but it paled into insignificance when it was compared to that on the other side of the Border. John Knox, the apostle of Scotland, had brought back from the fair city within sight of the snows of Mont Blanc, not only the iconoclastic design to break down the altars of Baal, but the true reformer's desire to build up a new hierarchy. The Church of Scotland, governed by presbyters who were both lay and cleric, had hard and fast rules and regulations and minutiæ of doctrine, which were as adamant to all innovation. Reared within these narrow precincts the Presbyterians of that date were even then bargaining, not only with Charles, but actually with their brother reformers, to impose their own doctrines wholesale on England as a price of their arms. These doctrines, so easily assimilated by the austere followers of John Knox, included, amongst others, those which maintained that a man was born to good or evil, predestined to rise or fall. No pity was felt for those who fell, because it chimed in with the great idea of Predestination; no desire was felt for mercy by a people who averred that they were predestined to a certain end. The enthusiasm which

this relentless creed excited in the minds of the Scots came to a head when the nation united to take the solemn League and Covenant, which set forth their doctrines and fulminated at all others. Men took this oath in thousands, some with tears of enthusiasm rolling down their cheeks; the more militant carried a copy of it in their pockets and forced the unwilling to subscribe to it at the sword's point. In September 1643, England agreed to take the Covenant as a price for military assistance from the Scots and, in so doing, abolished Episcopacy with one blow. The various religious sects received the new order of things unwillingly and the Independents, who had no liking for any form of priests and wished to abolish Church government of all sorts, were only forced to accept it when the reports of the King's arrangements with the Irish made them dread a great accession of strength to his side. At the last moment, clever Sir Harry Vane inserted a vague clause which enabled even disapproving Cromwell to subscribe to the letter of the new Covenant and yet to elude its spirit.

On January 19, the van of the Scottish army crossed the Border, the English Parliament having sent fifty thousand pounds towards defraying expenses. Lord Newcastle was now caught in a trap between the Scots and the army of the Eastern Association and his letters to Rupert became more and more complimentary and pressing: 'Noe man breathing ever had more obligations to any than

I have to your Highness,' he writes on one occasion; on another, he signs himself 'your Highness' most pationat creature.'

Rupert's correspondence alone was enough to take up any ordinary man's time, even with the aid of a secretary. All the letters which he received wanted immediate answers, most of them wanted immediate help. The messengers who came and who, more often than not, waited to take back the answer, bore neatly written missives from Digby or long-winded discourses from Secretary Nicholas on affairs of State; they brought brief, soldier-like letters from men like Will Vavasour, Will Legge, or Lord Byron, often complaining of want of food, of boots, of clothes, of insubordination amongst the troops, of grievances which ought to be righted at once. He received many pages covered with the straggling pot-hooks of Lord Jermyn and the scrawling characters so characteristic of Lord Goring; he had petitions and complaints and begging letters from all parts of the country, to all of which he appears to have returned answers to the best of his ability.

The new year brought certain changes to the outlook of affairs. Amongst other events, Pym had breathed his last, leaving the coast clear for the new military party which was continually gaining in strength; on the other side of the Channel, the death of Louis XIII. and the elevation of Anne of Austria to the regency gave hope of substantial help from that quarter.

The plan of campaign for the year 1644 differed from that of the preceding year in that London was no more the objective. Oxford was to be the central position in which the King was to remain on the defensive, preserving the cordon of fortresses with which it was connected. Rupert was to move northwards to the relief of Lathom House, where Lady Derby was then besieged, and to go on to Yorkshire where Lord Newcastle was, whilst the armies of Waller and Essex were to be held in subjection by the King, and the army of the west was to continue its work in that region. But before Rupert could accomplish either of the tasks set before him he was ordered by the King to proceed to the relief of Newark, which was besieged by the combined forces of Willoughby and Meldrum. On March 13, the prince set out on his journey, collecting men from the garrisons as he passed by and arriving in the neighbourhood on March 20. He was on horseback at two o'clock on the following morning and rode off at the head of his troops, picking his way by the light of the moon. At eight o'clock he was on Beacon Hill with his advanced guard, having swept round Newark and taken up his position without being discovered by the enemy. He had also had the satisfaction of intercepting a letter from Meldrum to Fairfax, in which he declared that he did not believe in the reported advance of the prince.

The town of Newark occupied an important strategical position on the great north road; it lay

back from the Trent, but an arm of the river ran by the town reflecting the massive strength and beauty of the castle which hung over its waters. Nottingham had long since gone over to Parliament and was governed by Colonel Hutchinson; the rivalry which had always existed between the two cities situated on the same river, had been intensified by their having adopted opposite sides in the war. The Cavaliers in Newark had often attempted to get the better of the Puritans in Nottingham who had, on their side, not been idle; the fall of Newark would mean not only an interruption of the line of communication to the north, but the subjugation of the whole counties of Lincoln and Nottinghamshire.

Rupert's movements were swift and sure. He had managed to send a letter to the governor of Newark advising him to beat the drums in the early morning, a hint which the governor took in the sense intended. When the prince and his men swept up to Newark, where they found the enemy quite unprepared, the garrison sallied forth and joined in the battle.

Sir John Meldrum, a most incompetent commander, had abandoned most of the siege works and had concentrated his forces round the shell of a house called the Spittle, which had been made a ruin in the siege of 1643. In the position he occupied it was easy for Rupert, once he had swept away the cavalry which was posted at the foot of the hill, to hedge him in and cut off his

retreat. Rupert's attack was swift and conclusive and the enemy lost a great number of slain, while Meldrum was forced to capitulate and to give up all his arms and ammunition. It was indeed a victory 'beyond imaginable success,' as the King said in his congratulatory letter, and if Rupert could have followed it up it should have had very marked consequences. He might have been able to march to the north in time to prevent the junction of the Scots army with that of Fairfax and the struggle for supremacy might have had a different ending. But luck was against him as usual. He was forced to give back his borrowed men to the royal garrisons and to return to Wales to collect new levies and to Oxford to take part in new consultations.

The effect which this victory—one which even Hyde called 'a victory as prodigious as any which happened throughout the war'—should have had, was frustrated by this inability to follow it up and the defeat of Hopton at Cheriton struck a gloomy note in the midst of the triumph. Newcastle was dismayed when he heard the news of the victor's retreat: 'Could your Highness march this way,' he wrote, 'it would, I hope, put a final end to our troubles.' Even more pressing was the summons to go to the relief of Lathom House, which was only defended by Lady Derby and her handful of retainers.

Rupert could not, however, make bricks without straw, so he returned to recruit his army; whilst

doing so he was perpetually harassed by messengers from Oxford, who not only brought him requests from the King to attend Cabinet meetings or to send two thousand of his hardly made levies to the relief of Worcester, but private and confidential letters from probably well-meaning busybodies informing him of all the things which were being said of him behind his back. The most offensive of these were in connection with his supposed ambition.

The Elector had given real cause for alarm to both sides. He had written servile letters to the Parliamentarians approving of their conduct and soliciting a continuation of his allowance; he had even come over to Whitehall and had taken the solemn League and Covenant unasked. The party headed by Vane, which had almost certainly some plot in connection with the King's nephew, was so much annoyed at his untimely arrival that he was asked quite plainly to take himself off. The Elector remained where he was, acting his part with such conviction that all men were talking of his pretensions. At Oxford, it was reported that he was to receive some great appointment and to remain in London, where his mother would soon join him. It was probably an inspiration of Digby's which transferred the evident designs of the elder brother to his loyal junior, as we find him, even after the relief of Newark, an occasion when the Royalists should have united to uphold his authority, saying openly that Rupert's success

was as much to be dreaded as that of the Parliament. In this assertion he was backed by the inner circle of Rupert's enemies, Percy, Culpepper and Wilmot; Goring for the moment being away. They affected a great dread of Rupert's victories and their consequences, even whilst congratulating him on his latest.

Such double-dealing was not to Rupert's taste. He denounced the traitors to the King and declared that, unless they were all removed from his council, he would throw up his commission and retire to France. After ten days spent in discussing this point and others of less personal nature, Rupert at length took his leave and returned to his preparations. He left Arthur Trevor behind him in Oxford to look after his affairs.

Arthur Trevor seems to have deserved his trust in the main, but he was a loquacious individual, whose pen was too much that of a ready writer. The witty phrases and the apt little stories in his letters are mingled with remarks about his 'new master' which were not always discreet, especially when addressed to Lord Ormond, who had some rivalry with the prince on account of their joint pretensions in Wales. But one point must be conceded to him at once, he saw through the worthless Dan O'Neill, who was Digby's 'speciall deare and intimate friend,' a man who passed frequently from Dublin to Oxford and who never failed to sow seeds of discord. 'Take heed of Daniel O'Neile in secrets, as of 166, which stands

for the beast in all authentic cyphers,' he remarks in one of those postscripts which adorn the letters of the day, and Lord Ormond, who at the same time was receiving formal letters from Digby, with confidential postscripts in cypher as to Rupert's demerits and O'Neill's capability to tell him things which he dared not write, must have deduced his own conclusions.

We learn from Arthur Trevor that the prince is 'mightily in love with the Irish,' we know that he wrote to the associated gentlemen at Kilkenny asking for arms and ammunition. Arthur Trevor tells us also that the Queen is working to help the prince and that the prince depends solely on the Queen and Lord Jermyn for procuring anything that he wants. Another phrase of his shows us the workings of political life in Oxford in a nutshell: 'I find Prince Rupert nor all the numbers of arithmeticke have any efficacy, but are cyphers, without lord Jermine.' Lord Jermyn ruled the Queen, who ruled the King, and Rupert was lucky in that the powerful favourite was friendly to him and had overcome the irritation caused by the lies which Goring had not scrupled to tell his royal mistress a few months ago.

During the ten days which Rupert spent at Oxford, he had impressed on the King the desirability of holding that city and the adjacent fortified towns and of standing on the defensive until he had struck a blow in the north which might prove decisive. He had also effected at least one act of

private vengeance, when he deprived O'Neill of his company, on account of the statements which Lord Taafe reported him to have made in Ireland concerning the prince's 'amours' with the Duchess of Richmond. These assertions were not repudiated by O'Neill, who merely complained of Taafe's behaviour in repeating them; Rupert's rage can easily be imagined. Looking all round he must have seen how many were unfriendly to him, how many were only waiting for him to make one slip, in order to close upon him. Trevor's concluding remarks on the subject, in a letter to Lord Ormond, leave us even more strongly in this impression. After fearing that his 'new master' will go to Holland, he remarks: 'I perceive the tyde's strong against him and that nothing will bring him to port but that wind which is called *contra gentes*.'

CHAPTER XII

'Wouldst hear the tale?—On Marston heath
Met, front to front, the ranks of death;
Flourished the trumpets fierce, and now
Fired was each eye and flushed each brow;
On either side loud clamours ring,
"God and the Cause!"—"God and the King!"
Right English all, they rush'd to blows,
With nought to win and all to lose.'

ROKEBY.

RUPERT left Shrewsbury on May 16, being at last free to return to that active service which suited him so much better than diplomatic tangles. From the very first fate smiled on him and his efforts were crowned with success. He forced the enemy to raise the siege of Lathom House, just when the garrison was brought so low that it could hardly have held out much longer; he defeated the besieging force with great slaughter and laid at the feet of the gallant Lady Derby no less than twenty-two standards taken in battle. That lady, who was a cousin of his own, being a descendant of the princes of Orange, had behaved with great heroism during the siege. She had defended the great old fortress-castle with its nine strong towers, a castle which was capable of containing three kings with their retinues, according to the old song, with but

a handful of soldiers and the domestic servants, male and female, whom she had pressed into the service. At a moment of extreme peril, when she was threatened by a powerful army and had little hope of mercy if the fortress were stormed, she had made her historic reply to Colonel Digby's summons to surrender, assuring the 'insolent rebel' that she would hang up his trumpeter at the gates if he ventured to send her another message. A great wave of enthusiasm swept the country when this brave woman and her little garrison were set free and Lord Derby's tenants, to a man, flocked to the standard of the victorious Rupert. Towns and villages were decorated in his honour as he passed through; the streets of Wigan were carpeted with flowers. Victor at Stockport, at Bolton and at Liverpool, the tide of success was running strongly in his favour and the incense of adulation, which he received from civilians and soldiers alike, must have been like balm to his spirit, wounded with the ignoble suspicions to which he had been subjected at Oxford.

But he had not completely succeeded in leaving Oxford behind him; the King's messengers still brought him letters wherever he was and one of them arrested him in his design of completing his conquest of Lancashire and bringing his troops up to the requisite strength before proceeding to York. This fateful letter, the importance of which can hardly be overestimated, ran as follows:—

'NEPHEW,

'First, I must congratulate with you for your good successes, assuring you that the things themselves are no more welcome to me than that you are the means. . . . But now I must give the true state of my affairs, which if their condition be such as enforced me to give you more peremptory commands than I would willingly do, you must not take it ill. If York be lost, I shall esteem my crown little less; unless supported by your sudden march to me; and a miraculous conquest in the south before the effects of their northern power can be found here. But if York be relieved and you beat the rebels' army of both kingdoms, which are before it, then (but otherwise not) I may possibly make a shift upon the defensive to spin out time until you come to assist me. Therefore I command and adjure you, by the duty and affection which I know you bear me, that, all new enterprises laid aside, you immediately march according to your first intentions, with all your force to the relief of York. But if that be either lost or have freed themselves from the besiegers, or that, from want of powder, you cannot undertake that work, that you immediately march with your whole strength directly to Worcester to assist me and my army, without which, or your having relieved York by beating the Scots, all the successes you can afterwards have must infallibly be useless unto me. You may believe that nothing but an extreme necessity could make me write this unto you; therefore, in this case, I can no ways doubt of your punctual compliance with.—Your loving and most faithful friend,

'CHARLES R.'

When Rupert knew that the King had been lured by Digby and Wilmot to act against the preconcerted plan of remaining on the defensive, that he had already left Oxford very badly defended, had lost Abingdon and Reading and was in a very bad case himself, it must have dashed the pleasure

that he had felt in his own continued success and it certainly increased his anxiety for the future. The King's letter had been written on the lines suggested by Digby and Wilmot and without the knowledge of his other advisers. When Sir John Culpepper heard of it, he exclaimed to the King: 'Before God you are undone, for, upon this peremptory order, he will fight whatever comes on 't.' But it was too late for caution. The letter had been sent and whether it was dictated by a spirit of desperation, Charles having narrowly escaped capture at Woodstock just before he wrote, or whether it was actually a plot laid by Digby to compass the prince's ruin, is not very clear. The effect was none the less marked. Leaving Manchester, which he had intended to attack, in the hands of the enemy, he moved hastily away in response to the King's urgent commands.

Affairs were truly in a desperate state in the north. Newcastle had been shut up in York ever since April 18; he was reported to have six thousand foot and five thousand horse in his garrison and to be at the last extremity as to food. The Scots had effected a junction with the Fairfaxes and the three generals, with their united armies, were besieging the town.

There were, however, various reasons why delay was more conducive to ultimate success than swift action. The besieging armies were in an unfriendly country where they found it impossible to procure enough food for their troops, who were 'grim with

hunger.' The summer was a very hot one—it is a relief to get away for once from the rain which had acted as an accompanying symphony to most of the military operations—but the very heat brought with it many drawbacks. The wells were dried up, the rivers were shrunk; thirst added to hunger made up the sum of the besiegers' privations.

Amongst the men of the united armies there was a great deal of friction; Englishman and Scot had fought too many desperate battles, had been engaged in too many border forays and family feuds to settle down into fellowship very readily, especially when the usual religious difficulty was added. The English feared that the Scots had ultimate aims of becoming the supreme masters in the United Kingdom; the Scots mistrusted the zeal of the English in the matter of the Covenant. But the difference between them cut deeper yet in a matter of vital importance. When Sir Harry Vane, the younger, came on a secret mission to the commanders before York, he did not meet with the success he had anticipated. He laid before them the advisability of deposing the King. Puritans and Independents alike were willing to accede to a suggestion which was natural enough, considering the duration of the war and the bitterness of party feeling; but the Scots sternly declined to harbour the idea. The Stuarts had reigned over Scotland for over two hundred years and, although they were capable of taking up arms against their Sovereign,

they had not yet arrived at wishing to compass his death or degradation.

This failure of Vane's mission, owing to the obstinacy of the Scots, is supposed to lie at the root of Cromwell's hatred of that nation. There is no doubt that his mind was even then firmly fixed on the supreme power, although he was working his way so quietly and methodically to the top of his profession that many people had not penetrated his mask. Those who were associated with him, but who were not of his party, had found him out long ago and his habit of taking all the credit for himself—even though he never omitted to share it with his Creator—was beginning to open the eyes of many people. He was slowly but surely becoming the man of the day, the man of destiny, to whom all eyes were beginning to turn. He had deliberately set himself to rival Rupert and it was in Cromwell that Rupert's interest was centred when the battle drew near. It was not Skippon, the walking drill-book, the excellent drill-master and organiser, who claimed his first thoughts; it was not the Fairfaxes, fine soldiers both, though the son was head and shoulders over his father; it was Oliver Cromwell, the civilian, the stern, self-righteous mystic, whom he longed to encounter.

Oliver Cromwell had already set his mark on the Parliamentary army. He had turned his attention chiefly to cavalry, because that was the weak point of the Puritans and the strong point of the Royalists. Whilst imitating the precepts of the great Gustavus,

as he understood them through the standard attained by Rupert and through the maxims of Skippon and others who had served under him, he showed no sign of original genius and was content to follow where others led. Studying the good and the evil, the success and the failure, of the system adopted by Rupert, he put his finger on the weak point and strove to prevent its appearance amongst his own men. This weak point was, of course, that want of discipline and that licence to plunder which characterised the cavalry. The latter had always been claimed as a right on the Continent and was one which was considered well-earned by the horsemen on account of their bearing the brunt of the first attack on the enemy, but it was Cromwell's care to suppress any such idea. He began to enforce discipline and to punish lapses from this discipline with some severity; the movement was extremely politic as well as very good for the *morale* of the army, for the plundered villagers naturally detested the aggressors and it was eminently useful to conciliate those who might, at any moment, become allies instead of enemies. The man who had made his mark in the House of Commons by speaking with studied disregard of the flowers of speech, began the same sledge-hammer methods with the soldiers. It was all the same to him whether he used one medium or another; the method was the same. He affected an outward demeanour which was aggressively downright and which hid the more subtle play of

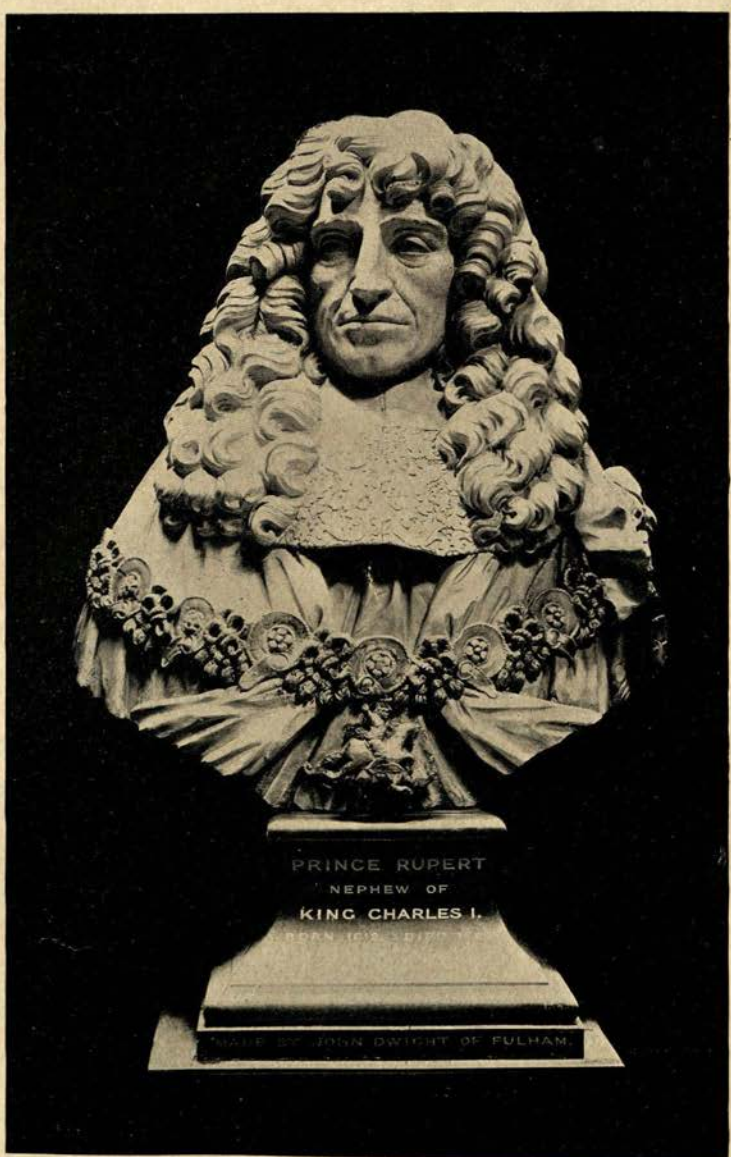
his intellect from the unwary. And with it all, he had such a strange compelling way with him that men were forced to obey him, even against their will. The soldiers began to adore him, their rough enthusiasm, always verging on fanaticism, was kindled to fever pitch by his own; besides the genuine enthusiasm, it was observed by the Puritans that his own party had determined to push him at all hazards, that he had been chosen, or had forced them to choose him, as the figure-head of the war party.

The man himself, mean and even rather repulsive in appearance, was rather an awe-inspiring person; he had that strong control over himself which helps so much to foster a control over others and he had a very distinct claim to sanctity. The night before a battle, when he needed to husband all his forces of mind and body for the following day, he almost invariably spent in prayer. Was he really beating the throne of heaven with supplications, or was he entering into that curious state between consciousness and trance, known only to the mystic? History is naturally silent on such a point and we can but conjecture on the obscure sources of Cromwell's inspirations; the reality of his ambitious dream has been proved beyond denial.

When the news of Rupert's successes reached London, Parliament sent in great tribulation to the combined armies, begging the commanders to move southwards to intercept his march. To this demand the generals paid no attention, being

determined to await him in the neighbourhood of York, so as to secure that city if Newcastle were not able to hold out until he came. An intercepted letter from the besieged general to the prince had told them that he had only provisions for six days longer, which determined them to wait on events.

Rupert did not let the grass grow under his feet once he had set about any business. He marched off over the hills into Yorkshire, where he was joined by Goring with his troops; by a series of masterly manœuvres he was at Knaresborough on June 30, from whence he avoided the Puritan forces which had raised the siege of York and had started out towards that town in order to prevent his joining with Newcastle. In order to effect this, he made a circuit round by Boroughbridge, crossed the Swale at Thornton Bridge, where he defeated a body of the enemy which was posted to protect a bridge of boats and halted outside York that evening. 'Prince Rupert hath done a glorious piece of work,' wrote a Parliamentary officer a little later; 'from nothing he had gathered, without money, a powerful army and, in spite of our three generals, had made us leave York.' It was a fine piece of work no doubt, and the hearty congratulations which were showered on the prince were certainly well deserved. The man whom he had relieved in the nick of time was not behindhand in his expressions of gratitude. He wrote to him that he was welcome in so many ways 'beyonde my arethmetick to number'; he hailed him as



PRINCE RUPERT.
British Museum.

the redeemer of the north and the saviour of the crown.'

Rupert encamped outside York that night and ordered Newcastle and Eythin to meet him in the morning. The meeting was hardly so cordial as it should have been. Rupert had not seen Eythin since the disastrous day of Vlotho and he did not think that he had improved much in the interval; he had no particular quarrel with Newcastle, except that he was no soldier and not likely to be of any practical assistance in the combat. The conversation which passed between them was characteristic of both.

'My lord,' said Rupert, 'I hope we shall have a glorious day.'

Newcastle was confounded. In his opinion the relief of York was the main objective of Rupert's march to the north and it was most unwise to risk a battle after this first success. He told the prince that he had certain information that the dissensions in the enemy's camp were so pronounced that, if they were left to themselves, the combined armies would soon melt away. But Rupert stuck to his guns.

'Nothing venture, nothing have,' he said good-humouredly.

When both Newcastle and Eythin persisted in recommending inaction, he lost his temper and told them that he had a letter from the King with peremptory orders to fight. To this argument the two generals had nothing to say and it was

agreed that Rupert should move off his men to Marston Moor to meet the Puritan forces which were now encamped there, whilst the released garrison of York should follow as soon as possible.

All that morning and the best part of the afternoon, Rupert's army was assembling on the great open spaces of Marston Moor, a wild moorland tract of land stretching between York and Knaresborough. Rupert's men were on the field long before those of Newcastle, it being much easier to order the men to muster for battle after their long confinement than it was to carry the order into execution.

As the afternoon wore on the prince began to get uneasy, for it was impossible to attack the Parliamentarians without the assistance of the northern army; even when joined together the Royalists numbered less than their adversaries. He was, according to his custom, impatient for the battle to begin and he interviewed some Puritan soldiers who had been captured by his own men whilst he awaited the arrival of Newcastle.

'Is Cromwell there?' he asked, 'and will they fight?'

On receiving an affirmative answer he sent one of these men back to the enemy with a message to the lieutenant-general that he should have as much fighting as he liked.

'If it please God, so shall he,' said Cromwell when he received this boyish ebullition.

The two armies faced each other all through that

hot afternoon. The Puritans were posted amongst the rough ground and on the fields of red-gold rye, just ready for the sickle, which lay on the summit and slopes of a long low hill between Tockwith and Marston, overlooking the open ground where the Royalists were drawn up in battle array. Between the two armies stretched a long deep ditch or drain and Rupert had stationed his advanced guard right up to its banks. Lord Leven commanded the centre of the allied forces, which was composed of the Scottish infantry; the Fairfaxes, father and son, were on the right wing with the cavalry; Manchester and Cromwell 'ordered' the left wing, composed of the Eastern Association army. Behind both wings were reserves of Scottish cavalry under David Leslie.

Rupert's own men were placed with a view to immediate action, but as the day wore on he began to have misgivings. Lord Eythin came up about four o'clock in command of Newcastle's 'lambs'; he surveyed the scene with displeasure and gave his opinion that the prince had placed his men too near the enemy. Rupert, probably seeing that there would be no battle that day, said that he might move them further back.

Eythin replied briefly that it was too late. When the prince showed him a few notes which he had jotted down to outline the plan of attack the elder man broke out: 'By God Sir! it is very fine in the paper, but there is no such thing in the field.'

At five o'clock Newcastle arrived, by which time Rupert had given up all thoughts of a battle that day. 'We will charge them in the morning,' he said. In the opposite camp there was no sign of activity and the Cavaliers began to think of rest.

The Royalists had performed their evening devotions and had listened to the sermons of the chaplains; the Puritans had sung psalms standing up amongst the red-gold rye. Both sides appeared to be about to take a night's rest.

At seven o'clock Rupert dismounted and went to the rear to get some supper, a meal which we hope he shared with the faithful Boye, for it was the last that they were destined to have together. At the same hour Lord Newcastle lighted his pipe and retired to his coach, where he intended passing the night. If only Rupert had placed sufficient scouts to observe the enemy, or if the men he trusted to perform this duty had done their work, they might have observed a movement running through the ripe corn, like a breeze passing over the land. But the outpost duty was obviously neglected and its failure is the sharpest criticism which can be made on the prince's dispositions for the battle. The Puritans rose up and flung themselves on their horses; the scene which followed is indescribable, for it was one of terrible, incomprehensible confusion.

Hearing the sound of a thundering charge of the horses of the enemy leaping the ditch and pounding down on the surprised Cavaliers, Lord

Newcastle hastily left his coach and, not knowing what to do, fought as a volunteer amongst any men he could collect, whilst Rupert, dashing up with his own regiment, threw himself on Cromwell's horse.

The fight was lost before it was begun. The Cavaliers were accustomed to the advantage of being the aggressors, of making a swift and sudden attack upon the enemy; taken at a disadvantage, fighting in confusion, friend and foe mixed up together in desperate confusion, they were at a loss. But when Rupert's battle-cry, 'For God and the King,' rang in their ears, they rallied round him and charged manfully at Cromwell's horsemen, sweeping them back in a manner which recalled the glories of past contests. The cavalry of the Eastern Association broke and fled, Cromwell was wounded in the neck, and either left the field or retired to the rear; for a moment the prospect brightened. Then the Scots cavalry under Leslie, which had been in reserve, charged the victorious Cavaliers and swept them backwards, breaking them completely and putting them to flight, for the first time in their history. It was a rout beyond the power of Rupert's bugle call, beyond the power of his cry, 'For God and the King,' to retrieve; it was a headlong, precipitous flight. Deserted by his men, finding the whole current of the battle against him, Rupert, too, turned and fled.

Who can, at this hour, unravel the tangled

skein of the battle of Marston Moor? All we know is that in the teeth of the worst thunderstorm that had been seen for many a long day, eighteen thousand Cavaliers were beaten by twenty-seven or eight thousand Parliamentarians. The sky became dark, the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled in sudden rivalry to the sound of the slow-firing guns, the long evening gradually melted into night and the moon appeared in a sky which had again become tranquil, to look down on a scene of horrible carnage. In the short time during which the battle lasted, the fortune of war had changed more than once and it has been held up as a curious fact that the three victorious generals, Fairfax, Cromwell and Leven, had all fled from the field as vanquished men. In the centre, the Scots had been beaten by the 'lambs,' and had escaped from the field of action, bearing news which went like wild-fire to Oxford and caused the bonfires to be lit to celebrate another victory. In the right wing, Sir Thomas Fairfax had been defeated by Goring, who charged with magnificent courage and whose men swept all before them. Unfortunately they got out of hand and went off in search of booty; when they returned they had to face the victorious enemy retiring from the pursuit of Rupert's squadrons and they were cut to pieces. The battle had swung completely round.

When darkness fell, the Puritans were victorious all along the line and the Royalists were either dead, wounded, or dispersed. Newcastle's white-

coats, who had sworn to dye their uniforms in blood, had perished almost to a man; other regiments had suffered in a lesser degree. Quite late at night Rupert rode into York, having taken refuge in a bean field and made his way there unattended.

The next morning he interviewed Newcastle and Eythin, who both declared their intention of leaving that day for the Continent. In vain Rupert argued that much remained to be done; they persisted in their design. When Newcastle was asked why he pursued such a course, all the reply that could be dragged from him was that he was afraid of the ridicule of the Court. Unable to alter his determination, Rupert collected about six thousand men, all that he could get together in the time, and went back the way he had come, having secured his line of retreat by his recent victories.

CHAPTER XIII

'Oh! where was Rupert in that hour
Of danger, toil, and strife?
It would have been to all brave men
Worth a hundred years of life
To have seen that black and gloomy force,
As it poured down in line,
Met midway by the royal horse
And Rupert of the Rhine.'

The Old Cavalier.

Of all the corpses which were found stretched on the sodden plain of Marston Moor, none gave much greater satisfaction to the Puritans than that of the poor little four-legged Cavalier. He had been usually tied up in a secure place when a battle was being fought, but in the sudden alarm there was no time to think of such a detail and he evidently followed Rupert when he dashed into the fight. The press, taking up its usual rôle of chorus in the interval between the great events of the war, was almost as much occupied with the death of Boye as with the defeat of his master. The pamphlet entitled *A Dog's Elegy, or Rupert's Tears*, has a title-page on which is a design showing the 'Valiant Souldier, skilled in necromancy,' who compassed his end, firing at him with the musket in its rest at a distance of about two feet from the victim; the poodle himself, lying on his back, is surrounded

by a regular hail of cannon balls. The lines set forth the crimes of this canine hero and conclude with these luminous words:—

'Now Prince of Robbers, Duke of Plunderland,
This dog's great master, hath received command
To kill, burn, steale, ravish, nay, anything
And in the end to make himself a King.'

Of the battle itself, the most various accounts circulated. The Independents gave all the credit to Cromwell; the Scots and others inimical to him on the Parliamentary side, said that he never appeared in the battle after the first charge in which he was beaten by Rupert. Cromwell himself, writing to his brother-in-law, says that 'the few Scots in the rear' came in rather usefully: 'Give glory, all the glory—to God.' He was not particularly anxious to share it with his valiant allies and it is hardly to be wondered at that the Scots took offence and tried to minimise his own actions. In a contemporary Scottish poem we read an account of the battle in which, after remarking that:—

'These Romish butchers fled,
Gorg'd with atheisme; their bastard blood they shed
Like Jezebel, on ground, and there was left
For dogs to glut on.'

We are also informed 'The heavens and Scots gayned both one victorie,' which was all due to the prowess of their leader, 'a lamb at home, a lion in the field.' The *Scottish Dove* cannot resist

having a fling at the Royalist journal: 'Now I would aske Aulicus,' we read in the issue of July 20, 'if he will yet give his disciples leave to believe that Prince Rupert was beaten, or whether he will have them still ring the bells and make bonefires for his victory. And you malignants, unbelievers, atheists and enemies to God, tell me whether you have not been abused and deluded by Aulicus his Pen, as the poore countries have and are by the Array-man's power?'

The three armies separated after the battle; Leven with the Scots went to besiege Newcastle, the Fairfaxes with the Yorkshire levies moved off to Pontefract and Scarborough, while the forces of Manchester and Cromwell returned to the eastern counties. York surrendered about a fortnight after the battle. It was when affairs were in this condition that Waller wrote his letter to Parliament complaining of the inconveniences of the territorial system, a letter which resulted in the New Model army which was to add new laurels to Cromwell's fame.

Rupert lost no time in obeying the injunctions he had received from Charles before the battle. He had followed them to the letter as far as he had been able, though with a very different result from the one he had anticipated; he was now making the best of his way back to the King with all the troops he could collect and all the new levies he could induce to follow his standard. His reputation as a commander was still high, a fact evident not only

by the King's confidence in him but by the tone adopted by others. We read of him as one who had had a 'shrewd bange,' but who was 'recruiting gloriously' and who was as active as ever in his uncle's service. The King, on his part, had not been idle; he had performed some of the finest actions of his career as a soldier. After his first disasters, the luck seemed to have turned. He had scored a victory at Cropredy Bridge on June 29, and he had then marched towards the west and had had the satisfaction of seeing there his latest born child, a girl, whom the Queen had left behind, under the charge of Lady Dalkeith, before her flight to France. He then followed up Essex, who had been unable to prevent the Queen's escape, and, whilst awaiting further developments, put an end to Wilmot's career by disgracing him in the sight of the whole army. The disgrace was evidently brought about by Goring, Digby and Rupert conspiring together against him, but it is equally evident that he had been negotiating on his own account with Essex and that his idea was to depose the King and to proclaim the Prince of Wales. He was sent off to France with a present of five hundred pounds from the King, so that, although his public disgrace was great, in reality the King's displeasure was only skin deep. Digby, who had engineered the whole scheme, wishing not only to suppress an enemy, but to ward off a blow which Wilmot had intended to deal him, was jubilant. The disgrace of the General of the Horse made a

change in the existing state of military appointments, especially as the deaf old Lord Forth, now Earl of Brentford, was relieved from his command about the same time. The day after Wilmot's arrest, Goring appeared with letters from Rupert, desiring that the vacant post might be given to the bearer. As he had distinguished himself in the battle of Marston Moor, it was but natural that this request should be granted.

The King now continued his successful manœuvres and, having broken Waller's army, he managed to catch that of Essex in a trap; had not Goring allowed it to escape when he was indulging in a drinking bout, the success would have been even more complete. As it was, the King followed him up and came up with him again; Essex himself escaped to sea, but Skippon had to make what terms he could for the remainder of his forces.

The King and his nephews met on September 30, at Lord Paulet's house in Somersetshire; after giving an account of the affairs in the north Rupert went up to Bristol, from whence he was to march into Gloucestershire with two thousand northern horse under Sir Marmaduke Langdale and two thousand foot under Colonel Gerrard; hoping by this means to divide the forces of the enemy and to effect a junction with the King.

He arrived in Bristol early in October and set himself to his usual work of recruiting men and trying to arrange the affairs of the garrison. That he had other and more agreeable moments appears

from the gossiping letters of Arthur Trevor, who bemoans that 'Prince Rupert is soe much given to his ease and pleasures that every man is dishartned that sees it.' The truth was that Bristol was crammed with refugees who sought security within its entrenchments; amongst these there was a great number of ladies. Of any definite attachment we have no account and the prince was not the man to put his own concerns before his duty. However that may be, we must note that the rumour persisted and that Trevor, who had not himself fought any arduous campaign, was the first to object to Rupert's interval of rest. Indeed, criticism was a commodity which was never denied to him. He was too rough, too much of a soldier, too little of a courtier, he was awkward with women, he affected their society too much—the litany of his faults and failings was unending. When he was reconciled to Digby after Wilmot's disgrace, he was accused of 'playing the courtier' and, after having been abused for his too great courage and his too warlike spirit during the past compaigns, he was even accused of cowardice because he advocated peace after the cause was practically lost. Passing from the heights of glory to the depths of criticism, Rupert kept his singleness of purpose and his devotion to the work he had in hand; but it is easy to see that he was beginning to despair of ultimate success.

When he had parted from the King on October 3, he had received a promise that there should be no

engagement until he could rejoin his uncle with sufficient forces to make a stand against the enemy. This course was naturally not approved by Goring and Digby, who wished the King to strike a blow during Rupert's absence; the critical state in which some of the garrisons were, was a sufficient excuse for such a change of plans. When Rupert received a letter from the King, dated October 11, which stated that he was marching towards Salisbury with a view to relieving the garrisons of Basing, Banbury and Donnington Castle, Rupert had not a sufficient force to join him. He was receiving letters, too, from Oxford, where the Duke of York was, praying him to come to protect that city in which there were still numbers of Court ladies and non-combatants who were in considerable danger. He appears to have gone on steadily building up his broken regiments, while the King, with his half-armed and often bare-foot army of five thousand five hundred foot and four thousand horse met the Parliamentary forces at Newbury. If he had stayed quietly at Oxford and had gone into winter quarters there, he might yet have staved off the evil hour; but, with Goring and Digby to press their advice, he was hurried on to destruction. The combined armies of the Parliament, those of Waller and the Eastern Association, consisted of eleven thousand foot and eight thousand horse and dragoons; Lord Manchester was in command, Cromwell was General of the Horse. Although Waller's men were ill-paid and

not too well clothed, those of the Eastern Association were in excellent condition. It was but a very small force that Rupert could get together at Bristol, but he marched off to the King's assistance directly he heard that a battle was impending; he met his uncle at Bath, exhausted by a fifty mile ride and disheartened by the result of the unfortunate second battle of Newbury. The Roundheads were almost as much disgusted as the King, because he had escaped during the night, without their finding out his intention and Maurice had succeeded in conducting the army back to Oxford without loss, while Donnington Castle still held out against them.

When the King and his nephew returned to Oxford they found that Basing House and Banbury had been relieved; they soon after succeeded in drawing out of Donnington Castle some ammunition which was stored there and offered battle to the Roundheads who were still encamped before Newbury. The battle was declined and they returned to Oxford feeling that all was not yet lost.

On Wednesday, November 6, 1644, Rupert was proclaimed general on Bullingham Green, near Oxford, in the presence of all the troops, he having desired that the supreme command should be vested in the young Prince of Wales, then not quite fifteen years old. The command was, of course, nominal, but it pleased the King, who was trying to 'unboy' his son and who was giving him a council of his own and a separate establishment; it also

did good in bringing his name prominently forward and in showing the world that Rupert was fighting, not only for his uncle, but for his successor.

The winter of 1644-5 was a momentous one in the annals of the Parliamentary army. It saw the fierce attack on Manchester which Cromwell delivered in the House, the passing, after much opposition, of the self-denying ordinance and the re-organisation of the old army under the name of the New Model. The self-denying ordinance precluded members of either House from having commands in the army, although an exception was afterwards made in the case of Cromwell; from that moment the army became a profession to which men must devote themselves, not an occupation for their leisure hours. The necessity for a standing army had become very evident; the necessity of that army being provided with clothing and regular pay was also undeniable. The counties were therefore taxed by Parliament to provide for their wants and the King's chancellor, Sir Edward Hyde, saw with amazement the vast sums levied from the people under pretence of a free government.

Sir Thomas Fairfax commanded the New Model, the post of lieutenant-general being left open for Cromwell; to Skippon was given the arduous task of re-forming regiments, disbanding some, increasing others and of generally inculcating discipline into the new organisation.

In some respects he had a much easier task than

Rupert had had at the beginning of the war. The raw recruits of those days had learnt a good deal during the past years; they understood that a soldier had to conform to discipline, a fact which it was almost impossible to teach a couple of years ago, when it was no uncommon thing for a sentry to go to bed because it seemed irksome to keep watch. All that spring Skippon was drilling his men in Windsor Park, where the horsemen and pikemen accomplished their evolutions and were watched by the townspeople and the boys who were still receiving some sort of education at Eton College. He had gained the confidence of the men ever since he had begun his disagreeable task by addressing them as 'gentlemen and fellow soldiers all'; he had kept the regiments of Essex and Waller from mutiny when they were incorporated with the New Model after their commanders had been forced to resign. The new type of soldier was a far finer fellow than the old militiaman, who was reported to have preferred drink to drill and to have sacrificed more willingly to Bacchus than to Mars.

The Royalists' plan of campaign for 1645 was not so clearly defined as it had been in former years. The enemy's force was increasing, their own was sadly diminished; the outlook was not cheering. It was a hard question to decide whether to move north, hoping to relieve Chester and Pontefract and to attack the Scots, or to remain on the defensive, or to oppose Fairfax and the New Model, now moving off to relieve Taunton.

The question was further complicated for Rupert by an outbreak of hostility on the part of Goring, who asked for an independent command, which he finally obtained. In the end, he was sent with three thousand men, who could ill be spared, to the west, while the King and Rupert started for the north. Hawkesly House in Worcestershire was taken on May 14, the siege of Chester was raised when it was known that Rupert was coming; a faint reflex of former glories shone upon the prince. He scored a victory against Massy at Ledbury, Leicester was taken on May 31, and, but for the anxiety felt for the safety of Oxford, then besieged by Fairfax, the march north would have been continued. As it was, the army rested near Daventry and Fairfax raised the siege of Oxford and started in pursuit, with the avowed intention of fighting whenever he found the King.

On June 13, the King slept at the Hall near Harborough and is said to have had a strangely vivid dream in which Strafford warned him not to fight; Rupert slept at Harborough, with a troop of his guards on the look out at Naseby. Their idea of keeping watch was still elementary, for they were surprised at supper by a body of Ireton's troopers and a scrimmage took place, in which they were worsted. One of the men rode off to give the alarm to the King, afterwards proceeding to Rupert's quarters to call a council of war.

Rupert counselled a retreat, knowing that the enemy's numbers must far exceed their own and

also that delay was a gain to the Royalists who were expecting reinforcements. The King, notwithstanding his vision, was persuaded by Digby and Ashburnham, to offer battle. He had just received a despatch from the victorious Montrose, who had begun the series of brilliant manœuvres which has made his name famous and his spirits had risen to the occasion.

At daybreak the scout-master was sent out to reconnoitre, but returned with the news that there was no sign of the enemy. Rupert then went out himself and soon saw a body of troops on the brow of a low hill near the town of Naseby. Thinking that the enemy was retreating, he sent a message to the rest of the army to join him and prepared to start in pursuit.

The Royalists' army had been drawn up in battle array on the spur of the hill towards Great Osendon, at the beginning of the high undulating country which lies to the south of Market Harborough. The Roundhead army was just ascending the ridge of land on which Naseby is placed when it was sighted by Rupert; the Roundheads were in column of route, while the Royalists were in line of battle and both armies lay across the road which led from Naseby to Harborough. Rupert was now confronted by an awkward problem. He was commanded to fight and, if he returned to the army, it was problematical whether the enemy would turn round and attack the strong position which it now occupied. On the other hand, if he

started in pursuit he had to follow the enemy up into the hills. He determined to make a *détour* and see if he could come up with them on more favourable terms. Meanwhile the Roundheads, at Cromwell's suggestion, had retreated further up the plateau and, when the Royalists began to muster on Dust Hill, they marched back over the brow of the ridge and vanished from sight. Their intention was merely to form their dispositions for battle out of sight of the adversary, but Rupert thought that they were actually retreating and gave the signal to attack. The Puritan army was fourteen thousand strong, while the King had only seven thousand five hundred men in all; given the advantage of the ground, it was not hard to forecast the victory. Sir Thomas Fairfax was the general of the New Model army; Skippon commanded the infantry; Cromwell, as lieutenant-general, commanded the right wing of cavalry; Ireton, who had been appointed commissary-general that very morning, led the horse on the left wing. A thousand dragoons were placed behind Sulby hedge.

The King's infantry was commanded by Astley, Rupert and Maurice were on the right wing of cavalry, Sir Marmaduke Langdale was with the Newark horse and the Yorkshire levies on the left. The battle cry on the King's side was 'Queen Mary'; on the Roundheads, 'God our Strength.'

It was a fine sight to see the Royalists advance down into the plain of Broadmoor and charge up

the slopes of the opposite hill, dashing past all obstacles and passing through the galling fire of the concealed dragoons. Rupert's men had almost gained the top of the hill before they encountered Ireton's cavalry and then, in spite of being outnumbered and of having the slope of the ground against them, they charged with such fire that they broke and routed the whole wing. Starting after in hot pursuit, Rupert and his troops pursued the flying enemy as far as the baggage wagons near Naseby and summoned the rear-guard which defended them to surrender. Finding that he would encounter a stern resistance in that quarter, he hurried back to the battle to find, as at Edgehill, that the field had been lost during his absence.

There had been a hard fight among the infantry, the four thousand Royalists making a gallant stand against nearly double their number. It was touch and go which should get the victory. If it had not been that Cromwell was able to take part of his cavalry, leaving the rest to account for the Royalists' left wing of cavalry, already broken by the first charge, and with these horsemen to ride down the infantry, the issue of the battle might yet have been different. As it was, the overpowering numbers of the Puritans, aided by the excellent dispositions of their commanders and by the recklessness of the Royalists' attack, decided the event of the day. All that Rupert could see was the fag end of the struggle; everywhere men were being ridden down or were throwing down their arms and

demanding quarter. The King, who had led up regiments himself, time after time, to the attack, had been drawn out of the battle by Lord Carnwath, who realised that he was going to meet his death. Rupert found him about a quarter of a mile from the scene of action and together they watched the Puritan army re-form into line of battle and make ready for another attack. With the handful of cavalry that remained, such an action was impossible and, putting spurs to their tired horses, they galloped off to Leicester.

It was then that the New Model army, which had behaved so gallantly, even considering the advantages which it had possessed, disgraced its name for ever in the annals of Christian warfare. Over a hundred women were butchered in cold blood, under the pretence that they were 'rebels' and 'Irish queans'; in such a way did this famous army celebrate the first victory that was vouchsafed to its valour.

CHAPTER XIV

'I believe it has always been understood that the defenders of a fortress stormed have no claim to quarter; and the practice which prevailed during the last century of surrendering a fortress when a breach was opened in the body of the place, and the counter-scarp had been blown in, was founded on this understanding.'

WELLINGTON TO CANNING, *Feb.* 3, 1820.

ON June 18, Leicester fell and on the following day the victory of Naseby was celebrated in London with great pomp, over three thousand prisoners being led through the streets in triumph.

The Royalist cause was looking very hopeless and Rupert, for one, although he worked as hard as ever to supply the King with new levies, had evidently quite lost heart. The King himself was by turns despondent and hopeful and he, too, worked indefatigably to prepare for a new effort. Whether he was at Hereford, at Raglan, or at Cardiff, he was concentrating his whole energies on the military situation. The plan of compaign was necessarily restricted by circumstances, but there were two courses open to him. One was to attempt to move up north in order to join Montrose; the other was to unite his remaining forces with the army which was commanded by Goring in the west. It is true that a third prospect opened to him in the proposed flight to Ireland, when he might put

himself at the head of his loyal subjects in that country, but there were many objections to such a course. Lord Ormond was trying even then to make a real peace with the confederated Catholics, instead of the Cessation, but the old religious difficulties arose on every side. Lord Glamorgan was in Ireland, endeavouring to exert his influence to arrange matters, but as his idea was to make a great Roman Catholic league, in which all countries could join, and to replace the King on his throne by means of foreign interference, his efforts were predestined to failure.

Of the two other courses open to the King, that of joining Goring seemed to be the least risky and the most hopeful; but by the time he had made up his mind to march to the west, and had arranged to pass by Bristol to Bridgewater, that town had fallen and Goring had been severely beaten by the Puritans. Ever since he had had his independent command, Goring had passed on from bad to worse. Advice was wasted on him and his reputation was already so bad that he cared nothing what men thought of him. We find even Digby trying to pull him up before it was too late. 'I have nothing to add, but to conjure you to beware of debauches,' he had written from Oxford, 'there fly hither reports of the liberty you give yourself, much to your disadvantage.' But Goring continued on his way, not only indulging in excesses but encouraging his men in indiscipline and brutality. The army was loathed in the west and the King's cause

suffered much by its behaviour. Goring was, also, so completely his own master, that he disregarded the letter sent him by Rupert, after his conference with the Prince of Wales, requiring him to co-operate with Grenville at the siege of Taunton; instead of carrying out the prince's desires he went off to the waters of Bath, declaring that his health did not permit him to engage in active service. Whether the cure improved his temper or routed his enemy the gout, we cannot say, but before long he returned to his duty. It would have been better for the Royalists if he had continued to neglect it by the waters of Bath, for, after that episode, he launched forth into that disastrous series of engagements which did so much to ruin his party. He tricked the clubsmen of Somersetshire, who had risen to defend their property against either side, but who were, at least, inclined to the Royalist cause; out of prospective allies he made active foes. He was out-manœuvred and out-witted by the Parliamentarians and the series of his defeats from the raising of the siege of Taunton to the loss of Bridgewater had a serious influence on the issue of the war.

It was evidently decided by Digby and others of Rupert's enemies that the prince was to be kept apart from his uncle at all costs. The King was not to be allowed to make his headquarters at Bristol and no summons was to be sent to Rupert to join the royal standard, wherever it was set up. That Rupert was in daily expectation of such a

summons we know from his letters, and the bitterness of his disappointment bore fruit both then and afterwards. He had an interview with the King, it is true, an interview which was characterised by complete harmony and the relations of the two were cordial and affectionate. 'You do well to wonder why Prince Rupert is not with the King,' Rupert wrote to Legge; 'but when you know Lord Digby's intentions to ruin him, you will not then find it strange.'

The intention to ruin the prince is partly explained in the correspondence of the day; it took the form of laying the whole blame of the defeat of Naseby on his shoulders, although his own part in the action had been successful. Another slander which was steadily gaining ground was one which relegated him to the 'peace-at-any-price' party, because he said, now that there was no army to fight with, a treaty with Parliament was the only policy. It was the first charge, that of having fought against the advice of Astley at Naseby, that drew from Legge a letter to Digby in his master's defence, which enables us to understand, in a flash, all that this loyal and stout-hearted friend stood for to Rupert in this time of storm and stress. He accuses the principal Secretary of State of having spread abroad lying reports of the battle which had been uttered by a worthless servant. He then says roundly: 'You did both say and do things to his prejudice, contrary to your professions, not in an open and direct line, but obscurely and obliquely.'

He protests against the accusation brought against Rupert that he was not sufficiently careful of the King's person during the action; that was the business of the King's attendants and not of one 'who had the care and arrangement of an army in his head on a day of battle.' His concluding words are these: 'And assure yourself you are not free from great blame towards Prince Rupert and no man will give you this free language at a cheaper rate than myself, though many discourse of it.'

Another circumstance of which Rupert complained was the difficulty he had in obtaining reliable news of the King's movements. An occasional note from the Duke of Richmond seems to be all he had during a period of some weeks. If he had not information at first hand he had rumours and reports in great variety. After hearing that the King was really going north, he wrote to Richmond expressing his opinion on the subject. 'His Majesty hath no other way,' he wrote, 'to preserve his posterity, kingdom and nobility but by treaty. I believe it to be a more prudent way to retain something than to lose all.'

This letter the duke showed to Charles, but it had little effect on him. He acknowledged that, humanly speaking, he was beaten, but he intended to resist to the last for the sake of that Church for which he intended to sacrifice his life, if it were necessary.

Whilst still endeavouring to keep the field he appears to have had always before him the path

which he was to tread to martyrdom. If his faithful subjects were to be killed to the last man in a hopeless cause, at any rate they were to suffer for the great principles which he had sworn to uphold. The divergence of views between the ideal and the actual leader of the Royalist army is evident enough. Rupert had spent himself in his endeavours to prop up the throne; when he realised the impossibility of prevailing he wanted to spare the remnant that remained from the horrors of hopeless war. Charles would have sacrificed them all to his ideal, though he would not sacrifice one of them to save himself. A letter which he wrote on August 24, shows the high level of his intentions. 'Let my conditions be never so low,' he wrote, 'my successes never so ill, I resolve, by the grace of God, never to yield up this Church to the government of Papists, Presbyterians, or Independents, nor to injure my successors by lessening the crown of that military power which my predecessors left me, nor forsake my friends, much less to let them suffer, when I do not, for their faithfulness to me.'

It was hard to know what to do for the best. Charles had yielded as much as he could do in the treaty of Uxbridge, the terms of which had been rejected by the Parliament. He had been forced to look on Scotland as the pivot on which his future turned, both on account of the splendid series of victories achieved by Montrose and of the advances made to him by some of the discontented commanders of the Scottish army; but the difficulty

of getting to Scotland through hostile England was not to be treated lightly. In England, he saw nothing but defeat and the prospects of raising a new army grew less hopeful. Even Wales was becoming tired of sending her sons to almost certain death; though Monmouthshire offered him the whole adult male population, other counties showed a disposition to keep their men to guard their own land. There were still some important fortresses standing out for the King, of which Bristol was the chief; and in the strength of Bristol's fortifications and in the fame of Rupert's reputation, the last hopes of the Royalists rested. No one, not even Digby, doubted, that if Bristol were besieged, the indomitable Rupert would save the town and fortress from the hands of the enemy.

But Rupert had lost heart and his common sense told him that resistance was now useless and would only prolong the agony. Writing to Richmond, he says: 'One comfort will be left; we shall all fall together. When this is, remember I have done my duty.'

On the very same day that he wrote this letter, on July 28, 1645, he wrote to Legge that all was well in Bristol: 'We were never in better condition than now. All our officers are paid and billeted in the town,' he wrote; but, although cheerful about the state of the town, he was obviously worried about the larger issue of affairs. The King changes his plans without telling him, he complains, 'He did send me no commands; and,

to say truth, my humour is to do no man service against his will. They say he is gone northward. I have had no answers to ten letters I wrote, but from the Duke of Richmond.' A letter came at last from Charles, dated Cardiff, August 4, 1645, a most kind and affectionate letter, evidently written with the intention of dissipating the cloud which was hanging over Rupert. In it there is no word of his plans, but the prince is referred to the bearer, Jack Ashburnham, for all the news. He has still no idea of summoning his general to take command of what forces he can get together, but looks forward to a long separation. The letter concludes with these words:—

'And now, because it is possible that it will be a long time before I see you, I earnestly desire you to have an implicit faith in my friendship and affection to you, for I assure you I hold myself interested equally to protect you as one of my children; so that you shall share largely with me, if ever it shall please God to send happy days unto your loving oncle and most faithful friend, CHARLES R.'

We do not know what Rupert and Jack Ashburnham said to each other in their interview; but there is little probability that it was satisfactory. Ashburnham was loyally devoted to the King, but he was also a creature of Digby's. After his departure Rupert settled down again to the routine of providing for his garrison and strengthening his long lines of fortifications, varied by night expeditions, during which he endeavoured to disperse the meetings of the clubmen who were now unfriendly,

or to annex any recruits who would join his standard. On August 21, Fairfax and Cromwell sat down before Bristol.

The state of affairs was not too encouraging. The garrison, which amounted on paper to three thousand men, could only muster something over one thousand to man the fortifications which extended to a length of four miles. Ammunition was scarce considering the number of guns to be supplied, even though Rupert had caused quantities of lead to be melted into bullets in anticipation of the siege. In the city plague was rife and the number of soldiers who lay sick or dying, added to the large number of residents and refugees who were non-combatants, increased the difficulties of the situation. Rupert thought that he could hold the fortress for four months and, if he had had to consider Bristol merely in the light of a military stronghold, no doubt he could have held the castle long after the fortifications had fallen. But he had to consider the fate of the refugees, most of them people of consideration who had already lost most or all of their possessions in the King's cause; he had to consider the helpless 'ladies of quality,' who would most certainly have shared the fate of those unfortunate ones who were afterwards in the sack of Basing House. He could not decide to hold out to the last minute and to defend Bristol to the last drop of his blood, without pushing matters to an extremity and without dragging a quantity of unwilling victims in his train. Had he consulted

his own advantage, it would have led him to a stubborn resistance which would have compelled the admiration of friend and foe alike; he would have come out of such a resistance a hero indeed. If he had escaped death he might have gone beyond the seas, and he could have rested on his laurels to the end of his days.

It is curious to reflect that the surrender of Bristol, which created such a wave of horror and surprise, of consternation and despair, was practically decided on by a council of war at the beginning of the siege. The whole question was thrashed out during this meeting, even to the question of Rupert's retiring into the castle for a last stand if the fortifications were stormed, and a course of action was decided on by the prince and the other commanding officers assembled. It was considered probable that, although one attack could be withstood and that the enemy might then be discouraged, a second attack would inevitably prevail in the present state of the fortifications, even though these had been strengthened by Rupert who had built a new fort of some importance. In the event of the enemy getting inside the outworks and threatening the town, the only course was to obtain the best conditions possible and to capitulate. To preserve the citadel and leave the town to the mercy of the besiegers was not an idea which could be entertained. Another suggestion of Rupert's that he should attempt with his cavalry to cut through the enemy, was also put aside.

During the short siege, Rupert was as active as usual. He commanded several sorties and succeeded in harassing the enemy; in one of these sallies his old friend Sir Richard Crane was killed, which was a real grief to him both then and afterwards.

When not engaged in this manner he was ceaselessly active in other matters. He erected works outside Temple gate and raised a battery in the marsh beyond; he began some works hard by Laffan's gate, which were destined never to be finished. On September 3, Sir Thomas Fairfax sent a summons, which was characterised by the moderate terms in which it was drawn and by the knowledge of human nature which it displayed. He began by saying that he was going to speak in a manner which was not common and that he should not have spoken thus, 'but in respect to such a person and to such a place. I take into consideration your royal birth and relation to the Crown of England, your honour, courage, and the virtue of your person and the strength of that place which you may think yourself bound and able to maintain.' He then proceeded to entreat him to save 'this so great, so famous and ancient a city and so full of people, and not expose it to ruin and the extremity of war.'

To this message Rupert replied by asking for leave to send an express to the King to know his pleasure; a request which Fairfax refused. Rupert then strove to spin out the time by long

negotiations; perhaps he hoped against hope that the siege might be raised, though his reason must have told him that this was impossible. Fairfax, perceiving his idea, now determined to storm the town and on September 10, at two o'clock A.M., he began the attack. The places selected were Stokescroft gate, where the new Welsh levies and the volunteers from the town were stationed, and Lafford's gate, which the prince had been trying to strengthen quite lately. They were successful in both places and they took Prior's Hill fort, which lost the whole of that line to the garrison. Seeing the impossibility of holding out, Rupert now endeavoured to obtain the best terms he could while there was still a possibility of their being granted. He was anxious, too, to preserve any men that he could to go to the aid of the King, whom he believed to be threatened by the Scots.

The preliminaries having been accomplished and the most favourable terms secured for all within the town, the garrison marched out on September 11. The scene has often been described. The long train of wagons bearing the 'persons of quality' passed down the plague-stricken streets; the fifteen hundred men who had defended the town marched out with all the honours of war. Rupert himself, quiet and imperturbable, clad in scarlet laced with silver and mounted on a black barbary horse, exchanged civilities with Fairfax and Cromwell. The former rode with him a mile from the city and courteously agreed to lend

him some arms which he required to protect his men in case of trouble with the clubmen. They parted there, with what sentiments we can but conjecture, and Rupert rode at the head of his men towards Oxford.

Then the storm burst.

Without giving Rupert a chance to clear himself of the charges brought against him, the King wrote dismissing him from his service and sending him a perfectly useless passport to go abroad. He then issued a notice to the army to state that the prince had been dismissed and he sent orders to Oxford, with the letter to his nephew, ordering the arrest of Will Legge and the loss of his post as governor of that city. These were the tidings which greeted Rupert on his arrival and, as he read the King's letter and noted the signature of the passport which he enclosed, he must have known that Digby had at last been instrumental in bringing about the long threatened 'ruin.' If any doubt remained, it would have been cleared away by the accusation of high treason which he began at once to prepare, and in which he stated that Rupert had traitorously betrayed Bristol to the Parliament and had promised never more to fight for the King.

George Digby made no pretence now of 'oblique' hints; he struck openly for once, because he believed his enemy to be down for good. He spoke everywhere of Rupert's having received eight thousand golden Jacobuses from Parliament for

the surrender of Bristol and he posted the lie off to Paris, where the Queen did not scruple to repeat it in public.

With all his hot temper and his consciousness of wrong, Rupert's letter to the King is a model of self-restraint. 'If your Majesty,' he wrote, 'had vouchsafed me so much patience as to hear me inform you before you had made a final judgment—I will presume to present this much—that you would not have censured me as it seems you do; and that I should have given you as just satisfaction as in any former occasion, though not so happy.' He asked for an interview in which he might clear himself and he suggested that, even with the King's pass, he would find it impossible to leave the country at that time.

If the King had acceded to this very natural request, the painful scene at Newark would never have taken place; but Digby was at his elbow and he murmured that Rupert was in correspondence with the Elector and hinted that they were all tarred with the same brush. He kept up the irritation with consummate cleverness and he endeavoured to steer the King's course towards the north, to prevent him from arriving at an understanding with his nephew.

Stung by these repeated insults, Rupert at last resolved to cut his way through the enemy and to present himself before the King; apart from his desire to convince Charles of the integrity of his conduct, he was bound to make one effort to

retrieve his character in the eyes of the world. Acting on this impulse he took a troop of eighty gentlemen, over whom he had no official control, but who were still devoted to his interests and he rode off to Banbury, where he was joined by Maurice. Faithful in adversity as he had been admiring in prosperity, Maurice brought his brother the support of his loyal heart and his brave, though indiscreet personality. He was still weak, having but just recovered from a touch of the prevailing pestilence, but he was prepared to go to any extremity. The King had written him a kind note, expressly stating that he did not include him in his brother's disgrace; but Maurice preferred disgrace with Rupert to honour without him. There were many officers in the army who shared this feeling and the prince had the satisfaction of being surrounded by faithful friends in this crisis of his life.

The Cavaliers had a good many adventures by the way. Whilst passing by Burghley they had an encounter with the garrison, during which the governor, who had formerly served under Rupert, attempted to shoot his late commander; Rupert retaliated by shooting him dead and the enemy retired discomfited. Another skirmish took place near Belvoir Castle, where the Royalists beat back their assailants three times and then escaped up a by-way which Rupert remembered to have used during a visit he made to the castle nine years ago. The next morning they set out for Newark. Sir Richard Willis, the governor, and a large body of

officers, rode out two miles from the town to meet the newcomers; they intended to show their undiminished confidence in Rupert in his time of adversity and, no doubt, the demonstration was grateful to the prince. They had much to talk about as they rode on towards Newark, for disasters of all sorts were raining on their party. Basing House—Loyalty House, as its owner, Lord Winchester, called it—had fallen at last and the sack had lasted for some days. The rapacity of the soldiers had been not only winked at but openly approved by Cromwell, who had written to the speaker of the House: 'Thank God, I can give you a good account of Basing,' and had then proceeded to enumerate the rich booty taken. The loss of this stronghold was a very serious one and a number of people were cast on the world homeless and without a single possession; many of them had had their clothes torn from their backs by the soldiers. Inigo Jones had been carried out in a blanket, quite naked, and left to begin life afresh in his old age; a young girl had been brutally murdered in cold blood. Horrible as these tidings were they were not so fatal to the cause as the news from Scotland of Montrose's defeat at Philiphaugh. After Rupert and Bristol, the hopes of all had been centred in Montrose and the Highlands. What else was there to hope for? Goring had been repeatedly ordered to join the King at Newark, but either he could not or he would not. Rupert knew now that he had been commanded to relieve

Bristol and that he had wasted the precious days by writing long letters to the council as to the position he would hold in the army if he did so. It was only one more charge to be laid to his door. Digby had gone north with sixteen hundred horse, still pursuing his phantom idea of eluding the covenanting army and joining hands with Montrose; perhaps also with the intention of avoiding a meeting with the man whose ruin he had almost accomplished. As to Sir Richard, he had also his grievances. He had been having great differences of opinion with the Newark commissioners, who had accused him of not maintaining discipline in his troops and of indulging himself in too much luxury.

The cavalcade rode through the town of Newark and up to the grey old castle perched on the river bank, which recalled to mind one of Rupert's most brilliant exploits. Without waiting to demand an audience, the princes went straight to the room where the King was. He was seated at table, preparing to eat his supper when they entered. The conversation was short and to the point. Rupert stated that he had come to give an account of Bristol and to demand a court-martial. The King did not speak to him, but addressed some words to Maurice. With his two nephews standing one on each side of his chair, we can imagine that the King's meal was not prolonged; he rose very quickly and left the room.

The court-martial took place on October 18, and

by its decision the prince was completely cleared of the charges brought against him, although it was stated that the King thought that he might have held the castle and fort for a longer time, as he had himself intended to relieve him, 'to have hazarded our own person for his relief.' Considering that the 'tender regard he had to the presence of so many officers and soldiers' was the chief reason of his capitulation, he was exonerated. As Sir Edward Hyde said, magnanimously enough, in his *History of the Rebellion*: 'The King's rigour towards the prince was thought to be over-sudden, that he should be made the first example of the King's severity, where so many high enormities and miscarriages of others had passed without being called in question.'

After this question had been satisfactorily settled, the King resolved to go to Oxford; before he went he announced his intention of making Lord Bellasis governor of Newark and of giving Sir Richard the command of the Life Guards instead. This decision raised a new storm, for it implied that the governor had been practically condemned without a hearing; although another post was given to make amends, it did not lessen the slight of being removed from such an important position.

On the afternoon of the day on which the King intended to set out, he was again visited by Rupert and Maurice, followed by Gerard and Willis. The King rose and retired to a corner of the room, where the deputation stood before him. Then

Willis asked to be confronted with his accusers and to be dismissed only after a court-martial. 'By God, this is done in malice to me,' broke in Rupert, 'because Sir Richard hath been always my faithful friend.'

Then Lord Gerard defended the governor and reminded the King that he himself had been unjustly treated on a former occasion.

'By God! the cause of all this is Digby,' cried Rupert.

'Why do not you obey, but come to expostulate with me?' asked the King.

'Because your Majesty is ill-informed,' replied Gerard.

Then the King lost his temper.

'Pardon me,' he said sarcastically, 'I am but a child. Digby can lead me where he list. What can the most desperate rebels say more?'

'I beseech your Majesty,' said Rupert, stung by these words, 'to grant me your gracious leave and pass to go beyond seas.'

'Oh, nephew, it is of great concernment and requires consideration.'

Then Rupert began to speak of Bristol, but the King stopped him.

'Oh, nephew!' he began, and then he stopped and sighed deeply.

'Digby is the man that hath caused all this distraction betwixt us,' insisted Rupert.

'They are all rogues and rascals that say so,' cried the King with passion, 'and, in effect,

traitors that seek to dishonour my best subjects.'

At these words Lord Gerard bowed and withdrew and Rupert walked from his uncle's presence without any salutation. Sir Richard remained to say a few disapproving words about the Commissioners and then he too left the room. The King was left alone with his thoughts. Later on that evening a petition was brought to him, signed by the princes and by twenty other officers, begging that for the future no one should be deprived of a command without previously being tried by court-martial. The next day Rupert and Maurice, followed by two hundred horsemen, left Newark for Belvoir, sending a messenger to Parliament to demand passports for the whole party.

On November 3, Charles set out on his journey, which had been postponed owing to these incidents, and two days later he arrived at Oxford.

Parliament refused to give the desired pass to the band of Cavaliers assembled at Belvoir, unless a promise was given not to draw the sword again for the King; a condition which made one and all reject the offer. They then fought their way to Woodstock, where they remained for some time.

By this time Digby had lost two engagements and, being deserted by his remaining troops, had set sail for the Isle of Man, announcing his intention of going to Ireland to raise fresh troops for the King. He had, as a matter of fact, deserted and his absence from the King's Court at Oxford made it easier

for Rupert's friends to arrange a reconciliation with Charles. Will Legge had just been set free from prison and he was daily with the King, just as if nothing had happened, although his governorship was not restored to him. He spoke daily to his master about recalling Rupert and he wrote to Rupert begging him to write the letter of apology which the King demanded. The Duchess of Richmond had given him the money to pay the messenger, he added in a postscript, as he was not so happy as to have any himself. 'My dearest Prince,' he writes again on November 25, 'I am of opinion you should write to your uncle, seeing your stay hath been so long in his quarters of Woodstock—you ought to do it: and if you offered your services to him yet, and submitted yourself to his disposing and advice, many of your friends think it could not be a dishonour, but rather the contrary, seeing he is a King, your uncle, and in effect a parent to you.'

Lord Dorset wrote to him in the same strain and Secretary Nicholas sent one of his long letters begging him to return. Conditions grew worse every day. The whole of South Wales was lost to the King; the remaining castles and fortresses dotted about the country were reduced one after another, many of the King's advisers and commanders had fled. Wilmot had been forced to leave after his complicity was discovered, Newcastle and Eythin and many others had deserted after Marston Moor; Digby had taken refuge in

Ireland and now Goring had fled to France. At last the prince humbled himself to write a straightforward apology to his uncle for his conduct at Newark. 'I am sorry to hear,' he wrote, 'that my former expressions have not so been understood as was really intended by me; wherefore, to leave all repetitions, I humbly acknowledge that great error which I find your Majesty justly sensible of, which happened upon occasion at Newark. It having been a misunderstanding of friendship, I hope it will be the easier past by, by your Majesty, since the foundation of love and affection to your service has ever been really in my heart; wherefore I beseech your Majesty to dispose of me in the way you think fittest.'

The King, who had stood at a window in Newark Castle, watching his nephews depart and thinking, sadly enough, that he should never see them again, was rejoiced to be able to summon them to his side once more. So life began again in Oxford, but it was without the stir and glory of the old existence there; there were no more beating up of quarters to relate to the duchess in moments snatched from the strenuous life of those times. All the talk was of what move the King could make; what possibility of assistance was there from Scotland, from Ireland, from France? Montreuil, the French envoy, was busy trying to arrange matters between France's old ally Scotland and the distressed King. The reason for his efforts is supposed to lie in the fact that a divided kingdom would be less

dangerous to his country than a strong united one, which was already beginning to show signs of political activity abroad. In his desire to entrust the King's person to the Scots, he entirely forgot to consider the many interests involved and the manifest dangers of such a course. In time, this desperate expedient was resolved on; perhaps it was as good—or as bad—a move as any other would have been. Hopton's last campaign in the west, short and hopeless, took place in the spring of 1646; Astley with his gallant followers was beaten at Stow-in-the-Wold. The veteran commander was found sitting on a drum after the battle was over, and he addressed his adversaries in these words: 'You have now done your work and may go play, unless you fall out amongst yourselves.'

It was about time for hostilities to cease if there were to be any resurrection from the past miserable years for the once happy and prosperous country. Charles himself gave up hope, which had been his most constant companion for so many years; he agreed at last to go to the Scots, although he saw that he did so at his own risk.

Rupert was very much against the plan, although he was prepared to go with Charles, and though his name and that of Maurice had been mentioned in all the agreements sent to the Scots. In the end, Charles refused to allow his nephews to accompany him, thinking that Rupert's great height and well-known figure would betray his own identity.

'The chief difficulty of coming to an arrangement

with the Scots lay in the burning question of Presbyterianism; but the King ultimately merely promised to instruct himself in their tenets and to act according to his conscience. They, on their side, promised to treat him as their King, to give him complete freedom and to endeavour to bring about a lasting peace.

Before dawn on April 20, 1646, three men passed over Magdalen Bridge; two rode in front and the third, who was the King, brought up the rear: his hair and beard were cut close and he was dressed as a servant. There were very few to see him start, but the governor who swung-to the gates after his departure, called out 'Good-bye, Harry!' to the disguised monarch as he followed his chaplain Dr. Hudson, and Jack Ashburnham, his gentleman of the bedchamber, on the adventurous journey. So the King of England passed away from the loyal city which had sheltered him so long and which he was never to see again.

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CHAPTER XV

'Was there never a trumpet calling,
Was there never a troop went by,
But only the snowflake falling
When the King went forth to die?
Were our reins all slack to the bitting,
Our spurs all rust to the heel;
Not one of us left for a rally—
For the taste of a Roundhead's steel?

. . . . . .

'Ah! thick as leaves in summer,
They gather, unseen, to-day—
These ghosts of our gallant troopers,
These wrecks of a King's array:
Their hauberts as white as the snow's wraith,
The frost is their frosty breath,
Hearts only who loved can see them
As they follow their King to death.'

W. Clifford Mellor.

The summer sun shone on the long forest-covered ridge which overlooks a gently undulating champaign country through which the Seine winds in serpentine curves towards Paris. High upon the ridge, yet with its lower terraces built on the slope of the hill, stood the great four-storied palace of Henri IV., with its four turrets and its great slanting outer stairway leading from terrace to terrace and its superb Italian gardens descending to the banks of the river. The sun shone on its many windows and on the profuse renaissance decorations of the façade; it lit up the gleaming

marble of the statues and the jets of water thrown up by the many fountains: beyond the gay palace of the soldier-king, it illumined the grim fortress of an earlier date where both Francis I. and his sister, the peerless Marguerite, were married, and where little Mary of Scots had been received into the French Court at the age of six. Away to the right, the forest of Saint Germain covered the high crest of land which overhangs the basin of the Seine and on beyond the older castle lay the town and a goodly number of houses belonging to members of the Court.

The scene was both beautiful and peaceful and yet France, apparently so tranquil, was on the verge of a civil war. Cardinal Richelieu, by long and careful labours, had built up the *prestige* of the country abroad; the military successes of the French arms had secured a preponderant position for it in Europe. The French had scored a victory at Rocroi in 1643, when the star of the great Condé had arisen and the Spanish infantry had been cut in pieces; in 1645, Turenne and Condé had obtained the decisive victory of Nordlingen over the Imperialists. The balance of power in Europe was shifting. Spain had gloomed over the sixteenth century by the might of her power and by the strength of her persecutions; France was to dazzle the end of the seventeenth century by the might of her arms and by the radiance of the personality and the Court of the *Roi Soleil.*

To Rupert, fresh from the terrible scenes he had witnessed in England, the peaceful character of the surroundings must have appealed strongly; but as he made his way to the courtyard of the palace of Henri IV. his mind was probably more occupied with the past than with the present. He had arrived at Saint Germain about July 19, 1646, and his first visit was naturally to the Queen, who had been provided with apartments both there and in the Louvre by her sister-in-law, the Queen Regent.

Rupert must have thought of many things as he ascended the staircase. He bore on his person the letter of the King, ordering him to fight at all hazards, which he carried with him to the day of his death; the letter which he was too proud to produce in justification of his determination to fight at Marston Moor. He must have remembered the Queen's cruel words, spoken not so many months ago, about his having delivered up the city of Bristol for money; but, to his credit be it spoken, he had no desire to complain of the effects of Digby's lie, but rather to visit his wrath on the offender himself.

Rupert had remained in England until the game was up and, after he had returned to his duty, he had done his best to support the tottering throne. After the King had left Oxford and the loyal city had been given up to the Roundheads, Rupert and Maurice obtained passes from the Parliament to leave the country with their large 'families' and many of their Cavalier friends; when Maurice

embarked for the Hague, Rupert proceeded at once to the exiled Court to offer his services.

The King had written to his wife to beg her to receive Rupert with kindness; he had reiterated his high opinion of the prince's character and his devotion. Perhaps the meeting was less constrained than might appear at first sight to have been the case; after the first awkwardness, they had certainly much to talk about.

The King's move to the Scots camp was generally criticised, although many had been in favour of it before the event. Had he not taken this course it is hard to see what step he could have taken, unless he had been able to escape to Ireland, and by so doing had involved the country in a new sea of religious war. The truth was that England had been, for the past years, rather like a great chessboard. The rival pieces had been marshalled against each other in battle array; castles had fallen, bishops had been clapped into prison, pawns had been swept away The King had seen his Queen, swift moving and effective in action, taken from the board, he had lost his fortified places and his Cavaliers, his last knight was unable to defend him without a single pawn in reserve. There was only one move open to him or he would have been declared stalemate in his one remaining stronghold from which he could not step forth. He risked all on this last move, trusting to the generosity of his adversary; a quality which, unluckily for him, did not exist. Naturally his action was criticised,

but it is hard to say whether he would have fared much better if he had acted otherwise.

Rupert now found himself in a new atmosphere. He was again regarded as a hero, as he had been in the old days of his imprisonment and in the early part of his military career in England; he was an object of warm admiration to a nation which was always in sympathy with warlike achievements. Instead of admitting his qualities and insisting on their defects, as had been lately the fashion in England, the French admired his qualities and dwelt lightly on their defects. The fact that he was mortal and liable to defeat and disappointment did not blind them to the fact that, in his long and arduous campaigns, he had shown signs of being possessed of very high military talents and of a genius for organising new forces. He was appointed *maréchal de camp*, with the command of all the English regiments serving under the fleur-de-lis and was given power to make new levies in the United Kingdom. There is no doubt that his career as a soldier of fortune was opening out before him and that he might have arrived at high distinction in an army which could boast of the services of Turenne and Condé; it is equally evident that he looked on the whole business as a means to an end. He began at once to levy troops, trusting that he would raise an army under his banner which could be used in future against the rebels in England.

Rupert settled down to the new life easily enough, but it was noticed that he was always preoccupied;

he seemed incapable of putting the tragedy of the lonely King out of his mind. The news which came from England was far from re-assuring and the conversation of the Queen's Court ran always in the same channels. Whatever their difference of opinion, the King and Queen were still lovers, as they had been in happy days gone by. She was still the great object of his thoughts; her love for him was as intense as it had ever been. To the end he consulted with her about every detail, agreed with her when her masterful mind got the ascendency, differed with her more in sorrow than in anger when she showed her contempt for the religion for which he was prepared to die. To the end she plotted and planned, advised, commanded, insisted and argued; nourishing illusions which, perhaps, made her life bearable, but which must have appeared vain enough to him. Charles made up his mind definitely that if he could not 'live a king, he would die a gentleman'; but the Queen was still capable of writing: 'Mes ésperances sont grands; pour veu que vous soies constant et resolu, nous serons Maistres encore; et nous nous reverrons avec plus de joye que jamais. A Dieu, mon cher cœur!'

Constantly in tears over her troubles, the Queen was still capable of bursting out laughing in the middle of them when anything amusing occurred which turned the current of her thoughts; when her eldest son arrived in September she began at once to open negotiations for a marriage-contract

CARICATURE OF QUEEN CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN. BY PRINCE RUPERT.
From a Print in the British Museum.

between him and his cousin Mdlle. de Montpensier, known to history as 'La Grande Mademoiselle.' Her efforts in this direction brought Rupert into contact with this strange character, with whom he cannot have had much in common.

The boy king was then only eight years old; his brother 'Monsieur,' was six; Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who had offended Mazarin by calling Louis 'Mon petit Mari,' when he was in his cradle, was a tall girl of eighteen. Anne of Austria, serene and well preserved, was the same woman who had inspired Buckingham with his unlucky passion; she was still attractive and her relations with her Prime Minister, though kept in the background, were known to every one. Mazarin himself was cordially disliked by all, as his love of wealth and his desire of pushing forward his creatures, led him to adopt many a measure of repression and coercion which bore fruit in the future.

To this Court, which was by no means either gay or splendid, came the young Charles; he was taken by his mother to Fontainebleau to see the Queen and her sons, but he did not make a very good impression. Tall and dark, with a fine, well-set-up figure, Charles was not really good-looking, although in later years he became exceedingly attractive. His mouth was large and rather loosely fashioned, like that of his mother, his nose was not faultless; on the other hand, his great dark eyes were magnificent. He was newly arrived from Jersey, where he had taken refuge when the country

became too hot to hold him in England and he left behind him in that island his chief adviser, Edward Hyde, intent on writing his history of the great Rebellion, between attacks of the gout.

Charles was rather shy in these new surroundings and he felt his uncomfortable position as a penniless outcast, dependent on the charity of others. He pretended that his French would not carry him far enough in his courtship of Mademoiselle and he therefore depended on Rupert to translate his halting phrases into that tongue. The effect may easily be imagined. Mademoiselle, the greatest heiress in Europe, was made up of the strangest compound of qualities. Her inordinate ambition prompted her to dream of securing a great match, as she has herself told us in her famous diary; at the same time she was capable of aspiring to heroic deeds and she confessed that, if she had accepted Charles, she would have spent her fortune to help him to recover his kingdom. Heroism apart, she found little to recommend him to her notice. He was shy, awkward and evidently unimpressed by her grandeur; the idea of falling in love, with Rupert as a go-between, was evidently an impossible one. Still, she allowed herself to be dressed up by the Queen Regent and decorated by the Queen of England with the Court jewels which were so soon to go to the pawnbroker; she consented to sit on a throne, decked out like the sun, and to grace a fête which was given in order to bring matters to a crisis. Sitting serenely on this throne and reflecting

how well she filled it, she looked down with contemptuous affability on the Prince of Wales, who stood at attention on the steps, side by side with the young king of France. She reflected on the alliance which she hoped to make with the Emperor, who was then a widower, and had few thoughts to waste on a youth who had his way to make in the world and with whom life, she justly considered, would be extremely uncomfortable.

Rupert was on excellent terms with the Prince of Wales, who had looked up to him and leaned on his advice during the latter years of the Civil War; he was also in the good graces of the Queen and of her *alter ego* Lord Jermyn; the Queen Regent and Mazarin lost no opportunity of expressing their approval of his person and his conduct. In spite of these favourable circumstances, he must have been conscious that the old intrigues against him were beginning again and that he would have the old difficulties to contend with once more. Many of his former adversaries were collecting in the exiled Court and time and a common misfortune did little to abate their tenacity. It was true that the two chief offenders, Goring and Digby, had not yet appeared, but their influence was strongly against him, even from afar; the presence in France of Newcastle, Percy and Wilmot, did not tend to make matters run more smoothly.

In 1647, Rupert took part in the campaign which Marshal Gassion was carrying on in Flanders; it was one in which he had little chance of dis-

tinguishing himself. He had hardly any power of initiative and his chief was a man remarkable for incapacity and jealousy. It seems as if the destinies of Rupert always led him to characters of this type, as if he were condemned to associate with his mental and moral inferiors. Instead of Turenne or Condé, he was compelled to be subordinate to a Gassion, a mean-spirited creature, who frequently led him into impossible situations and who was rewarded on one occasion by seeing the prince seriously wounded in the head.

'Je suis bien fasché que vous estes blessé,' was all he remarked on that occasion.

'Et moi aussi,' replied Rupert curtly.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, the prince managed to distinguish himself at the siege of Landrécy and he displayed his heroism in the rescue of Robin Holmes in a skirmish before the walls of La Basse. He must have enjoyed the surrender of a body of Englishmen in the service of Spain, who were only too glad to enlist in his own corps; the circumstance was rendered even more palatable by the knowledge that they were under the command of George Goring, who had become a mercenary when Rupert refused to have him under his own banner.

Rupert went to the waters of Béthune to recover from this wound, the first serious hurt he had ever experienced; he then went to Paris for the winter. Soon after his return, he went to Saint Germain to visit the Queen and heard news there which made

every nerve in his body tingle. Digby was expected at once, he was told; Digby the liar, the man who had brought about his disgrace, who had composed the articles of high treason against him, who had written libellous letters concerning him to the Queen. The time and the moment had come for revenge and as he was on neutral ground he meant to have it.

George Digby may have been prepared for a warm reception, but he was very probably surprised at the celerity with which coming events began to cast their shadows before. He was fully armed and so were his servants and his friend Dan O'Neill, who had gone to meet him. On the way to Paris, the two friends met a man named Rainsford, travelling post with a great duelling sword buckled on; he saluted Digby and asked if he would be in Paris that night: Digby replied that he meant to sleep on the way. In the middle of the night, Dan was mysteriously summoned to speak to one who had an urgent message to deliver; he arose and went downstairs where he found Wilmot and Rainsford, the former having come to demand satisfaction on account of a letter which Digby had written about him to the Queen. The offence was the same, but the injured person was not the man he expected. To all entreaties for some delay, Wilmot said firmly: 'I must have satisfaction from my lord Digby with his sword in his hand.' Being at last persuaded that he must wait on opportunity, especially as he had excited sus-

picion by his conduct that day, he went away to Saint Germain unwillingly. Digby followed, glad enough no doubt, to defer hostilities; but his reprieve was brief, for before he was out of bed on the following morning he was visited by M. de la Chapelle, bearing a challenge from Rupert. Prince Rupert would expect him, he was told, with his sword in his hand at the Cross of Poissy 'a large league off in the forest.'

The harassed ex-Secretary of State replied that he was confounded by so much honour, but that he had hurt his leg. Of course he would crawl there on his stomach sooner than fail to put in an appearance, but it would delay him. Perhaps Rupert could lend him a horse. As he set out to keep the appointment, he was waylaid by Jermyn, whom the Queen had sent to prevent mischief; arriving somehow at the place where he was to meet the horses he was arrested just as he put his foot in the stirrup to mount. The Queen's guards trotted off with their prisoner and the Prince of Wales rode off to the Cross of Poissy to bring back Rupert and his seconds. The affair was ultimately patched up. Rupert declared that he did not take exception to Digby's acts in his official character, but to his private letters and conversation; the ex-secretary managed to convince his adversary that reports were exaggerated and after peace was made, in a burst of apparently genuine enthusiasm, he fought Wilmot and wounded him, not wishing to do so on the old grounds of their quarrel, but

because of some slanderous words of his concerning the prince.

It was in the spring of the year 1648 that a new field of activity opened out before Rupert. The fleet, which had always had a great leaning towards the Royalists, had for long been in a state bordering on revolt. In 1648, broke out the desperate rising in England which has been called the second Civil War: a rising which was to unite the warring parties amongst the Puritans and to settle Cromwell firmly in his saddle in spite of his growing unpopularity. He had shown himself in his true colours during the past year, he had appeared to the nation as a man with strong notions of government and of organisation, and one to whom all prejudices were nothing in comparison with expediency. He pursued his way quite unmoved by the criticism of Independents, Presbyterians and all other men of intense and limited convictions.

Cromwell had been suspected of leniency to the King and of secret negotiations with his party; when the Presbyterians tried to disband the New Model, getting rid of some of them as volunteers for Ireland and incorporating others into a new Presbyterian army, he had advised the soldiers to submit. Six months later he had been at the head of the revolt of that very army against the conditions he had advised them to accept. He had boldly said that he was 'not wedded or glued to forms of government' and he showed that he did not care whether a monarchy or a republic, a

Presbyterian or any other sectarian form of worship, were established. Men shook their heads and feared his ascendency; meanwhile Cromwell, who had entered into a correspondence with the Elector Palatine in the preceding year with a view to commanding the German Calvinists under his banner, was beginning to see his way more clearly in England.

In February 1648, Colonel Poyer refused to give up Pembroke to the Parliamentary governor who had been appointed in his stead; in March, he declared for the King and collected a small army; the spark, kindled in Wales, spread quickly to Scotland, while some English Royalists seized Berwick and Carlisle. Fairfax in the north and Cromwell in the west, soon stamped out this rising; but it broke out anew in Kent and the fleet in the Downs revolted to the King, whilst monster petitions from some of the loyal counties began to agitate men's minds in London. The men of Kent flocked to the standard of old Lord Norwich and marched right up to the city gates; being unable to enter London they went to Essex, calling on the inhabitants to come to arms. With four thousand men Norwich, with his volunteer force, beat Fairfax's veterans and established himself in Colchester. The Parliamentary general then invested the town.

This sudden outbreak was followed by risings all over England and Wales which were suppressed one by one. In the beginning of July, Lord

Holland, the turncoat, appeared in arms with a small body of men which he had been enabled to raise by the sale of Lady Carlisle's pearls; the two dangerous politicians, who had played with fire in the beginning of the Rebellion, being united at last in endeavouring to suppress its effects. Holland was soon vanquished and his men dispersed; the defeat of Hamilton and the Scots in Lancashire put an end to the movement.

The knowledge that war had broken out again in England made Rupert long, in spite of his common sense and his past experience, to return there; when he heard of the news of the fleet being on the coast of Holland his first idea was to use it in conjunction with the rising in Kent. He thought that the ships had far better have waited off the Isle of Wight, where they would have protected the King, at that time a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle; but the leaders of the revolt had decided otherwise.

The usual delays now began to occur; Charles was unable to proceed to Holland without money and his mother had none to give him. The Fronde was just beginning to agitate France; the Queen's allowance was often in arrears, if it was paid at all. Lord Jermyn managed or mismanaged her finances so badly, that she was already at her wit's end to provide herself and her daughter Henrietta, who had been brought over to France by her governess, Lady Morton, with the barest necessaries of life. The money was collected at last, however, and, on

June 29, the Prince of Wales, Prince Rupert and a large number of gentlemen set out for the Hague.

At the Hague unforeseen difficulties arose. The ships were unvictualled and the crews were mutinous; much had to be done before the little fleet could be in a fit position to put to sea. When it was got into some sort of order, opinions differed as to the best course to pursue. Rupert, who was seldom wrong in a question of strategy, insisted that the right move was to go direct to the Isle of Wight; others thought that it was better to hang about the mouth of the Thames in order to catch the merchantmen and secure some prizes. The voyage was a useless one and much valuable time was wasted before the ships returned again to Helvoet-Sluys.

Then arose the question of the fitting person to command the fleet. The Prince of Wales was at that time interviewing the Scottish Commissioners, with a view to his approaching visit to Scotland; he still had a great desire to join Ormond in Ireland. James was too young and there was a certain amount of jealousy between the two brothers; it seemed inevitable that the command should devolve on Rupert. A general at sea, who commanded a sea-fight, need know little if anything of the art of navigation; the soldiers he took on board to fire the guns were quite distinct from the sailors who manœuvred the ship. Digby and Percy—he had wounded the latter in a duel a few months ago—said at once that the prince set his mind on obtain-

ing the command and used all his influence to obtain it; but the fact that he was most anxious to go to Scotland with Charles speaks for itself. Lord Lauderdale, one of the Scots Commissioners, tells us that Scotland refused to have either Rupert or Maurice in the prince's train; that Rupert offered to go as his cousin's servant, without any particular command or post, but that even this was refused him. At last he undertook the responsibility of the fleet, against the advice of all those who had his interests at heart.

Having once made up his mind he attacked the business in his usual energetic manner. Perhaps he was glad to get away from the factions at the Hague, which had burst out with renewed vigour; at any rate he had now a more congenial occupation. His first care was to fit his ships for action, to make them seaworthy and to provision them; as usual, this had to be done without money. It is hard to see how it would have been accomplished if the Queen of Bohemia, whose heart was in the right place when she was not under the Elector's influence, had not pawned her jewels for that purpose. Even when his preparations were far advanced, his difficulties were only just beginning, for the rebel fleet under Warwick appeared on the scene and it became very difficult to keep his men in hand. Desertions became frequent, for the men used to meet on shore and the Parliament offered higher terms to lure the seamen back; however, in the end, order was kept and discipline enforced. The

personality of Rupert began to assert itself. His fine physique and great personal strength impressed the men; his strong will and his reputation as a hard fighter forced them to respect him.

Rupert was appointed Admiral of the Fleet by Prince Charles, with the supreme command, although he himself desired to hold it under the Duke of York. His authority was nominally supreme, but he was directed to go to Ireland, where he was to act in concert with Ormond and all idea of attempting the rescue of the King was out of the question. Before he left the shores of Holland he received a note from his uncle which was brought to him by his friend Legge. The King wrote:—

'DEAREST NEPHEU,—For want of a cipher, I have chosen this most trusty messenger, Will Legge, to acquaint you with a business which is of great importance for my service, for I have commanded him to desire in my name both your advice and assistance, of which, knowing your affection to me, I am so confident that I will say no more, but only to desire you to give full credit to this bearer and to give him a quick dispatch for his sake who is your loving oncle and most faithful friend,

'CHARLES R.'

Rupert's state of mind must have been unimaginable. From Will Legge he heard all that there was to hear of the King's melancholy story which had not reached his ears by some other channel. After treading the path which led to martyrdom with an unflinching step, he had, at the last moment, been tempted to think of escape and he appealed to Rupert to come to his help with one of his ships.

For Rupert to leave the fleet at that moment was impossible, much as he longed to go himself on the chance of a rescue, a rescue which he had himself planned when the fleet first came over. But he could not get away. He sent a ship at once which hung about for five or six days without getting a chance of drawing near and without receiving any signal from the land; after being searched by the Parliamentarians, she was compelled to return to Holland without accomplishing her mission.

Rupert left Holland in January 1649, with eight ships; he managed to alarm the enemy's fleet, which rode in the Downs, by steering directly for it. The ships dispersed and he kept on his way, finally arriving in the harbour of Kinsale, a seaport in Munster. His first act was to send out to get news of the King and it was here that he received the awful tidings of his uncle's murder which spread consternation amongst the Royalists. Little by little, the details of the tragedy came to his ears. He then knew that the army had forced the Parliament to give him up; that the King had been exposed to the mock-trial at Whitehall—that 'work of military violence cloaked in the merest tatters of legality,' as the great modern historian of that period has called it; he must have heard by degrees of the outstanding incidents of the close of his life. Cromwell, 'white as the wall,' asking the other regicides what authority they could claim by which they could try him, just as the victim walked up the steps of Westminster hall; the voice which suggested that it was that of 'all the

good people of England,' and Lady Fairfax's bold cry that it was a lie, when the specious words were repeated a little later before the court: all these and many other details were passed from mouth to mouth. The action of the tragedy, which had moved so slowly during the past years, was hastened towards the end; with every step towards its climax, the central figure gained in dignity and purity. Sitting silent in the court while his adversaries accused him, hearing his sentence unmoved, bidding farewell to his two children still remaining in England, or preparing himself for the great change, Charles never struck a false note. From the beginning of the trial to that cold morning when he walked to the scene of his execution, the hearts of most of his subjects went with him and, when his head fell, there was one sound of weeping and one murmur like a deep groan, which testified to the horror of the onlookers.

The news affected his family and friends most deeply; Rupert heard it as his fleet lay off Kinsale and the knowledge that he was too late to save him must have added bitterness to his grief. The Prince of Wales heard it in Scotland, where it was broken to him by one addressing him as 'Your Majesty.' He burst into tears and shut himself up in his room for some time; when he came out, he seemed all at once to have assumed an air of responsibility and dignity which sat well on him. The Queen heard it in her apartments in the Louvre, after a long drawn out agony of suspense which

must have been almost worse than certainty. She had heard of the trial whilst she was in the blockaded city of Paris, at that moment passing through a serious crisis in her history; terrified for her husband, anxious for the fate of her own country, which seemed to be on the brink of a revolution, she was for a long time without any news. She had no answer to her request to be allowed to go to the King in his time of trouble; the outer world seemed shut off from her by the barricaded streets of the French capital. At last she managed to send a messenger to Saint Germain, where the Queen Regent and her sons had taken refuge, and it fell to Lord Jermyn's lot to break the news as gently as he could. The unfortunate woman sat motionless, thrown into a state of stupor from which it was impossible to rouse her. When those who were with her began to fear for her reason, she spoke at last in answer to some tearful words of the Duchesse de Vendôme, using the sentence of the psalmist: 'Je ne m'en plains pas, mon Dieu, puisque c'est vous qui l'avez fait.' And Montrose, who had ventured so much and who was to venture even more in the Royalist cause, shut himself up for two days, giving way to a paroxysm of anger and grief. When he emerged from his retreat, he brought with him the verses which he had composed in honour of the martyr king, which ended with the well-known lines:—

'I 'll sing thine obsequies with trumpet sounds
And write thine epitaph with blood and wounds.'

CHAPTER XVI

'O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free.'
BYRON.

BEYOND acquiring some knowledge of his new profession and adjusting his mental vision to a new focus, Rupert did little good during his sojourn on the coast of Ireland. He got on fairly well with Ormond, although he could not supply the lord-lieutenant with as much prize-money as he had expected and although he was not allowed by his council of war to assist him by attacking the Parliamentary fleet. He entered into negotiations with O'Neill and the Celts of Ulster, who were hesitating between an agreement with Ormond and one with the confederate Catholics; but he failed to effect anything definite. His greatest merit in the eyes of the Royalists lay in his capability to supply the exiled Court with money. He became the new King's bank, on which, as time went on, he was to draw very considerable draughts. The commissioners who came in the King's name sucked 'caterpillar-like' the leaves and the fruit and left Rupert 'the bare stalk to gnaw on'; which, being interpreted, meant that they cleared off all the prize-money and did not leave him even

enough to revictual the fleet which had procured it. Nothing daunted, the prince set out with his undermanned, ill-found vessels, and captured another prize to supply the necessaries of life. It was a new version of the old story. As he had before attempted to provide for a whole army, now he had to provide for the little fleet and for the needy King and his courtiers as well.

Rupert was now a privateer and his name began to inspire a new terror. As his organisation of the cavalry had forced Parliament to see to the efficiency of the army, so now his audacious doings on the sea compelled the Commonwealth to pay some attention to the fleet. Thirty merchant vessels were added to the ships of war already available and a naval committee was formed from amongst the members of the council of state, while liberal promises of extra pay and prize-money were offered to the sailors who were sent to oppose him.

When Rupert heard that a fleet under Blake would be sent to offer battle, he went himself from port to port enlisting men to serve on board ship in the expected engagement. He returned with a large contingent of volunteers to find that Blake was riding outside the harbour, but he was not permitted by his council of war to venture out, because it was decreed that the Royalist fleet was too weak. Disappointed in this project, Rupert disbanded his men, whom he could not afford to keep idle, especially when the blockaded harbour

prevented him from seeking sustenance on the water. He then reduced his strength to two flagships and four frigates and remained penned up in the harbour until the end of October, when a furious gale scattered the enemy and left him free to escape, though it was in the teeth of a storm. He left the fort of Kinsale, which he had captured, invested in the name of the lord-lieutenant and he set sail with seven ships in the beginning of November. He was bound for the coast of Portugal.

It is probable that he was thankful to get away. He had been unable to act in concert with Ormond owing to his few and badly provisioned ships and he knew that he had been prejudiced against him by Digby's flowing pen and frequent messengers. He must have chafed to feel that he was so near to the scenes of battle and yet that he had to remain inactive with his few useless ships, while his old antagonist Cromwell carried out his bloody campaign. He had christened him 'Ironside' after their short and desperate struggle in the battle of Marston Moor; he had always looked on him as a soldier and a man of mark. It would be interesting to know what he thought of his present methods and whether his admiration survived the inhuman massacres of Drogheda and Wexford, both of which took place before he left Ireland.

The prince and his 'piratical crew,' as the Parliamentarians truthfully called them, experienced dirty weather in the Bay of Biscay, but they managed to secure some prizes and, as they coasted

along Spain, Rupert was able to send a letter ashore to Edward Hyde, who was then at Madrid with Lord Cottington. The two envoys were being extremely badly treated in Spain, where they were called the 'Prince of Wales's Ambassadors,' and the business for which they had come was in no way advanced until this letter brought a change for the better. When it was known that the King of England's fleet, commanded by a prince of the blood, was coasting about at a time when the galleons from the Indies were expected, the authorities became extremely civil. This happy state of affairs, however, was not destined to last. When the news arrived that the prince had gone to rebellious Portugal, which had so recently shaken off the yoke of Spain, their tone changed and, in the end, they were both hustled from Madrid to avoid seeing the long string of mules bearing on their backs the treasures from the collection of the English king which the Spanish monarch had just purchased.

No sooner had Rupert arrived at the mouth of the Tagus, than he received an invitation from the King to sail up the river to Lisbon. When the ships were anchored, he immediately proceeded to see to the great business of selling the prizes, of refitting and revictualling his little fleet. He was then received in state by the King, John IV. of Braganza, by whom both he and Maurice were treated with the greatest kindness. The King was young, generous and enthusiastic;

he was anxious also to gain back the ancient *prestige* of his country, which had been lost during the period when it was annexed by Spain. His action in befriending the Royalists was bold, as he must have known that the Spanish would side against him and that the English Commonwealth was getting powerful at sea; but he may have thought that the cause was not so hopeless as it looked.

Soon after the princes had settled down to rest and recuperate and to see after their concerns, a great fleet under Blake appeared at the mouth of the river and an embassy arrived at Court to demand the two flagships and the persons of the princes. The King was inclined to sail out at the head of his fleet and to drive the insolent rebels away; the Conde de Miro, his minister, whether or no he was bribed by the envoy, took up the other side of the question. The great trading interests of the country were at stake; Blake might capture the treasure-ships, which were even then expected from Brazil, if he were given provocation. In this emergency Rupert offered to cut his way out through the fleet, but this idea was negatived. Meanwhile he succeeded in rendering himself very popular with the Portuguese. He hunted in the country, quite unattended, without stopping to consider whether the Puritans would not lay some ambush for him; he also succeeded in enlisting the sympathies of the Church on his side.

Blake waited patiently. He had left Portsmouth on January 17, with orders to pursue Rupert wherever he went and to destroy his fleet wherever he found it. He now set spies to watch the princes and Rupert retaliated by making an infernal machine, which probably gave him much pleasure to construct. It was an ingenious invention which was concealed in an oil barrel and was delivered to the ship it was destined to wreck by one of Rupert's sailors, disguised as a Portuguese. If that individual had not so far forgotten himself as to indulge in an 'exclamation' in his native tongue, the attempt would probably have succeeded.

On May 16, the fleet bound for Brazil dropped down the Tagus; it was composed of eighteen ships, nine of which were owned by English merchants and manned by English sailors. Blake, who had received no instructions to act against Portugal, fell upon this fleet and detained all ships which were owned by Englishmen and incorporated them with his own. He was then further reinforced by Popham with four battleships and four merchantmen. Rupert managed to get some twenty-six vessels together, French, Portuguese and British with which he sailed out, bent on a battle. But fate and the undercurrent of secret understandings between the apparent opponents foiled him in his intention. De Miro had no desire to fight the Parliament and he ordered the Portuguese ships to fall back; the winds were contrary and the whole expedition proved futile. Another

attempt was frustrated by the admiral's top-mast being shot off. The Queen of Bohemia mentions these facts in a letter to her 'dear cousin,' the Duchess of Richmond :—

'Rupert has been out to have fought with the rebel's fleet,' she writes, 'but they could not stay him and sailed from him. He followed them three days, but not being able to overtake them he returned to Lisbon, which they did within two days after, to the same place they were before; and Rupert was to go out again with more ships to fight with them if they will stay him. The King of Portugal gives him all kind of assistance and is extreme kind and civil to him and Maurice. I pray you tell your lord this and be both assured that you have not a friend in the world loves you both better than I do.'

Kindness and civility, however pleasing they might be at the time, could not be of lasting service to the Royalist cause afloat and the time came when even that consolation was denied them. The King came himself to Rupert's ship and begged him to leave his shores. He had good reason to want to get rid of him, for Blake had lately set on the treasure fleet coming from Brazil, and had succeeded, after a stiff fight which lasted for three hours, in capturing four hundred men and seven ships laden with four thousand chests of sugar. To give Rupert his due, he had been straining every nerve to get his ships ready in time to go out to protect this fleet, but the de Miro faction had delayed the delivery of supplies. He then hurried out after the Parliamentary fleet, but Blake had gone off with his booty and he could not overtake

him. There was nothing to do but to take leave of the hospitable Portuguese, who had to suffer on account of this very hospitality, and to sail away in quest of adventure.

Then indeed the sense of the desolation of their position must have come over the men and their leaders. Almost all ports were closed against them and they had absolutely nothing to depend on for sustenance but their skill or luck in capturing vessels. As one of their number put it graphically enough: 'Misfortune being no novelty to us, we plough the sea for a subsistance and, being destitute of a port, we take the confines of the Mediterranean Sea for our harbour; poverty and despair being companions and revenge our guide.'

Rupert was not quite thirty-one years old when he set sail from Portugal on October 12, 1650. His boyhood had been cut short by his captivity, his youth had been squandered in the Civil War; in the flower of his manhood he was destined to be thrown once more out of the ordinary ruts of life, away from the environment which would naturally have bounded his horizon. He was set apart from the crowd and isolated from the race of life; he was thrown in on his own resources, and the development of his character was thrust inwards instead of being fed from without. It seemed as if a destiny, strong and compelling as his own nature, was carving out for him the way he should go. We can but conjecture the thoughts which rose to his mind as he tossed and tumbled on the

green waters, spying out a sail which might provide him with food and the sinews of war, or gazing at the distant horizon in an effort to pierce the mystery of life. The sailors singing their psalm as they changed the watch, the creaking of the ropes as the sails bellied out in the wind, the monotonous swish of the water as the ship cleft through the waves—these were the only sounds which broke the stillness of his watch, and the desolation of the scene must have impressed him at times.

It is true that in many ways the life suited him. He was used to hardship and danger; the excitement of the chase and the uncertainty of life from hour to hour probably acted as an incentive to further activity, while the untrammelled freedom of existence suited his nature. But there must have been times when the privations he suffered told upon his health and his spirits. It was no doubt a great consolation to him to feel that Maurice was with him, but their separate commands necessitated their being in different ships and they only met on land. Probably the constant anxiety as to the morrow and the necessity of keeping a strong hand on crews whose lawless lives inclined them to mutiny, kept him pretty fully occupied.

There was not very much difficulty in selecting a course to pursue; as pirates they were bound to steer for some part of the ocean where the fleets bound for the West or East Indies would pass by on their perilous voyages. The suitable season to

choose when certain winds were likely to obtain, the suitable locality to lie in wait for the rich treasure galleons, were as well known to privateers as the particular lonely heath which skirted the highway was known to the gentlemen of the road of a later date. Trade was then entirely dependent on the sea for transport, both on account of the difficulty of travelling by land and the greater economy of the sea voyage; the dangers which attended the passage made the career of a merchant one of the most exciting and romantic imaginable. It was all a great gamble in which the boldest came out at the top; in such a game we can well imagine Rupert could take some interest whether fate had destined him to protect or to pounce on the coveted treasure. He had, as usual, his own plan clear and concise; he knew exactly what he meant to do and how he meant to do it. But then fate intervened.

He left the Tagus with six ships and he coasted along Spain, where he was forbidden to land, and sailed about the Mediterranean for a while on the lookout for prizes to increase his fleet. He captured two merchantmen, endeavoured to pursue others under the guns of Estepon and Malaga forts and destroyed two English ships by fire in the harbour of Velez Malaga. He outraged Spain's neutrality by burning three more within sight of her shores. After this series of exploits, he was separated from some of his ships, two of which were captured by Blake, and another, a prize called the *Black Prince*, was run ashore and burnt by her crew. Four more

were wrecked in Cartagena Bay and the wreckage was given up by the Spaniards to Blake. The two flagships proceeded on their way in company with one prize, in happy ignorance of these events, but they were soon separated by a storm during which Maurice took refuge in Toulon. For two mortal days he waited for Rupert and had just given him up, thinking that he had gone down in the storm, when he, too, appeared safe in port.

The inhabitants of the town, both Royalists and Frondists, treated the brothers with much kindness; they were entertained and feasted and, what was more important, they were allowed to dispose of their captured goods and to victual their remaining ships. Whilst waiting here, Rupert received an urgent summons from the Queen Regent of France, who desired him to accept the command of her army and to leave the care of the fleet to Maurice. Condé and Turenne were then on the side of the rebels and the offer was a tempting one, but the prince had no idea of deserting his duty or his brother. Having carefully spread abroad a report that he intended to go to the Levant, he set sail with his few ships on May 7, 1651, bound for the south. He passed Gibraltar and proceeded to Madeira, from whence he intended to go to the West Indies, touching at the Cape Verde islands. At Madeira they were well received, the island being then in the possession of the Portuguese; the governor called on Rupert, who formally returned the visit and afterwards went about sight-seeing.

He sold prizes and made arrangements to take in stores; he then called a council of war and announced his intention of sailing for the West Indies, where there was a strong Royalist interest and where there was every prospect of intercepting the ships which sailed from Panama. The Cape Verde islands were in a convenient position to take in provisions; they were sheltered from the wind and were out of the way of the enemy's ships.

A perfect storm arose at this apparently sensible proposition, the majority being strongly in favour of sailing to the Azores, from whence so much treasure had been extracted in the days of Queen Elizabeth. They lay far away from any port and the danger of stormy weather at that time of the year was great; but such considerations did not affect the captains who were bent on enriching themselves at any cost. Rupert gave in once more and sailed to the Azores, where the storm he had anticipated arose and the flagship struck a leak. Pumping was no use; a diver sent down was unable to locate the damage; as there was no harbour they were unable to careen and refit the vessel. Rupert laid before his council the necessity of bearing to the south and then arose a mutiny which was only stopped by severe measures. Three days were spent tossing on the troubled ocean before the leak in the ship was discovered; when the conditions began to get serious, a temporary repair was made with one hundred and twenty pieces of raw beef. It was too late. The sailors

continued to pump as long as they could stand against the rising water; when that became impossible the ship was given up and, what was worse, the others could not get near enough in that awful sea to attempt to save the crew. Maurice ordered his captain to go as near as he could in order to save Rupert, and Rupert tried to shout his last words to his brother. In the end, the crew of the *Constant Reformation*, the flagship, who knew that it was impossible to save all, resolved to do one fine deed before they died. They lowered a small boat which still remained to them and forced the prince to go on board; by some miracle it arrived safely and he was taken up by the *Honest Seaman*, where he arrived more dead than alive. The night fell and a great darkness enveloped the few frail ships, struggling with the infuriated elements; now and again a shot from the sinking ship told her consorts that she was still amongst them. At last a great flare, caused by the burning of two fire pikes, lit up the wild and troubled scene and announced to all that the flagship was going down. The men had all received the sacrament from their chaplain and they sent this last signal to their comrades as a sign of farewell. This terrible event took place 'one hundred leagues south and by east of the island of Terceira,' according to the rough notes known as 'Rupert's Diary,' and three hundred and thirty-three men there found a watery grave.

The following day the wind dropped and Maurice

was able to fetch his brother on board his own ship, the *Swallow*, where he remained for some days in a state of complete prostration. Soon afterwards, the *Loyal Subject*, a ship which had joined them in the harbour of Toulon, was cast on a rock and foundered.

When Maurice returned to the Azores to finish taking in stores, an occupation which had been interrupted in so tragic a manner, he found a great change in the demeanour of the inhabitants. They were fired on from the forts, their pursers were attacked when they went on shore and some of them were imprisoned. It soon became clear that Portugal had made her peace with the Commonwealth, which would greatly increase their difficulties in the future. Rupert then arose and wrote a strong letter to the governor, saying that he should personally complain to the King of Portugal if they were not better treated, and his remonstrance had a good effect. The men were released, the provisions got on board and a Spanish ship was taken, which improved the aspect of affairs for the moment. Having then taken the opinion of each captain separately and finding that the majority were now in favour of proceeding to the West Indies, he made for the Canaries, where he wished to get some rigging and other necessaries and where he hoped to intercept some English trading-vessels. Driven back by stress of weather, he stood away for Cape Blanco, on the north-west coast of Africa, where he found an excellent harbour in which he could careen his ships; the crews

erected their tents on shore and began to attempt to communicate with the natives, nomad tribes who drove their cattle before them and pitched their camp when the fancy seized them. It was in vain to attempt any such thing. Warlike as they were and armed with darts and lances, they fled before the intruders; on one occasion a little boy was left behind who clung to Rupert's legs and was supposed to have mistaken the pirate prince for his own father. Rupert took the child away with him and he lived to be his page in happier times.

From this harbour of refuge Rupert sent a ship laden with ginger and spices to the King, begging him to pay some debts contracted at Toulon and to keep the rest for himself and the Duke of York. In May 1652, he proceeded to the Cape Verde islands, touching at any port where he thought he could procure goats' milk or exchange commodities for food, a trade wind favouring his course. When at last he arrived at the West Indies he found that he was too late. Barbadoes, the island which he had selected as his headquarters, had surrendered to Parliament six months before his arrival and the whole aspect of the question was changed. He was successful again in his captures, but the great object of his voyage was now beyond his power to realise. Had he gone straight to his destination, he could have held the whole group of islands which were then strongly Royalist and might have made a colony in the New World to act as a stronghold of the Royalist cause. As it was, he visited the

Caribbean islands and passed on to St. Vincent and St. Lucia; he was well treated by the French and the Dutch and the former were the first to tell him that all the English colonies were now in possession of the Parliament.

During this voyage Rupert was much interested in all he saw and he brought back many strange relics of his travels and not a few medicinal secrets which he used in after days. His tendency to mysticism led him to investigate the beliefs and the religious practices of the natives, especially their charms and their incantations. The Indians of Dominica interested him extremely, their large flat faces were covered with paint, he tells us, to keep off the bites of the mosquitoes; their long black hair was piled up into a knot in a feminine fashion. They worshipped the Devil, according to the French traders, and were afraid to turn Christian for fear they should be soundly beaten by their deity. Rupert gave these natives beads, glass, coral, crystal, amber, penknives, looking-glasses, bills, hatchets, saws, and 'strong liquors'; in return he received tortoise-shells, fine cotton, yarn and 'green stones,' which were brought over from the mainland. These charms were reported to have medicinal qualities and were apparently not stones at all, but clay mixed under water and baked in the sun. From hence Rupert sailed to Monserrat where he arrived on Whitsunday, and on by Nevis to Saint Kitts where he stayed for two days. He had begun to experience the growing power of

the Parliament which had by this time made a treaty with France and his position became more and more precarious. Having exchanged prize goods with a Dutch man-of-war for a ship laden with provisions, the prince went to the Virgin islands, coming to anchor in what was then known as 'Cavalier's Harbour,' where the flagship was careened. He burnt here three unserviceable ships and put their fittings and goods on board others; all preparations being made he left the shore and passed between two islands to the west, through a strait known as the Passages. Here the unlucky adventurers were caught in a hurricane which was evidently the most severe that they had experienced hitherto. All sails were taken in except the main course, with which they tried to manœuvre until these—made of new double canvas and only just put up—were torn from the yards and carried away by the violence of the wind. Destitute of all human help and 'rolling in the trough of the sea,' as the diary says, they lay 'at the mercy of God.' They could not see a ship's length in front of them, they were absolutely powerless to prevent a catastrophe. In this condition they passed between the island of Anguila and a high rock known as the Sombrero during the night—a passage not supposed to be navigable. The following day the wind shifted to the east and the ship drifted westwards towards a long ledge of rock which lay between the island of Anegada and the Virgins; when within a short

distance of this death trap, the wind veered two points to eastward and the derelict ship was enabled to weather the rocks and to come to an anchor near the shore of the same island from which she had set out.

When the hurricane had subsided it was discovered that the *Honest Seaman* had been cast on shore and lost through the mismanagement of her captain; but that discovery was as nothing compared to the terrible conjecture which was agitating all their minds. What had happened to Maurice? It was a question which was never answered. In the teeth of that furious tempest he had disappeared into the darkness of the night, and no word of his fate ever came to enlighten the anxious inquirers. His ship, the *Defiance*, and all on board had probably sunk on the rocks between Anegada and the Virgin island, but no proof of such a catastrophe was to be found. His end was wrapped in mystery and the circumstances of his disappearance made yet one more deep mark in the history of his brother. Marston Moor, Bristol, the sinking of the *Constant Reformation*, these three tragic events, stood out before him in undying memory; but the last, the loss of his favourite brother, the human being who came the nearest to his heart, was by far the most terrible blow he had yet received.

When he had given up all hope of recovery, he set sail for France, arriving at Toulon early in March 1653.

CHAPTER XVII

'Here's the beesom of Reformation
Which should have made clean the floor,
But it swept the wealth out of the nation
And left us dirt good store.'

Contemporary Ballad.

RUPERT had a serious illness at Nantes soon after he landed in France, the result, no doubt, of his hard life and of the nervous strain he had borne so long; obstinate as ever, he refused to be doctored, preferring his own prescriptions or possibly the charms he had brought from the West Indies. When he at last recovered he went at once to Paris, where he was very well received by the French King and his mother, as well as by the English Court in exile; the first letter he had received had been one of welcome from Charles, expressed in the warmest terms, and their meeting seems to have been notably friendly.

It was hardly likely that this happy state of affairs should last, for the Court was already divided into two camps and Rupert's impetuosity was certain to precipitate him headlong into one side or the other. The actual choice of a party was practically forced on him by the behaviour of the King, acting on the suggestions of Hyde.

The courtiers had been in hopes that the pirate

prince might have brought home with him a whole treasure fleet to fill the empty exchequer; they had so often before been provided with money by merchants who had accepted in return a draught drawn on the Royalist floating bank, and the draught had invariably been honoured, that it seemed as if when he came himself he would bring inexhaustible riches. Far from appearing in the desirable light of a multi-millionaire, Rupert came to them with a few poor broken down ships and a prize laden with sugar, about the cargo of which and the money that was obtained by selling the guns and other fittings there arose a terrible disturbance.

Rupert had risked his life many a time and had lost his favourite brother whilst ploughing the ocean in search of booty to support the Court; he had given up lucrative and honourable preferment to become a highwayman of the seas. But there were limits. When he returned from his three years' cruise, he demanded enough money to pay off some debts contracted at Toulon for the fleet and to supply himself with what was necessary. The King not only haggled over the division of the spoil, but made the insulting suggestion that Rupert should send in an exact account of what the sale of the sugar had actually realised. Then the prince appears to have flamed out and to have given Charles a detailed account of what he had spent in his service, probably beginning with the Queen of Bohemia's pawned jewels and ending with Maurice's

wasted youth. Hyde's account of the conversation sets forth that Rupert had told the King that he owed him more than the chancellor himself had ever owned in his life. After this passage of arms, there was a distinct breach not only between Rupert and Charles but, with infinitely more bitterness, between Rupert and Hyde. The sugar was sold and the ordnance, to the rage of the Commonwealth, which addressed several remonstrances to France on the subject; Rupert went backwards and forwards to Nantes and Toulon and finally came back to Paris, where he spent the winter. He made up his quarrel with Charles, who certainly had more than his fair share of the loot, and he accepted the post of Master of the Horse in the French King's army. Offers were made to him almost immediately by the Emperor and the Duke of Modena, but he preferred to stay where he was; however much he might disagree with Charles, he had thrown in his lot with the Stuarts and he meant to be at hand in case of an emergency.

The King's conduct about the money was not the only cause of his estrangement from Rupert. In the three years which had elapsed since they had parted, his character had developed; he was no longer a youth of promise, but a man whose disposition to good and evil could be clearly discerned. If, on the one hand, Rupert could admire the soldier-like qualities which he had displayed both in Scotland and England, if he could be thrilled by the record of his hairbreadth escapes after the

battle of Worcester and could express approval of the tact and good humour he had displayed in a most trying time, on the other hand there were circumstances which he could not ignore. The picture of Charles riding through Edinburgh, where the mutilated remains of the heroic Montrose were still exposed, was one which no Royalist cared to dwell on, least of all Rupert, who had valued his friendship; that other vision of Charles II. signing the Covenant, which Charles I. had sacrificed his kingdom and his life to circumvent, was another disagreeable picture. Besides these outstanding facts which might be condoned by those who looked on them as unpleasant necessities, were others which rendered him rather a difficult problem in private life. The desultory life he had led for so many years had told on his character. He was keen in intellect and capable of handling a great question, of grasping a situation at a glance; but he abhorred working it out in detail. His indolence was growing on him and his desire to snatch what flowers he could from the hedgeways of life was already conspicuous. He was always conscious of his desire and his intention to win back his kingdom, but he spent his days in desultory conversation or in devoted attendance on his mistress of the moment, that Lucy Walters whom Evelyn has immortalised as a 'browne, beautiful, bold but insipid creature.'

The disappointment which Rupert experienced on account of this misunderstanding with Charles threw him into the arms of the Queen's party, the

members of which were already predisposed in his favour.

There was not much love lost between Charles and his mother at that time; indeed her inconsiderate treatment of him had not tended to improve matters. Totally dependent on her for money, unless he could get some provided by the generosity of the Royalists or the industry of Rupert, he was made to feel that galling dependence on a mother which is intolerable to many high-spirited young men. He had the example of Louis before his eyes, a youth who was entering upon his great position with a keen remembrance of the evils he had gone through during the Fronde and with an equally keen intention of being more than even with fate in the long run. Charles, too, was biding his time until his turn should come; in the meantime he would do the best he could to amuse himself.

The Queen became very impatient with her intractable eldest son and many of her party thought that the beautiful James, who had just been serving with distinction under Turenne, would have made a much better king. Rupert was in sympathy with the Duke of York, who was a great favourite with the Queen of Bohemia as well as being her godson and was often alluded to in her letters as 'Tint.' He appears to have definitely attached himself to the Queen's Court, where his two friends, Lord Jermyn and Sir Edward Herbert, the Lord Keeper, welcomed him warmly and

endeavoured to increase his animosity against Hyde to further their own ends.

Apart from these family jars, there was much to interest and delight Rupert in the French capital. In spite of his own sorrow, or perhaps rather on account of that sorrow, he threw himself, with feverish energy, into the life of the city. The disturbances of the Fronde were not quite over, but they were in a fair way to become a thing of the past, thanks in a great measure to the ceaseless counsels of the English Queen and to the concessions made by the Queen Mother. The society of the Court, torn apart by the late events in which so many of the gay world had played a conspicuous part, was yet gay enough and the crowds of exiled English Royalists added to the liveliness of the scene.

The city itself was gradually emerging from the state of chaos into which it had been thrown by the gigantic building schemes of the past years. The open spaces were no longer encumbered with great blocks of stone and marble, although they were still more or less in a state of disorder. The character of the city, which had risen like a phœnix from the ashes of the older Paris, was beginning to be distinctly felt. In all the larger thoroughfares the Renaissance reigned supreme and only in the more distant and outlying quarters, in those twisted and narrow streets where it was dangerous to walk at night and where it was no unusual sight to see a man run through the body, was the old Gothic city in evidence. The young King and his

mother now lived in the Louvre, beyond which the graceful dome of the Tuileries appeared; in the Palais Cardinal, now called the Palais Royal, the Queen of England held her diminished Court, and here Rupert was lodged during his stay in Paris.

From the very first he impressed the imagination of the Parisians. They had received him most cordially on his first appearance when his military reputation had been all in his favour and now that he returned to them with a mysterious halo of romance round his handsome head, he evidently made quite a sensation. Always 'sparkish' in his attire—even during the horrors of the Civil War this was noticed as one of his characteristics—he now began to cut a fine dash in the world. His great height and his good features made him a remarkable figure at any time and when he rode through Paris, followed by his three 'blackamoors' and his little African page in their smart new liveries, he was the admired of all who beheld him. In addition to his physical attractions, set off by the finery bought with the money which he had made by selling his sugar, Rupert was credited with possessing powers which were distinctly supernormal. This reputation always clung to him and was due at the present moment in a great measure to his studies in alchemy, which was just then developing into the modern science of chemistry; but very likely the rumours which ran that he had cured Lord Jermyn of a fever with one of his

famous 'green stones' may have had something to do with it. Altogether he presented a fine, romantic, mysterious appearance to the people amongst whom he suddenly dropped from the other side of nowhere, and the Parisians, who were nurtured on the heroic dramas of Corneille, appreciated him to the full. There were, indeed, courtiers of the type of de Gramont, whose opinion was far from favourable. They felt, instinctively, that the man had been face to face with the great issues of life and had battled with the primitive forces of nature. His curious existence afloat on the face of the waters, his unavoidable periods of self-communing and loneliness, had left him with many social disabilities. He could be charming when occasion served; he could be abrupt, scornful, haughty, passionate even, when provoked.

We have a certain amount of information as to the prince's adventures during his stay in Paris. We know that he was nearly drowned in the Seine and that he was saved by one of his blackamoors, that he killed a man who affronted him, and wounded another fatally. We hear of him in his relation to men; but hardly at all in his relation to women. That he had connections with women we know by the correspondence that has survived the destructive powers of time, but there is nothing to prove that his heart was ever engaged, even to the extent that the more susceptible organ of his cousin was engaged in such adventures. One of his correspondents, who addresses him at the

'Chapeau Rouge,' evidently hoped that the fancy of the moment might become durable: 'Je sais bien,' she writes, 'que si vous demeurez en France et que vous ne changiez point de sentiment, il ne se peut que je ne sois en un autre état où je vous pourrai plus facilement faire connoître que je n'aime au monde que vous.' Her letters remained unanswered and her tone becomes more and more plaintive: 'Je ne sais plus que faire pour apprendre de vos chères nouvelles,' she writes at last. 'J'écris par toutes sortes de voies et ne reçois pas les moindres marques de votre souvenir . . . J'ai mille pensées différentes sur cela . . .'

The only evidence that we have of a serious attempt on Rupert's part to follow the advice of his family and his friends in the matter of a marriage, is in a letter in which the writer speaks of a rich Frenchwoman who declines to consider the matter on account of his old attachment to the Duchess of Richmond: 'On m'ordonne de vous faire mille compliments,' this correspondent writes, 'et de vous assurer qu'on conserve pour vous toute l'estime imaginable, quoi qu'on ait appris que vous êtes engagé auprès d'une Duchesse il y a longtemps. J'ai répondu à tout hasard que cela n'était point, mais mandez-moi ce que vous voulez que je dise.'

In the society of the day he does not appear to have met any woman whose attainments satisfied his very complex personality. The Frenchwoman of the period was a strange mingling of illiterate

and yet literary tastes. She could hardly read, her writing was almost undecipherable, her spelling absolutely phonetic; at the same time she patronised men of letters and listened to learned discourses in the celebrated 'salon bleu' of the Hôtel de Rambouillet which was the beginning of French domestic society. She was an adorer of Corneille and strove to imitate classical heroes and heroines, as La Grande Mademoiselle had done when she flamed into sudden prominence as one of the protagonists of the Fronde. The beauty of the day loved, not only Court intrigues, but the intricacies of higher politics and her influence was then beginning to become paramount in many new fields. To rush about Europe disguised as a man, as the Duchesse de Chevreuse did, when a political exile, was quite in keeping with the spirit of the new generation; there were many fair ladies at that time who wished for nothing better than such an adventure. Of such a type was the notorious Anne de Gonzague, who had married Rupert's brother 'Ned,' at the very moment when he had been sent for to join his brothers in England towards the end of the Civil War. This lady, who was known in Paris as the 'Princesse Palatine,' was much older than Edward and, if report spoke truly, had led a gay enough life before her marriage; but she was an heiress, which was something for the impoverished family, and the union, which began with a romantic elopement, seems to have turned out happily enough. But Rupert was not destined

to meet his fate, although his thoughts certainly turned in that direction.

After staying in Paris for about a year, he made up his mind to go to visit Charles Louis at Heidelberg, in order to see if he could get some land from his close-fisted brother, that he might have something which he could call his own when he wished to marry and settle down. He was also anxious to go to Vienna to ask the Emperor to hand over some money which was due to him since the signing of the treaty of Westphalia. It was quite time that he should look after his own concerns and it was evidently no use thinking of any attempt on England for some time to come, for the Commonwealth was advancing in the consideration of foreign nations and consolidating its position both at home and abroad.

Oliver Cromwell, the regicide and usurper, was showing himself to be a sound and capable, if tyrannical governor. He shattered the liberties of the country, but he had the greatness of that country at heart. He wanted to have a strong navy and he intended to increase England's colonial possessions ; if his methods were stringent, his foreign policy was at any rate respectable. He ruled by means of an armed minority. Having himself no weaknesses such as opinions or scruples, he attacked Levellers, Presbyterians and Fifth-monarchy men with equal vigour. He abolished royalty and the House of Lords, intending to govern absolutely and alone, while appearing to do so

through what has been well called 'the irresponsible vagaries of a single House.' When the single House showed a desire to thwart him, he strode into Westminster and turned the remaining members who had survived Pride's 'purge' into the streets. 'What shall we do with this bauble?' he remarked, eying the mace: then a happy idea struck him. 'Here, you take it,' he said to a soldier who stood near. After he had locked the door and taken away the key, some wag wrote up a notice: 'This house to let—unfurnished.'

It did indeed seem like the end of Parliamentary existence, but when Oliver wanted a Parliament, he called it and it assembled obedient to his nod.

In these circumstances, it was certainly useless to think of attacking the lion in his den and Rupert began to think of carving out a career for himself. His position in Paris had become intolerable owing to Hyde's underhand intrigues against him and he had little regret in resigning his post of Master of the Horse and in seeking a new field of action. Sir Edward Herbert resigned his office of Lord Keeper at the same time and prepared to follow the prince.

Rupert visited his mother at the Hague after he left Paris and heard all the news of the scattered family. The Queen was quite alone, not one of her many children remaining with her, or indeed finding it possible to remain at home. She had never been dependent on family ties to supply all the companionship she needed, and was the less to be pitied that she had brought about the present

state of affairs to a large extent by her own actions; but she evidently felt lonely and her affection for Rupert increased as she grew to depend on him more and more for sympathy as the others dropped off. Charles Louis had been put in possession of the Lower Palatinate by the treaty of Westphalia and his title of Elector had been restored to him, but he had not only declined to allow her to inhabit her own dower house at Heidelberg, he had even refused to give her the jointure which was her due: Elizabeth had left home and had entered a Lutheran nunnery; Louise had fled early one Christmas morning and had taken refuge in France, where she had entered the Roman Catholic Church and had also become a nun. Henrietta had married the Prince of Transylvania and had died three months later; Sophia, the youngest, had gone to live with the Elector. The only surviving son, besides the Elector and Rupert, was Edward and he had sinned past forgiveness when he turned Roman Catholic and married Anne de Gonzague. Her position at the Hague was much less pleasant than it had been formerly, for the death of the stadtholder, William of Orange, the husband of the Princess Royal of England, had put a very different complexion on affairs in Holland. The Dutch were tired of their expensive guests and resented the perpetual debt which hung over the Queen of Bohemia's horizon. They were jealous of the English at sea and were inclined either to ally themselves with Cromwell or to fight for their

HEAD OF THE EXECUTIONER OF SAINT JOHN.
After the mezzotint by Prince Rupert.

maritime interests. In either case, the cause of the exiles did not interest them. The position of the widowed Mary, with her delicate baby born eight days after his father's death, was not that of her late husband and she was unable to prevent the 'things called ambassadors,' as the Royalists named Cromwell's envoys, from parading up and down the streets of the Hague. It was about this time that Rupert paid a memorable visit to Brussels, memorable for himself because he learnt a new departure in art and memorable for art itself because, but for that visit, the new invention might have died with the artist who gave it birth.

The name of Ludvig von Siegen was already known to Rupert, who had admired the portraits which that artist had achieved of the Prince and Princess of Orange, in a medium known as 'the new method of printing.' These had been executed in 1642-3, only a year after the first example which he had given to the world, the portrait of the Landgravine of Hessen Cassel.

Ludvig von Siegen, born in 1609, was the son of a German father and a mother of Spanish extraction; he had lived at Amsterdam during the great period of Rembrandt's artistic activity. He was a portrait painter and a medallist; besides being an artist he had served in the army and had lately seen active service. He was evidently not of a sociable nature, for he had kept the great secret of his new process to himself for twelve years and he would probably have died without revealing

it if he had not come across Rupert. The fact that the artist was also a soldier, and that Rupert was no mean artist, united the two men by a double bond; the prince's real knowledge of art and practical acquaintance with its difficulties and its delights evidently impressed his new acquaintance. The result of their meeting was that the process was taught to Rupert by the inventor and that he very soon acquired the technical knowledge of the craft.

There were, at the time when Von Siegen invented mezzotint, three styles of engraving in use: line, etching and point engraving. The chief feature of the new process was that it endeavoured to deal with tone rather than with line, that it gave the texture of flesh and of draperies, that it was more like a painting in black and white than an ordinary engraving. This effect was due, in a great degree, to the preparation of the metal plate before use.

Hitherto all metal plate engravers had used dots or lines to achieve their object; these were either cut into metal with a graver, scraped in with a needle, or bitten in by an acid. The plate on which these marks were made was plain and burnished metal. In mezzotint, this plate is roughened or grounded by the aid of a cradle or rocker which covers the whole space with parallel dotted lines. When a rich even burr covers the whole plate, the engraver begins to remove it from the high light, which is left bare, shading it by degrees from this

white light down to the rich, black, velvety depth of the deepest shadow. The beautiful effects obtainable with such a medium were evident at once, although it was some time before they were perfectly realised.

Rupert's visit to Heidelberg was bound to end, as it did, in disappointment. The Elector received him well and promised him a piece of land which he had no intention of giving up. For a moment it seemed to Rupert as if he had found not only a small estate on which he could live, but some one with whom he could share it when it was his.

The Elector had made an unhappy marriage with a woman who was both vain and ill-tempered and the family life at Heidelberg was far from being a happy one. As a consolation for this affliction he had two children, a boy and a girl, and his sister Sophia, whom he had practically adopted and who quite honestly adored him. Outside his home life he had a large field of activity in which he distinguished himself quite honourably. The unhappy Palatinate, devastated by that thirty years' war which his parents had set aflame, was in a desperate condition when he came into his own; burnt and ruined homesteads, the miserable remains of what had been towns and villages, met his eye as he rode through to inspect his heritage; by the roadway skeletons of man and beast were by no means an uncommon sight, or the emaciated corpse of some poor soul with grass hanging from the dead lips where it had been put

to stop the pangs of hunger. To build up this country and to restore it to its lost prosperity became the object of the Elector's life and, to his credit be it said, he succeeded beyond expectation. Frugal himself and abhorring useless expenditure, he laid by every penny for this purpose. If he had to sacrifice even a portion of this money to some other purpose, the country would suffer and therefore he would not do it at all. He had wronged his mother for this reason, and he intended to cheat his brother for the same good cause. But he had intended to let down Rupert gently if that headstrong individual had not interfered in quite another direction and precipitated events by so doing.

Amongst the ladies at the Elector's Court was a certain Louise von Degenfeld, a beautiful and accomplished girl. She had been brought up in Padua, 'the new Athens,' where she had received an excellent education. A good Italian scholar, she could dash off a love-letter in Latin with an astounding degree of elegance and ease. She was known at Heidelberg as 'La Signora.' Here, thought Rupert, is the ideal companion, and he proceeded to pay her marked attention. But the apparently guileless girl was already involved in an intrigue with the Elector and she received his advances coldly; when he wrote to reproach her with this coldness, the letter unfortunately fell into the hands of the Electress. Neglected by her husband, the Electress responded only too readily to such a

flattering appeal and made a significant remark to her brother-in-law, which caused him to turn scarlet with mingled rage and disgust. The truth was soon out and the two brothers had a quarrel, which ended in Rupert's going away in anger and swearing that he would never more set foot in the Palatinate.

His next visit was to Vienna, where he appeared in some state, with sixteen persons in his train. He was partially successful in recovering his money and did not forget to perform a mission with which Charles had charged him at the same time.

In the year 1655, he was busy, in Germany, collecting troops for the Duke of Modena and was also a good deal with his friend the Elector of Mainz. In 1658, he was in Frankfort for the coronation of the Emperor Leopold I. and here he again met Von Siegen and either he or the artist passed on the great secret to Jan Thomas of Ypres, a painter in the Emperor's train. It was here that the prince produced the fine mezzotint after Spagnoletto's picture of the 'Executioner of Saint John,' which is certainly the most masterly engraving achieved up to that date. There is nothing of the amateur in the firm drawing and the admirable massing of the light and shade; it is the work of a consummate artist. It is even considered probable that the prince, after his usual habit, had drawn on his own originality for the designing of his tools, a proof of the correctness of this suggestion being that the long sweeping lines visible in the

background are not quite like those in other prints. In later days Evelyn spoke of the prince 'fitting' his instruments to show how he prepared a plate and the general opinion seems to be that a sort of toothed wheel attached to a horizontal shaft was used. Whatever the tool he employed, there is no doubt of the excellence of the work he produced; the only pity is that he should have produced so little. The 'Great Executioner,' called so in distinction to the head from the same subject which he executed expressly for Evelyn's *Sculptura*, is Rupert's masterpiece; the 'Standard Bearer,' which is his work of second importance, does not approach it in artistic merit.

This period of Rupert's life was not so crammed with incident as had been the case in his earlier years, but he had ample leisure to pursue those studies in which he delighted. Many experiments in chemistry were made by him about this time and he was responsible for certain inventions which bore his name, amongst which 'Prince's metal,' a mixture of copper and zinc in which zinc predominated, is the best known. Many of his experiments were directed towards the improvement of firearms and gunpowder and he spent considerable time over a new method of boring guns.

In his lighter moments, he was as ready with his pencil as ever. We may judge his talent as a caricaturist by his delightful sketch of that 'disreputable gipsy' Christina of Sweden, whom he

must have met either in Paris or in Germany, after her abdication.

In one way and another the years passed on without the prince returning to the military life which he probably still preferred to any other. He did not command the troops which he had raised for the Duke of Modena, because France wanted the post for some one else and also because Charles was unwilling he should accept a definite appointment, when his own affairs might improve at any moment. He is said to have led the Imperial forces against the Swedes in 1659; but there is no real evidence that he did so and little likelihood that he should have fought against his old allies as a mercenary.

At last, in the spring of 1660, came the much-longed for change in England. Cromwell, the man of iron, was dead and had left a man of straw in his place; a man of straw who did not even wish to attempt to fill up the place of the great departed. And England, which had been all the time as a house divided against itself, a house in which the voice of conspirators planning the restoration of royalty had never been really silent, sent ambassadors flying across to the Hague, where the King was waiting for a summons to ascend his rightful throne. Even before the official envoys came, there arrived a stream of jubilant Royalists and a goodly sprinkling of anxious Puritans, who wished to curry favour with the rising sun before it was too late. On all sides there was, apparently, nothing

but joy and delight concerning an event which both sides had conspired to bring about. The King was met by Monk, whose action, whether disinterested or no, had done so much to effect the Restoration; he rode towards London on a horse provided for the occasion by Lord Fairfax and escorted by Cromwell's Ironsides. With the deafening acclamation of his subjects in his ears, with the congratulations of men of all shades of opinion pouring in, it was no wonder that the humour as well as the joy of the situation should have struck a man of the sarcastic temperament of the King. It was clearly his own fault, he said, that he had been so long away, since every one appeared so anxious for his return!

CHAPTER XVIII

'The man in the moon,
May wear out his shoon,
By running after Charles his wain;
But all's to no end,
For the times will not mend
Till the King enjoys his own again.'

MARTIN PARKER, 1643.

RUPERT certainly acted as a dutiful son on this occasion. In spite of having received a cordial invitation to England, he remained at the Hague with his mother for six months before he crossed the sea.

The expected invitation to the Queen herself did not come, much to her disappointment, and the King even begged her to defer her arrival when her plans were laid before him. The country was still in a state of confusion, although the Restoration had been accomplished without a blow being struck; enormous demands for money met the King on every hand. In the first flush of his prosperity he was beset by a crowd of petitioners, many of whom had actually lost all in his cause and some of whom had made out a likely case from very slender foundations. He appeared to be in debt to every one he met.

The Queen was deeply hurt. The English Parliament had voted her ten thousand pounds,

with which she had paid her debts; she had bid farewell to her friends and there was nothing to keep her from the land of her birth but this unexpected rebuff. In this difficult situation, Lord Craven offered his house in Drury Lane and suggested that she should go over as a private person, but the idea did not please either mother or son. At last Rupert went off to England alone to see what could be done.

He arrived at Court on September 22 or 23, 1660, to find that a shadow had fallen over the gaiety of the nation on account of the death of the Duke of Gloucester. The King was just expecting a visit from his mother and his youngest sister Henrietta; the Princess of Orange had already arrived.

One of the reasons which made Rupert unwilling to delay his coming any longer was that he was charged with a mission by the Emperor Leopold I., who desired to offer his hand to Henrietta before the negotiations for the French marriage had gone too far. When he found that the princess was definitely engaged to 'Monsieur,' the only brother of Louis XIV., he was much disgusted and expressed his views very freely. He had had opportunities of knowing something about this mannikin, who loved to dress up as a woman and to flaunt his painted face amongst the ladies of his mother's Court; and everything that he knew about him was to his discredit. It was all part of the bad luck which dogged the Stuarts and which was so

often and so fatally evident in the matter of their marriages, that this engagement should have been arranged just before the fortunes of the family looked up. The princess was asked in marriage by many who would have made a better match than one who satisfied neither her ambition nor her heart.

Another marriage which agitated the minds of the Stuarts at this moment was one which was a real misfortune socially and dynastically. This was the union of the Duke of York with Anne Hyde, the daughter of Lord Clarendon. The Queen Mother was furious and she was bent on annulling it by fair means or foul; the two objects which brought her to England were to arrange the marriage of Henrietta and to dissolve that of James.

It was on November 2 that 'a very little plain old woman,' dressed in black, whose appearance was not even distinguished, according to the amiable diarist Samuel Pepys, made her entry into London. Rupert had been with the King and the Princess of Orange to meet her at Dover and had accompanied her back to town; James, in deep disgrace still, had gone to Calais to escort her to England. The sea had been like glass, in marked contrast to the stormy weather which had become proverbial when the Queen took ship; so calm was it that the passage lasted two days instead of several hours. When she arrived she quite broke down under the burden of her memories, joined to

the sad news of her youngest son's death. She had not seen the Duke of Gloucester since she had turned him adrift on the world because he had refused to change his religion and, perhaps, she felt some remorse for her cruel behaviour on that occasion. The sight of her apartments at Whitehall, where she had passed so many happy days, of the Banqueting hall which held so many happy memories, and that one terrible one of the King's execution which took place without its walls, oppressed her with a sensation of hopeless melancholy. When not actually before the public, her ladies used to find her in such paroxysms of weeping that they feared for her health. The sudden death of the Princess of Orange, which took place on Christmas Eve, cast an even deeper gloom over the Royal family and the Queen Mother hastened away as soon as she was able. Before she left, however, she spoke kindly to Clarendon, saying that she should look on his daughter as her own and she allowed the duchess to dine with her in public, in token of her forgiveness. The rumours which had been current as to the illegitimacy of Anne's son died down after this public reconciliation and there is little ground for believing in the truth of the gossip of the day. It was an age of scandal. Scandal pranced up and down the corridors of the King's Court at Whitehall; a Court which was absolutely devoid of female influence of a higher type than that exercised by Barbara Palmer. It had gathered round the death-

bed of the Princess of Orange and round the birth of the little son just born to Anne. The Queen Mother was popularly supposed to be married to Harry Jermyn, now Earl of St. Albans; her daughter Mary had been, most unjustly, suspected of being united in the same bonds to his scapegrace nephew, Henry Jermyn, Master of the Horse to the Duke of York. There was no end to the ingenuity of those who devised the gossip and the credulity of those who believed.

In the spring of 1661, Rupert returned to his mother at the Hague, from whence he wrote to Will Legge: 'I found the poor woman very much dejected that I could not tell her the time she might expect to be sent for.' He then proceeded to Mainz, where he stayed with his old friend the Elector, and so went on to Vienna to demand the final payment of the money which was due to him by the terms of the treaty of Westphalia. His letters to Legge, whom he left in charge of his affairs in England, show that he was as active as ever in brain, always looking out for something new or curious for his own or others' entertainment or use. He recommends an engineer to the King to work on the defences of Portsmouth: 'a man very extraordinary in all mechanics and no chicaner'; he sends a message to Sir Richard Murray that he had seen camphor wood which smells of camphor and distilled rain water which dissolves gold. He gives the latest news of political events and he is not too busy with his own affairs to send off pipes of

wine to his friends. Whilst he was in Vienna he was offered the post of Master of the Horse, but he did not accept it, as he was not satisfied that his arrears of money were going to be paid; moreover, although he was eager to command the Imperial troops against the Turks, he was probably unwilling to bind himself permanently. In November of that same year, 1661, he was back in London.

Charles gave him a very warm welcome; he also allotted to him rooms in Whitehall and an income of four thousand pounds a year. Rupert found his mother living at Drury House as the guest of Lord Craven; she was treated with such genuine kindness and affection by both of her nephews that she had quite forgiven the slight put upon her by the King. She was evidently supremely happy now that she had at last returned to her beloved native land, but unfortunately it was not to be for long. In the beginning of February she moved into a house which she had purchased in Leicester Fields and, in so doing, caught a chill which proved fatal. No son could have been more attentive than Charles was to his aunt in her last illness and she died in his arms on February 15, 1662.

Rupert had been drawn very closely to his mother during the last years of her life and her death must have left a great blank to him. He was the only one of her children who was with her when she died and he was the chief mourner at her funeral. On a wild and stormy night he followed

her remains to Westminster Abbey; when he returned thence with the faithful Craven he must have felt as if something very vital had passed away. Lord Craven was inconsolable. He bought the house in which the Queen had passed her girlhood, he filled it with relics of the beloved one and, to the end of his days, he lived in the aroma of her memory.

In April 1662, Rupert was sworn a member of the Privy Council; in May he accompanied the King to Portsmouth to meet Catherine of Braganza, on whom his choice had fallen as a bride. The Portuguese alliance had been proposed to Charles I. for his son as early as 1642 and it is evident that the widow of Rupert's friend, Juan IV., had always intended the match to be accomplished. In order to secure the English alliance, she offered a large dowry with her daughter, including Bombay and Tangier.

The marriage was no more fortunate for Charles than the generality of marriages were in the family. The bride was not good-looking, but she was amiable and very good; she had, however, neither the temperament nor the character to make her husband happy.

Charles meant to be a model husband, but he had little inducement to remain for long in the company of a convent-bred girl, who was quite uncultured and had absolutely no knowledge of the world. The new Queen was shocked to find that the English ladies spent so much time at

their looking-glasses and gave so little to 'God Almighty and housewifery.' She was exceedingly pious and much more fitted to shine in a convent than in a Court. Charles began by treating her with affectionate consideration, spending much time in her company; he then began to show a good-humoured tolerance and, lastly, open neglect. Before long Lady Castlemaine, the notorious Barbara Palmer, was a woman of the bedchamber and Catherine began to find out that her position was neither an easy nor a pleasant one.

It has been frequently stated that Rupert associated little with the King after the Restoration, but this appears to be very far from the truth. He was a great deal with both Charles and James in their hours of business and he entered into their sports with all his old zest. He was considered the best tennis player in England and Charles also excelled in that game; he hunted continually with both brothers. He certainly refused to spend his leisure hours at Court, because he disliked a hang-about life. Charles had learnt to dawdle during the years of his unemployed exile; Rupert had always found occupation for every leisure moment.

King Charles II. loved his ease and his pleasures, as we all know; he was even then making desperate efforts to provide for his own entertainment and had begun to forge those golden chains which were, in later years, to weigh heavy as lead. But this love of pleasure did not prevent him from being extremely clever. He had a fatal facility for

grasping a question; it was so easy to him that he made no effort to concentrate his mind. He seized the essential and left others to work out the details, but his conception of the essential was always there. During his reign he showed his open mind and his progressive spirit; science and commerce flourished, the navy was increased, the country began to prosper.

The Duke of York was much interested in the navy and he also took a leading part in commercial enterprise; he began to be quite a well-known figure in the city, where he presided over boards of directors and spared no personal pains to develop any concern in which he had an interest.

Rupert was soon deep in all sorts of schemes. He was an extremely busy man. A member of the Privy Council and also of the Tangier Commission, he was deeply interested in the navy and was soon spoken of as a future 'general at sea.' He was a founder member of the Royal Society, which was started by a few Oxford men who were interested in science and natural history, and he was instrumental in introducing mezzotint to England. We find him teaching John Evelyn the new method of engraving and the first mezzotint which was signed by an English artist, the portrait of Charles II. by William Sherwin, is dedicated to the prince, the inscription expressly stating that Sherwin had learnt the art from him. Rupert himself does not appear to have executed any engravings after his arrival in England, but he

still kept Wallerant Vaillant, one of his pupils, in his train and he was always ready to explain the process to those who were interested.

For trade he soon showed that he had a great aptitude. He had graduated in the study of commerce by means of selling his cargoes of sugar and of bartering glass beads for native curios; he was soon as deeply engaged in various schemes as if he had been brought up to devote himself to business instead of the art of war. With all these interests, Rupert found life in London very full and very engrossing. It must have seemed curious at first to walk about in that city which he had longed to take by storm in days gone by; it must have seemed even more strange to meet men with whom he had been at daggers drawn in closest intimacy with their late enemies. Many of the protagonists on both sides had passed away; some had died on the scaffold, some in battle and some had met a natural death during the Interregnum. The Duke of Richmond had died of what was practically a broken heart in 1655; he had retired to Cobham Hall after the King's execution and had scarcely lifted up his head since that sorrowful event. Three of his brothers had died in battle, at Edgehill, Stratford and Rowton Heath; and since the death of his long expected heir, who was born in 1649 and died in 1660, the family honours had come to the Earl of Lichfield. Edward Hyde had been created Earl of Clarendon and was now Lord Chancellor; Digby had

blossomed into the Earl of Bristol and was still at his old game of endeavouring to ruin those who were more powerful than himself. He had marked down the Lord Chancellor for his next victim and was to accuse him of high treason in the following year. Wilmot, who had been created Earl of Rochester, had died in Holland in 1658, leaving a son who was to become notorious as a boon companion of the King; George Goring had become a monk and had died in Spain in the odour of sanctity. Lord Holland, after his many acts of treachery, had died on the scaffold for supporting the King's cause in the second Civil War; Lady Carlisle had fallen down dead when she was dressing to go to Court to congratulate the Queen Mother on her arrival in 1660.

Of Rupert's personal friends who remained to see the cause triumphant, the chief always seems to have been 'honest Will Legge,' though Sir Edward Herbert, Lord Gerard and Robin Holmes, whom he had saved at Flanders at the risk of his own life, were much in his favour.

The London of the Restoration has been brought before our eyes vividly enough; but the aspect presented is always the same. We are shown the picturesque iniquity of the King's Court before and after his marriage, until we begin to think that there was no other side to the picture. The truth is that the national life was, in the main, unaltered. Men were delighted to exchange the rule of a despot for that of a constitutional monarch; but

they kept their opinions on religious and political subjects all the same. Laud, the martyr, had been buried at Oxford, the limbs of the butchered Montrose had been given fitting sepulture in Scotland; the Covenant had been publicly burned by the common hangman. In spite of these acts, or perhaps on account of them, the strife between Puritan and Royalist still persisted, though it was in a minor key. It was Rupert's good fortune to be popular with both parties.

Cromwell's army, one of the best in Europe, was disbanded for political motives, but in after times the prince was to command the Barbados regiments of Dragoons, the Marines, and his own regiment, Prince Rupert's Dragoons, as well as being appointed general in chief of land forces when he was 'general at sea' in the last Dutch war.

In the midst of all his duties and pleasures, Rupert was always ready to listen to a tale of distress, especially when the sufferers had been connected with the troubles of the late Rebellion. It was probably in this way that he became acquainted with the widow and daughters of a man for whom he had felt more than a passing interest.

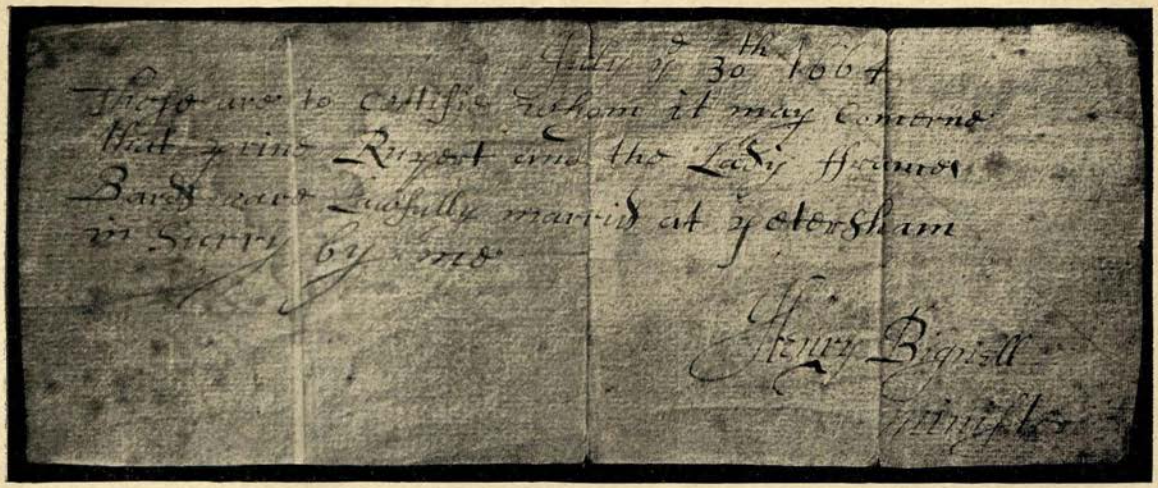
Sir Harry Bard was a well-known figure during the Civil War; he was a man whose reputation for dare-devil courage only did justice to one part of his character. He had been educated at Eton and Cambridge, had travelled in Italy and even more in the East; his culture, his gift of languages, his acquaintance with many parts of the world,

all recommended him to the prince and a real friendship ensued. Sir Harry was created Viscount Bellamont and was employed on various embassies by Charles II. during the Interregnum; on one of these he perished miserably in a sandstorm in Persia. He left a widow and two daughters, Francisca or Frances and Persiana, in great poverty. Lady Bellamont applied for help to the University of Cambridge and it is more than probable that her case was brought to Rupert's notice by some of the Cavaliers who had known Sir Harry. It is unfortunate that we should know so little of this period of Rupert's life and that the circumstances of his attachment to Francisca should be left to conjecture. What was the attraction which drew the prince to the daughter of his old friend? She was pretty, but there were many pretty faces to be seen about London. She cannot have had a strong or even a passionate and exacting character, for in either case she would have bound him to her with more lasting bonds. We hear of her in after days as being kind, charitable and entertaining and we know that she preserved a look of youth long after youth had fled. What was wanting in the temperament or character of Francisca Bard? perhaps the difference in age may have had something to do with it, but there must have been other and stronger reasons.

If it is hard to see what attracted Rupert, it is easy enough to account for the infatuation of

Francisca. She had been brought up in a strongly Royalist atmosphere and had probably cherished a sort of hero-worship for the prince, who inspired quite as strong affections as he did aversions. Rupert was forty-four years old when he first met Francisca; we can judge from Lely's portrait, painted a few months later, of the handsome appearance which he still presented. The strong, rather stern features, the curved mouth, the fine eyes, the expression which is both rather sad and rather humorous, show us what the personality of the man must have been.

A good deal of interest centres round the union of Rupert and Frances Bard. It is evident from the light of after events that she had very little influence on his career; if it had not been that she presented him with a son a couple of years later, a son whom he acknowledged and in whom he took a lively interest, we should probably never have heard her name. In spite of that fact, we must devote some attention to the subject because the claim which she made as to the legality of her union, a claim which has generally been put on one side, has lately received some confirmation. In after years, when Francisca was received at the Court of the Electress Sophia, she gave out that she had been lawfully married to the prince, whose widow she was. Sophia never quite believed the story, which she said she thought would be difficult to prove, but she treated her 'dear charitable Madame Bellamont,' as she called her, with the


Dated y 30th 1664
Therefore to Certifie Whom it may Concerne
that prince Rupert and the Lady Frances
Bard were Lawfully married at Yeterham
in Surry by me
Henry Bigrill
Minister

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE OF PRINCE RUPERT AND FRANCISCA BARD.
By kind permission of Mrs. Deedes.

sincerest kindness. The story which was current amongst some of the gossips was to the effect that Rupert had dressed up one of his servants as a priest and had taken in the lady, who was very young at the time, most completely. From such a story any one who has studied the actions of Rupert and has realised the uncompromising truthfulness which was one of his salient characteristics, will recoil in disgust. Until quite recently the fact of their union and the few references to Francisca's pretensions and the gossiping story we have just mentioned, were all that was known of this affair. Within the last few years, a document of some historical interest has been brought to light; this is no less than a small discoloured piece of paper, on which are traced in faintest ink the following words :—

'*July* y^e^ *30th* 1664.

'Those are to certifie whom it may concerne that Prince Rupert and the Lady ffrances Bard were lawfully married at petersham in Surrey by me,

'HENRY BIGNELL, *Minister.*'

Is this document genuine, is it contemporary, is it, in any case, official? It is not an excerpt from a marriage register, it can hardly be an official certificate on account of the spare wording; the prince being alluded to without any of his titles casts some suspicion on the whole paper. And yet this piece of paper has been preserved for generations in a family which is descended from Persiana Bard; the appearance of the paper and

the character of the lettering give an air of authenticity to the little document. Possibly it was written in order that the bride might have a testimony to the legality of her bonds in after days; was it the genuine testimony of a morganatic marriage, or was it the instrument of a hoax?

The scale seems to dip in favour of a morganatic marriage; but there are certain circumstances which make this seem rather suspicious. It appears that there was no minister of the name of Henry Bignell at Petersham at that date; further researches show us that a Henry Bignell was ejected from his living in Oxford on account of scandalous living, went to the West Indies during the Interregnum and is said to have died there in 1660. If this man had been alive, he would have been a fit instrument for such a work; but even then, we cannot imagine the honourable Rupert as the principal in such a shady affair. There is, however, another Henry Bignell who was curate of Crowhurst in 1652 and who may have performed the ceremony; he may even have been the prince's chaplain. We come back from vague possibilities to one clear and upstanding fact; we find that two pages have been torn from the parish register at Petersham which include the entries of the year 1664.

The mystery remains undispelled; only the romance is left to cast some glamour over this period of Rupert's life. Whether the pair ever entered the little church in the hamlet of Petersham, not a stone's throw from the gates of Ham

House, and there inscribed their names in the register, or whether the ceremony was performed in one of the great houses in the neighbourhood, it seems almost certain that some such ceremony was performed. It seems almost equally certain that the evil genius of the Stuarts, like the bad fairy in the old stories, attended the wedding uninvited and that the union of these two, whether legal or no, was not productive of happy results to either of them.

Rupert had certainly little time to give to sentiment. He had been busy for some months previously, endeavouring to get all things ready to go to sea; on August 31, just a month after the date given in the certificate, it was officially announced that he was to command the expedition which was being sent against the Dutch to the coast of Guinea. Busied with his own preparations, fighting with Pepys about the victualling of the ships, Rupert had yet time to receive a notice from the Royal Society. He was informed that it had been resolved, at a recent meeting, to ask him to try 'the sounding of the depths without a line and the fetching up of water from the bottom of the sea.' At three o'clock A.M. on October 5, 1664, he dropped down the river with the King and the Duke of York, on his way to take ship in the *Henrietta*. 'God give him better successe than he used to have!' commented Pepys devoutly.

Rupert had a double interest in this expedition and it was certainly not his fault that, after hanging

about for some time, the little fleet never sailed at all. He was a patentee of the Royal African Company, six of whose ships were to accompany the twelve ships of war which were being sent to safeguard its interests. In spite of his personal anxiety and in spite of an arduous campaign against the hopelessly inadequate arrangements made for fitting out and victualling the ships, it was not found possible to carry out the original intention.

Nervous strain had by this time made Rupert thoroughly ill. His old wound, a blow on the head which had driven a piece of his skull inwards, which in time grew to press on the brain, broke out afresh. He went to London to have it treated and was reported to be ill and depressed. Perhaps the news which surprised the world in general, but which was probably no news to him, the announcement of the marriage of his old flame the Duchess of Richmond with 'Northern Tom Howard,' may have had something to do with his depression. It may have been that a sentiment of pique had thrown him into the arms of Francisca, for the duchess said plainly that she was making her third marriage for love. When the duke died in 1655, every one expected the widow to marry her old admirer Rupert, but it is not known whether he made any effort to accomplish his desire. She, at any rate, seemed to have found happiness at last, for a contemporary letter describes the newly married pair as 'the fondest couple that can be.'

CHAPTER XIX

'In respect to his private life he was so just, so beneficent, so courteous, that his memory remained dear to all who knew him. This I say of my own knowledge, having often heard old people in Berkshire speak in raptures of Prince Robert.'—CAMPBELL.

RUPERT's illness turned out to be so serious that many despaired of his recovery. Sir Charles Lyttelton, writing to Sir Christopher Hatton, says: 'He is mightily worn away and in they're opinions that are much about him, is not long lived. He would faine goe yet to Guinea and, I heare, is endeavoring to be dispatcht thither. He believes the warmth of that clyme would doe him good; besides there will be more to be gott, wch I think he has no reason or very little though to consider.'

But Rupert was not destined to return to the scene of his former adventures, as the enemy was to be met much nearer at hand. In March 1665, the fleet assembled at the Gunfleet, having the Duke of York as Lord High Admiral, with Vice-Admiral Lawson, Prince Rupert and Lord Sandwich in command of the Red, White and Blue Squadrons. Rupert had apparently no scruple about fighting the nation which had sheltered his family; probably the behaviour of the States in expelling the Stuarts and in disinheriting the Prince of Orange,

had alienated his sympathies. At any rate, the enemies of England were his enemies and the causes of the outbreak between the two maritime powers were certainly comprehensible. England saw that Holland was trying to monopolise the trade of the world; Holland could not forgive Cromwell's protective Navigation Act, which was aimed at her carrying trade, or the English claim to supremacy at sea. Aggressions on both sides brought matters to a crisis.

Early in 1644, Robin Holmes had taken some Dutch possessions on the coast of Guinea and had then crossed the Atlantic to seize on the Dutch settlement of New Amsterdam, which was erected on land which had been taken originally by James I. Charles II. had given this great tract of country to the Duke of York and the town was rechristened New York, after its actual possessor. In January 1665, de Ruijter retaliated by recovering Goree from the English and by sundry acts of aggression. War was declared in March.

The naval war of 1665 is extremely interesting to the student of tactics. The art was then in its infancy and was chiefly confined to the advisability of keeping the weather gauge. It is true that Spain had her Contractation House in Seville where lectures were delivered on naval affairs, and that both Tudor and Stuart writers had published books on the subject, but very little progress in tactics or mobility had been made. It was not until soldiers turned their attention to the sea

that some precision was arrived at in manœuvering the ships in time of battle. To generals, accustomed to the precise movements of bodies of men, the often confused order of a naval contest was unbearable and their influence is plainly visible about this time. During the Interregnum much had been done to secure better discipline and a line-ahead formation had been adopted instead of the line-abreast, when the ships often masked one another's fire. A regular scale of size had been introduced for the 'ships of the line' and order seemed to be coming gradually out of chaos. With Rupert's peculiar genius it is easy to see that he would be one of the pioneers of the tactical school of the generals-at-sea; it is evident that he thoroughly mastered his subject before he went on board.

The existing books are more occupied with discipline and morality than with evolutions; they are better calculated to give us a peep into life on board ship than to tell us how that ship is to be manœuvred. Morning and evening prayers were enforced; any man absenting himself being treated to the 'bilboes' and a diet of bread and water. A psalm was sung at setting the watch and sermons were delivered. The punishments were severe and comprised ducking three times from the yard-arm, hitting the offender on the forehead with the boatswain's whistle, or tying him to the capstan where he was lashed by every man who passed by.

Setting aside these questions of discipline, there was a great deal to be done in the matter of creating naval tactics and of developing signalling. Before the fleet sailed there were many conferences held between the King, his admirals and his advisers, and the keen personal interest of Charles did much to bring matters to a satisfactory conclusion. There were no special instructions issued, but each ship in that great company of over a hundred vessels knew her place in the order of battle and the distance of half a cable's length which ought to be kept between one ship and another; the different tactics to be adopted for attack and defence were clearly recognised, and the arrangements for the signalling orders to the ships to tack in succession, beginning with either the van or the rear, increased the mobility of the fleet very considerably.

On April 2, the fleet sailed to the neighbourhood of the Texel, where the enemy's ships were assembling and began to blockade the Zuyder Zee and to stop the in-going and out-coming ships from neighbouring ports. A fortnight being consumed in this manner, with no better result than the capture of a few merchantmen, the fleet was compelled to return home owing to shortage of provisions; it was supposed to be victualled for five months and Rupert rose in his wrath at the corruption of the whole system. He fell foul of Pepys and others, whose real zeal for the navy never included a care for the seamen. The system of allowing the pursers to provide for the sailors was bad enough,

but when the pursers were unpaid it became iniquitous. Short measure and rotten provisions were the result of this credit system and, as Rupert pointed out later in the address he delivered in the House, it was often necessary to put the men on half rations for weeks together. Rupert now devoted himself to the welfare of the seamen, earning the title of 'the seaman's friend'; in doing so he incurred the hatred of Pepys and others who were responsible for the arrangements, though, truth to say, they had not the money to pay the fleet's debts, incurred during the Commonwealth and mounting up as time went on. In the midst of these preparations news came that the Dutch had captured a fleet of Hamburg-English merchantmen near the Dogger Bank. Hurrying up their concluding arrangements, the English commanders set sail at once and proceeded to Southwold Bay, from whence the Dutch were sighted on the morning of June 1.

For two days the English pursued the enemy, endeavouring all the time to secure the wind gauge; when they obtained it they were about fourteen miles from Lowestoft. The battle began at 3.30 P.M. on June 3; Rupert led the van, the Duke of York the centre, and Sandwich the rear. The two fleets, each in line-ahead formation, the Dutch having copied the English method, passed each other on opposite tacks and then returned to renew the fight. The Dutch turned completely round, but the English turned simultaneously, the

rear and van thus changing positions. The chief disasters, as far as England was concerned, were the confusion caused by a mistake in the new signalling orders and a false move made by Sandwich, when he allowed his squadron to become mixed up with that of the enemy. Notwithstanding these errors, the victory lay with the English and the Dutch were in full flight by seven o'clock; fourteen ships were taken, besides others abandoned, and Admiral Opdam was amongst the four thousand sailors who died that day in the service of the States. Immediately after the action, the Duke of York and Prince Rupert were ordered to report themselves in London, leaving the fleet under the command of Lord Sandwich.

Rupert was now in the full flood of that popularity which he enjoyed in England up to the day of his death. He was recognised not only as an able commander but as an ardent patriot. Poets sang his praises and his portrait was painted by Lely for the Duke of York, who wanted to have all the 'Flaggmen' in the recent action immortalised.

England had declared war against Holland in the belief that France would remain neutral, but France, with her eye on the Spanish Netherlands, was only anxious to make the two great maritime powers consume each other and had no idea of allowing either an undoubted ascendency. When England triumphed over the States, she decided to support the weaker side and proposed terms of peace which forced Charles to declare war on both

countries. The following spring saw an imposing fleet assembled in the Gunfleet under the joint command of Rupert and Albemarle, 'two of the hardest fighters alive.'

Albemarle's theory was that to be great at sea, a nation must always endeavour to attack rather than to defend; Rupert, who had been the first to advocate tactical proficiency, was also the first to see that it might be carried too far. In the additional instructions in Sprągge's *Sea-book*, which bear his signature, he maintains—before Anson or Hawke or Nelson had spoken to the same effect—that, tactics or no tactics, line or no line, 'the destruction of the enemy is always to be made the chiefest care.'

With two such generals-at-sea as Albemarle and Rupert, and with a fine fleet of about eighty ships, the crews of which were bound together by military discipline and national honour, there was every prospect of success for England. The Dutch were gathered from many States and their sailors were all traders who wished for peace and who were not held together by the *esprit de corps* which animated the British navy. This fair prospect of success was blighted before the fleet sailed by an order to Rupert to sail in search of the French fleet, whilst Albemarle was to attack the Dutch.

Rupert set sail, most unwillingly, in the direction of the French coast, but was driven back by contrary winds to St. Helen's Road, where he heard that Albemarle was already engaged with the

Dutch. He started at once in pursuit, aided by the sound of the distant booming of the guns, but when he arrived on Sunday, June 1, the battle had already raged for three days and all he could do was to save the remainder of the fleet from disaster.

Albemarle had shown himself to be a great tactician in this unequal fight; with a total of fifty-five ships against the eighty-five of the Dutch fleet, he had secured the weather gauge on a choppy sea and had attacked the enemy in such a way that many of the ships had not been able to engage. Two days had been spent in bloody conflict, the third had been consumed in an endeavour to retreat towards the lost squadron; on the fourth, Rupert conducted a fierce cannonade which lasted for some hours and succeeded in gaining the weather gauge; when this was accomplished the wind blew half a gale and the battered ships were separated by the forces of nature.

The four days' battle—the longest naval contest on record—was a splendid struggle against overwhelming numbers and increased the *prestige* of the English fleet enormously. Rupert's arrival had snatched the fruit of victory from the Dutch and, by his ceaseless industry, the fleet was refitted and fit for action again on July 22.

Rupert and Albemarle were still joint commanders; on this occasion they both had their flags on the *Royal Charles*. St. James's fight, or the battle of the North-Foreland, which took place on July 25, 1666, was a brilliant and decisive

victory for England and must be counted as not the least of Rupert's exploits. He weighed anchor at 2 A.M., animated by his usual desire to be first to attack; his fleet moved slowly forward as the Dutch fleet, which was also nearing the estuary of the Thames, advanced to meet it, and the sight must have been a fine one as the morning mists dispersed. The Dutch line was badly formed, like a broken bow, but the English kept a close-hauled line which extended for over five miles. The sight of the 'wooden walls of England' must have given a thrill of pride to the patriotic prince, whose love for his mother's country was so pronounced; high in the elaborately carved forecastle and low in the bows, the great ships with their tall masts and their spreading sails presented an imposing appearance to the eye. The man who had presided over the destinies of a few wretched privateers, who had sailed the great oceans without a naval base of any description, must have felt satisfied now that he surveyed the eighty-one ships of the line with the eighteen fire ships which obeyed his command and knew that expectant England was waiting impatiently to acclaim another victory.

The Dutch fleet, which consisted of eighty-eight ships of the line, ten yachts and twenty fire ships, under the command of de Ruijter, came within gunshot about 10 A.M. The two vans, holding parallel courses, engaged with each other, the two centres doing the same. Van Tromp, with his usual desire to act on his own initiative, deliberately

enticed away the English rear. They sailed away on the starboard tack and were soon lost to sight.

In the van and centre, one of the hardest fights known, even to that period, took place, and it was not until 4 P.M. that the Dutch centre gave way. Thoroughly exhausted by their terrible encounter, the rival squadrons floated side by side without exchanging a shot. Towards night the English began again and kept up a desultory fire all night. The remnants of the Dutch fleet escaped in the darkness and took shelter amongst the shoals of Holland; their loss was very great both in men and ships, while the English had little to regret. Rupert took the fleet to Scheveningen after this victory and spread terror all along the coasts of Holland; he also despatched Holmes to Vlieland, where he succeeded in taking a quantity of stores and in burning a fleet of merchantmen richly laden, which lay in harbour. This exploit was known in England as 'Sir Robert Holmes, his Bonefire.'

But a bigger 'bonefire' than any Robert Holmes could kindle, had taken place in London before Rupert brought his fleet home. Following on the terrible scourge of plague which had devastated London in the preceding year, came the fire which raged for four days and which reduced a third of the city to ashes. 'Then Shipton's prophecy is out,' Rupert is reported to have said when the news was brought to him on board ship.

In spite of this disaster there were great rejoicings

over the victory and Dryden sang Rupert's praises in his *Annus Mirabilis*. The prince was much more occupied with complaints about the commissariat than with jubilations over his victory. He took the King down to see into the matter personally, and we find him 'rising up in a heat,' at the council when Pepys complains that he has brought back his fleet in a bad condition; Rupert declared that he could have kept his ships out six months longer if the provisions had held out. After this vehement attack, there was a dead silence, which was only broken when the King gave the signal to disperse.

In 1667, the King was persuaded by his mother and Louis XIV. that, as peace negotiations were being held at Breda, it looked very much like a want of faith on the part of England to keep up such a large fleet. Suffering from his usual want of money, Charles only fitted out two small squadrons and the country, confident of peace secured by victory, slumbered peacefully.

One morning—it was on June 7, 1667—Charles and Rupert were strolling up and down the Mall chatting about sport. The King told his cousin what duck he had shot and which dog had shone as a retriever; after some desultory conversation, they went in to see the sons of the Duke of York who were both dangerously ill. At last Charles went to Whitehall, where he found the whole palace in commotion, owing to the news which had arrived of a Dutch invasion. The venture-

some Hollanders had sailed into the mouth of the Thames, had seized Sheerness and had proceeded up the Medway. Rupert went off at once with some 'land forces' to Upton Castle, where he stopped the progress of the invaders, afterwards superintending the fortifications of Woolwich. He had warned the King that some such attempt would be made, but no attention had been paid to his suggestion.

The year 1688 was a notable one for Rupert. It began, badly enough, with one of his serious illnesses. On Sunday, February 3, Pepys, Batten and Penn, who none of them loved him, were passing down the stone gallery in the palace of Whitehall, when they heard that an operation for trepanning was taking place at that moment in the prince's rooms hard by. We can almost picture the three men proceeding to the council with hushed voices and footsteps and we know that they stopped to inquire after the patient on their way out. The news was excellent. The operation had been performed by James Mullins, afterwards surgeon-in-ordinary to the King; it had lasted but a few moments and had apparently given little pain. From that day Rupert began to mend. The pressure being relieved, he was able to sleep and his convalescence was rapid.

About this time two Frenchmen arrived in London with an introduction to the prince. They had been badly treated by the French Governor of Quebec and had therefore brought their scheme

to trade with the Indians round the shores of Hudson Bay, to the English public. Rupert's interest was aroused. It was not only a trading scheme of great magnitude; it comprised the discovery of the north-west passage to China which had been for so long the dream of navigators. He obtained the loan of two ships from the King and the expedition was soon fitted out; the money being supplied by the prince and his friends, who became the first shareholders of what was to become a flourishing company.

In the summer, Rupert accompanied the King to Tunbridge Wells, which was considered a delightful resort and was much patronised by the Court. It must have stood in much the same relation to the Court at Whitehall as the Trianon did to Versailles. Ceremony was abolished. Great ladies lived in cottages, and bought their own provisions from the pretty country girls in neat print dresses and straw hats, who displayed eggs and butter in their market baskets. In the morning the company met at the wells drinking water, later on, shopping was the order of the day; in the evening playing bowls or dancing on the bowling-green was indulged in under the summer stars. It was an ideal place for love-making.

Besides these simple joys, the Court players had been summoned by the unhappy Queen, who hoped to stop the King's infatuation for 'la belle Stewart,' by sending for her rival Nell Gwynn. The direct result of this move was that 'mon cousin,' as the

courtiers called Rupert in mimicry of the King, fell desperately in love with another member of the King's company, Margaret Hughes. Then, as Anthony Hamilton says in the entertaining de Gramont memoirs, 'adieu alembics, crucibles, furnaces and all the black furniture of the forges—a complete farewell to all mathematical instruments and chemical speculations! Sweet powders and essences were now the only ingredients that occupied any share of his attention.' The delight of the King and the Court over Rupert's infatuation was boundless; he seemed in one moment to have descended from the heights and to have become one of themselves. It is easy to see from the agitation caused by the affair, that his life was singularly free from excesses; we may also infer that his union with Francisca was unknown, as no reference is made to her, when her supplanter's conquest was in every one's mouth.

Margaret, or 'Peg' Hughes is supposed to have been the first woman who appeared on the stage after the Restoration, in which case she must certainly have spoken the epilogue which heralded in the new era:—

> 'Tis *possible* a virtuous woman may
> Abhor all sorte of looseness and yet play,
> Play on the stage—where all eyes are upon her!
> Shall we count this a crime, France counts an honour?'

The French actresses who trod the boards in the reign of Charles I. had been 'pippin-pelted' from the stage; but since then an outcry had arisen

Ruperta, wife of Emanuel Scrope Howe
by Kneller
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against the 'boy actresses' who personated women. After the first scandal, the audience became accustomed to the innovation and continued to look at each other during the performance, only regarding the stage when nothing more attractive claimed their attention elsewhere. It was not for real love of the drama that the theatre was so much frequented; and Peg Hughes, who was merely a beauty and had no talent, was quite as successful as others of more capability were later on.

It is not very difficult to see what it was that attracted the prince; it was the veneer of refinement and modesty which was so noticeable a characteristic of a woman in whose nature these qualities seem to have had little part. Pepys, who had kissed her in the green room, probably hit off her character with precision: 'A mighty pretty woman,' he says, 'and seems, but is not, modest.'

Rupert cared little enough for the over-rouged and over-dressed Duchess of Portsmouth, or for the ripe beauty and the scathing tongue of Lady Castlemaine; he had been attracted by the simple charms of Francisca Bard, and he now fell a victim to the apparent refinement of Margaret Hughes, who could play her part in real life, if she were not so happy on the boards.

In the autumn of this year Rupert was appointed Constable of Windsor Castle and High Steward of the borough of Windsor. He proceeded there almost immediately and was received in state by the mayor and aldermen; the bells were rung to

celebrate his coming, bonfires showed their points of flame as the night fell and the Round Tower, where he took up his abode, was a scene of festivity for some days.

Once established at Windsor, he began to superintend the great work of repairing and rebuilding, which was so necessary owing to the damage done in the late wars. Charles instructed Wren to build a fine suite of state rooms and a grand staircase, which were to be decorated with the carvings of Grinling Gibbons and the painted ceilings of Verrio, and Rupert was soon busy supervising the general works. As time went on and order began to emerge out of chaos, the prince's mediæval tower became a most delightful abode. A hundred stone steps lead up to the rooms he once occupied; overhead the Tudor ceiling has gargoyled corbels representing winged creatures playing on instruments. In his day the sombre appearance of the steep flight of steps was enlivened with the armour with which he covered the walls and the principal entrance was lower down than it is at present, which rather broke the long straight line of the stairway. Modern research has decided that the rooms of that date occupied the space now divided into two stories. In endeavouring to reconstruct the Tower in the time of Rupert we must remember that, although the height has been added to since then, the rooms it contained were larger and loftier than those we see at present. We know that they were furnished in characteristic fashion

and that here, more than anywhere else, Rupert showed his individuality.

To the west was the great hall, the walls of which were decorated with trophies of war. Long lances lay along the beams, breastplates and 'pots' were there in gleaming rows, firearms and daggers were arranged in geometric patterns on the walls. In the dining-room, which faced south, were two coats of mail which had belonged to two celebrated prisoners of the Round Tower, King John of France and King David of Scotland. Contrasting with these warlike decorations, the rooms which looked to the south-east and east were noted for their artistic and 'effeminate' character. In these rooms, his drawing-room, library, bed and dressing-rooms, were placed pictures, mezzotints, books and curios. In the library, as we find by the catalogue, made in 1667, was a fine collection of books in many languages, treating of every subject which had interested his comprehensive mind. Books on geography, history, chemistry, navigation, natural philosophy, alchemy and occult philosophy, jostle each other on the shelves side by side with French plays and Italian novels, with the poems of Milton and Dryden, with treatises on religion and the civil wars, with *The Surgeon's Guide* and *A Matt for Mariners*. The *Journall his Highness at Sea*, 1673, is there also and the *Inventory of the Queen of Bohemia's Jewels*; it has also been noted that the *Eikon Basilicæ* is mentioned under the heading of Works of 'King Charles the Martyr,'

which suggests that the book was actually written by the King.

The view from the windows of Rupert's fastness was superb. He could see the stately buildings at Eton and, further away, the little Norman church of Clewer; he could gaze on the tower of Henry III., or over the flat roof of St. George's Chapel to the river winding round the castle and beyond it to the encircling hills. To the east, he looked out on the great quadrangle where the state rooms were in process of construction.

So far it is tolerably easy to imagine Rupert with his attendant 'blackamoors' and his guard of soldiers and his troop of gentlemen and servants taking possession of the constable's tower; but it is not quite so easy to determine where the laboratories were in which he spent so much of his time. Where was that 'alchemist's hell,' from which he used to evict the King and Rochester by making insupportable fumes? It was said to be upstairs, so it seems probable that there were always two stories to the left of the entrance hall, where the old oak beams testify to the age of the ceiling. The well of an old staircase, in which a modern flight of stairs has been placed, supports this theory.

In the spring of 1669, one of the ships which had gone on a voyage of discovery to Hudson Bay, returned with a cargo of fur and with news of an arrangement to trade with the natives, who had made no objection to the adventurers taking a large tract of country with that view. Rupert

immediately applied for a charter, which was given in the following year; it was couched in the most comprehensive terms, handing over to a private company the greater part of what is now the Dominion of Canada. This charter was made out in the name of the 'Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading with Hudson Bay,' who were given 'powers of possession, succession and the legal rights and responsibilities usually bestowed on a Corporation.' The company was to consist of a governor, deputy-governor and a managing committee of seven persons, who were to rule absolutely over a country which was to be known as 'Rupert's Land,' and who were to enlist soldiers, erect forts, make laws and to have 'the whole, entire and only liberty of Trade and Traffick.' Rupert was elected governor and he continued to hold that position until his death; he took a personal interest in all the details of the business and, no doubt, gave a great impetus to its prosperity by his acumen and his industry. We find him, in subsequent years, repairing to 'Wapping Old Stairs,' to inspect a cargo of miscellaneous articles which were to be given to the natives in exchange for fur; we see him again, in company with the Duke of York, attending the first auction of furs, which was held in Garraway's coffee-house in 1671. He constantly presided over the board meetings which were sometimes held at his house in Spring Gardens, or in the rooms which he still kept at Whitehall.

In 1672, the war with Holland broke out afresh, England being now allied with France since the secret treaty of Dover had led the way to an understanding. Rupert disliked the French alliance, because he saw through the subterfuges of Louis; if he did not—like some modern historians—recognise that the sale of Dunkirk was a perfectly justifiable proceeding on the part of the King, seeing that it was an immense expense and of no use either as a harbour or a citadel, he certainly disapproved even more of the underhand arrangements agreed on by the Treaty of Dover. Whether from this reason or because of Court factions and intrigues, he took no part in the first actions of the war when the fleet was commanded by the Duke of York. The battle of Solebay, fiercely contested on both sides, was claimed as a victory by both countries; but the advantage lay with the English. The Dutch fled to their shallows directly after the action and the allies proceeded to the Texel, but were driven back by contrary winds. No other action took place that year and, when it was necessary to resume hostilities in the following spring, the Duke of York had retired in consequence of the Test Act, Albemarle was dead, Sandwich was under a cloud; the voice of England, in no uncertain tone, demanded the appointment of Rupert.

The allies sailed from England on or about May 20, 1673. Rupert was in command of both fleets and he appears to have mixed up the French and English ships to some extent in order to pre-

vent the whole French Squadron from keeping out of the action, as had been the case at Solebay.

The Dutch fleet was sighted off Schoonefeld on May 25, but adverse winds prevented an action before the morning of May 28, when Rupert was able to send some light draught ships into the harbour to entice out de Ruijter. The Dutch admiral was already shortening his cables and, before long, both fleets were hotly engaged. The battle was bloody but indecisive, and was more remarkable for the personal bravery shown than for any tactical achievement. The Dutch retired to their harbours to refit when it was over, but the allied fleet remained to await another attack. Rupert was evidently on the alert. He sat up all night on June 2, having noted that the wind came from the shore and would be favourable to the enemy; when de Ruijter's fleet appeared about eleven o'clock on the following morning, his squadron was drawn up in battle array. Unfortunately, Spragge was not ready and the Blue Squadron lay in confusion to windward and was not able to respond to the orders signalled. There was some delay in consequence and the battle was not really at its height before five o'clock, when Rupert was opposed to de Ruijter, Tromp to Spragge, and Banckers to d'Estrée. The firing continued far into the night and then the Dutch retreated and the English, in endeavouring to pursue them, stood too far out to sea and allowed them to

escape. They then retired to England to refit. It is characteristic of Rupert that he brought back William Van de Velde the elder, who was employed as special artist on board the Dutch fleet. This painter executed many drawings of naval battles for the King, some of which were reproduced in tapestry.

On June 25, the Dutch appeared before Harwich, but, as the plague broke out on their ships, they returned to Holland. Rupert must have been thankful for the delay, for it gave him more time to meet a perfect sea of difficulties. Dissensions of all sorts were rife; the commissariat was in trouble as usual and it took him some time to bring order into the troubled affairs of the King's navy. It was the middle of July before the French contingent arrived and, a few days later, the united fleet set sail for Holland.

The famous battle of the Texel, which was the last encounter of the war and the last in which Rupert was destined to take part, took place on August 11, 1673.

The whole of the preceding day, the allies had been endeavouring to obtain the weather gauge; when they obtained it the Dutch stood close to the shore and refused battle. In the night the wind shifted, giving the Dutch the advantage and de Ruijter began the attack at daybreak. He pursued his invariable plan of keeping the French at bay and of concentrating his attack on the English, which brought those actually engaged to

about the same number, although the allies had a numerical superiority. The battle was short and sharp. Rupert, in endeavouring to draw de Ruijter away from the shore, became separated from the French van, which lay out of action, guarded by ten or twelve vessels under Banckers; Spragge and Tromp were engaged in their usual duel with more than their usual fury. The centres, under Rupert and de Ruijter, fought with about equal fortune, though the Dutch had the superiority in numbers; when Rupert gained some advantage, Banckers cut right through d'Estrée's squadron and went to reinforce de Ruijter. The French held aloof; the rear was fully engaged. For some time Rupert fought a desperate battle against overwhelming numbers. His men were perfectly steady and behaved splendidly, which enabled him, after a time, to extricate himself from his precarious position and to join his rear. The battle raged for three hours after this occurrence and only ended when both sides were too exhausted to continue. Rupert naturally blamed the French for this unsatisfactory result, and the brave de Martel, one of the *chefs d'escadres*, roundly accused d'Estrée of cowardice and suffered for his plain speaking by spending two years in the Bastille.

The Treaty of Westminster, signed in 1674, was very advantageous to England. British supremacy was assured at sea, a large indemnity was paid by the States, a commercial treaty was arranged and the peace was cemented by the

marriage of the Prince of Orange with Mary, daughter of the Duke of York.

Rupert returned to England with his reputation enhanced. He had not only kept up the *prestige* of the country, he had improved and brought up to modern standards both arms of the service. Besides his endeavours to develop the science of tactics, he had done much to bring together the hitherto separate duties of soldiers and sailors on board ship and had had a hand in organising the Marines.

In spite of increasing ill-health, he remained active to the last and was as ready to look for imaginary silver mines in England as he was to promote a scheme for coining farthings or to further the interests of 'Rupert's Land,' either at home or abroad. He was much occupied with the education of Francisca's son Dudley—the 'armer Dodley' of his Aunt Sophia's letters—a youth whose charming disposition and brilliant talents delighted all who knew him. He was educated at Eton and was then placed under the tutorship of Sir James Moore, a well-known engineer and mathematician; his career, which looked so promising, was to be cut short at the age of nineteen, when he was storming the walls of Buda.

Over Francisca herself, the shadows hang more closely than ever. She did not associate with the Court; perhaps the vision of Peg Hughes, resplendent in the Queen of Bohemia's jewels, kept her

away. We do not even know where she lived, though it may have been in the house which Rupert owned in the Barbican; after his death she went to live at the Court of the Electress Sophia.

Margaret Hughes lived in the great house at Hammersmith which Rupert had bought for her use. She left the stage in 1676 and appears to have spent most of her time in gambling. We find her at the Feast of the Garter at Windsor and we know that she was called 'the most modest' of the Court—if indeed that were saying much! Her daughter Ruperta, who was in after years to 'live like an angel' with her husband, was apparently destined by the prince for Lord Burford, the King's natural son by Nell Gwynn; he is said to have sent his Order of the Garter to Charles on his deathbed, with a request that this union might take place. The fact that Nell bought the Queen of Bohemia's famous pearls at the sale of Rupert's goods, gives some colour to the suggestion.

In the year 1678, the Court was held at Windsor for the first time since the castle had been restored. It has been said that Rupert had nothing in common with the courtiers and that he kept away from all Court functions; we must remember, however, that nearly all the men of that generation had two sides to their natures. The wild and dissolute Rochester, who may be taken as a type of the Restoration courtier of the worst character, was a brilliant writer and a wit of the first water. He was interested in chemistry, as all were in an age

when inventions and discoveries were enlarging the vision and enticing the imagination of all intellectual people; there was neutral ground where even he and one who differed from him so totally as did Rupert, could meet. The literature of the century, like its history and, also, like its individuals, showed sharp and sudden contrasts. It was the age of Hobbes and Locke and Milton and Newton, as well as that of Rochester and 'easy' George Etherege.

As the years went on, Rupert's interests centred more and more in England. The Elector had behaved very badly to his wife; he had 'married' Louise von Degenfeld, by whom he had a large number of children. When he found that his only legitimate son was very delicate, he invited Rupert back to the Palatinate, but Rupert refused to see him again, adding that he was 'very comfortable' at Windsor.

It is at Windsor that we may picture Rupert in his declining years. We see him walking about with a great black dog, which shared, with the lamented Boye, the reputation of being his familiar; we see him again on the terrace with the King and Queen and others of the Court, at the trial of Sir Samuel Morland's system of bringing up water from the meadows below. He received the Prince of Orange in state at Windsor and gave him a salute of guns, afterwards proceeding to St. George's Chapel for William to present his offering as a Knight of the Garter. As late as April 1682, the

Prince Rupert

by Samuel Cooper.

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ambassadors of the King of Bantam visited him in the Round Tower and presented the umbrellas of state to their host as a souvenir.

If we look at the miniature by Cooper, which was one of the last portraits executed, we are struck by the expression of almost ironical sadness which it exhibits. Much of this may have come from physical causes, as we now know that, although he never complained of it, he suffered from stone and from 'ossification of the heart'; besides the trouble which remained from his various wounds. But, beyond this, there is every reason to suppose that the trials and disillusions of his early youth, the murder of his uncle and the terrible uncertainty of his favourite brother's end, left a deep mark on his character. Besides these causes there was doubtless some natural tendency to sadness as those with whom he had been associated dropped down or remained to descend the downward pathway of the closing years of life. The Queen mother had died in France, followed, all too soon, by her brilliant daughter, whose death—Rupert for one was sure of it—had been hastened by poison; over them both the eloquent words of Bossuet's funeral oration had fallen like dew at sundown. Lord St. Albans had returned to England and continued to enjoy life in his own way; nearly blind, he was seen nightly playing cards with a page sitting by to tell him the points. Lord Clarendon, with whom Rupert had been on good terms latterly, had

fallen and was writing the continuation of his memoirs in exile. Lord Shaftesbury, expelled from office, had buckled on his cavalier's sword and had received an ovation from the Londoners at the Exchange; after the demonstration Rupert visited him in some state to show his sympathy with the 'country' or patriotic party. On the other hand, Lord Craven was still there, a firm friend as ever; and many of the younger generation of Cavaliers were still devoted to their old leader.

Charles himself, wearing the black wig which he adopted when his hair began to turn grey, was pursuing his way in his usual light-hearted fashion. He had lost some of his popularity owing to the French alliance, as well as to his too great weakness with regard to 'cupide's darts,' but he was the same gay, amusing *raconteur* that he had been of old; he was still a great upholder of science, navigation, and the trade interests of his country, and had many tastes in common with Rupert. James, too, had lost his popularity owing to his change of religion, and his wife, Anne Hyde, had departed this life with the Queen of England sitting on one side of her bed and an Anglican priest on the other, to prevent her receiving the last offices of religion. Her last words were those of Pilate: 'Truth, truth, what is truth?'

The end came to Rupert very suddenly. He was attacked with fever and pleurisy in his house in Spring Gardens. With characteristic obstinacy he refused to see a doctor, fearing that he would be

bled. When the doctor came he declared that it was too late, and the prince breathed his last on December 29, 1682. His body lay in state in the painted chamber and was taken, on the night of December 6, to the south entrance of Westminster Abbey and so to Henry VII.'s chapel, under which it was to find a last resting-place.

A few sheets of paper, scrawled over with a hasty hand, enable us to reconstruct the long procession which wound its way through the silent Abbey and up the steps into the chapel.

The foot-guards led the way, followed by servants and water-men, walking two and two; gentlemen representing the King and Queen and the Duke of York were followed by privy councillors, chaplains in their robes and a number of the gentlemen of England, arranged according to rank. The clergy came next, the coronet on a cushion being carried between the Bishops and the coffin, after which Lord Craven walked as chief mourner. The procession ended with Rupert's grooms of the chamber, his huntsmen, gunsmiths, tennis players and grooms, who can hardly have found room within the chapel.

Henry VII.'s chapel, the gem of the Abbey, is a fit setting for the last scene of Rupert's life. We can picture it with the ornate vaulted roof half lost in obscurity, while the light of the candles and torches shone on the gilt-bronze tomb-screen, behind which Torrigiani's marble effigies of Henry VII. and his queen sleep; we can see the sculptured

stalls over which the silk of the banners floated in the semi-darkness. As the coffin was lowered into the vault, those present must have realised that the loss of the old Cavalier leader, who had lived to command the navy and to become a part of the life of the country, was one which was not only personal, but national.

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